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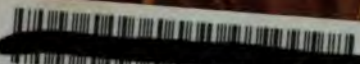
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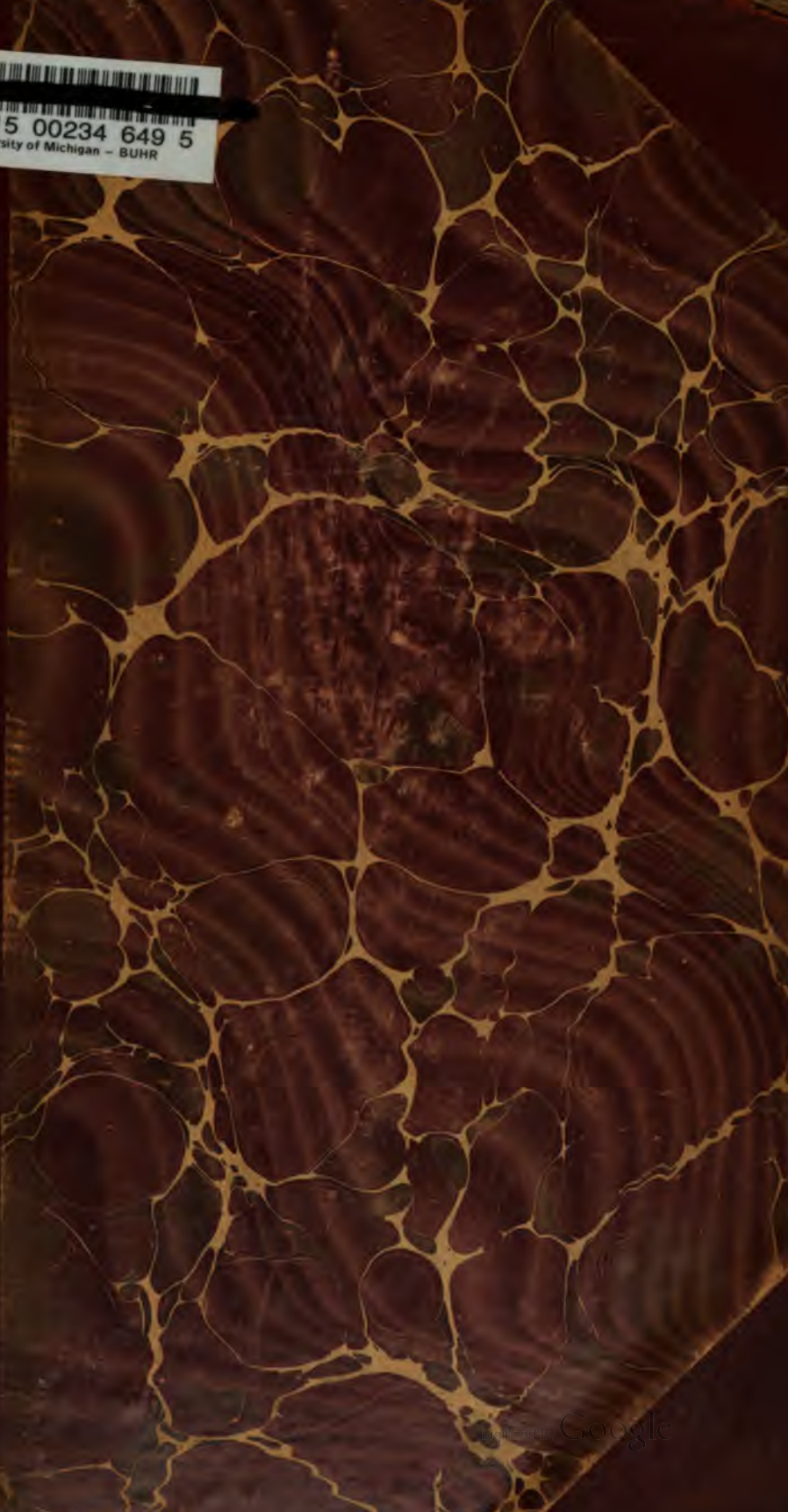
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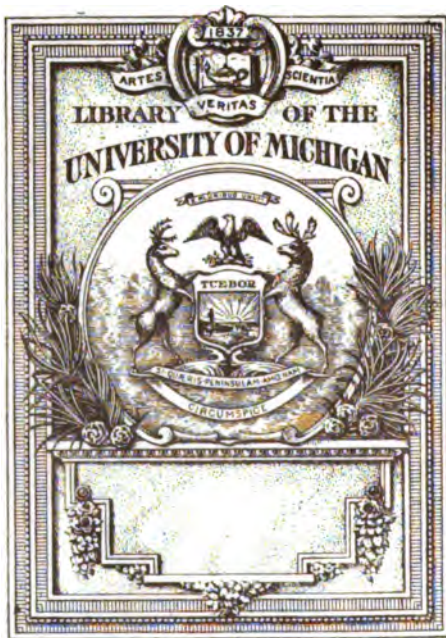
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Granite State Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Devoted to the His-
tory, Story, Scenery, Industry and
Interest of New Hampshire.

Edited by GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

VOLUME I.

January to June, 1906

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The White Mountains

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.



WHITTIER has been called the Poet of Freedom. He was more than that; he was the Poet of Nature. And nowhere has he given us finer examples of his loving touch than in his exquisite pictures of the Granite Hills, with "their sentinel sides and cloud-crowned brows," which he painted in rare word-coloring. This was but the natural expression of the true artist, for the mountains ever breathe of freedom, and their grandeur finds a hearty appreciation in him who has the sincere veneration for the deeply religious thoughts they awaken, and the divine lessons they teach to the honest searcher after adibing truth. In the following beautiful verses our Poet most happily exemplified his masterful genius.—*Editor.*



GRAY searcher of the upper air!
There's sunshine on thy ancient walls—
A crown upon thy forehead bare—
A flashing on thy water-falls—
A rainbow glory in the cloud,
Upon thy awful summit bowed,
Dim relic of the recent storm!
And music, from the leafy shroud
Which wraps in green thy giant form,
Mellowed and softened from above,
Steals down upon the listening ear,

Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,
 With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain, when
 Thy shadows veiled the red man's home ;
 And over crag and serpent den,
 And wild gorge, where the steps of men
 In chase or battle might not come,
 The mountain eagle bore on high
 The emblem of the free of soul ;
 And midway in the fearful sky
 Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,
 Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out—
 The moccasin hath left no track—
 Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about
 The Saco or the Merrimack.
 And thou that liftest up on high
 Thine awful barriers to the sky,
 Art not the haunted mount of old,
 When on each crag of blasted stone
 Some mountain-spirit found a throne,
 And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,
 And answered to the Thunderer's cry
 When rolled the cloud of tempest by,
 And jutting rock and riven branch
 Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then
 Upon thy awful summit trod,

And the red dwellers of the glen
Bowed down before the Indian's God.
There, when His shadow veiled the sky,
The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,
And the red flashes of His eye
Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,
The dwellers of the hill have gone,
The sacred groves are trampled o'er,
And footprints mar the altar-stone.
The white man climbs thy tallest rock
And hangs him from the mossy steep,
Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,
Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,
And captive waters leap to light,
And dancing down from height to height,
Pass onward to the far-off deep.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,
Gray altar of the days of old !
Still are thy rugged features dear,
As when unto my infant ear
The legends of the past were told.
Tales of the downward sweeping flood,
When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—
Of armed hand and spectral form,
Of giants in their misty shroud,
And voices calling long and loud
In the drear pauses of the storm !

Farewell ! The red man's face is turned
Toward another hunting ground ;
For where the council-fire has burned,
And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound
Another fire is kindled now :
Its light is on the white man's brow !
The hunter race has passed away—
Ay, vanished like the morning mist,
Or dew-drops by the sunshine kissed,—
And wherefore should the red man stay ?







Photo-courtesy, B. & M.

"WHERE THE ROCKS ARE FRINGED WITH SNOWY LACEWORK."

Granite State Magazine

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1906.

No. 1.

The Merrimack River

The Romance, History, Scenery and Industry of the "River of Broken Waters."

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

(Copyrighted by the Author 1905)

A silver band, the Merrimack
Links mountain to the sea ;
And as it runs this story
It tells to you and me.

—Nellie M. Browne.



THE Merrimack River was a noted stream among the aborigines long before the appearance of the Northmen upon the sedgy shores of Old Vinland. Among the traditions of the Abnakis was one of a "river of broken waters," expressed in their tongue in the form of the uncouth word, as it is spoken by us, of *Kaskaashadi*. Upon its banks rival tribes had for many generations contended for the supremacy. Another legend, told among the Algonquins of the valley of the St. Lawrence, was to the effect that beyond the "great carrying-places" ran a swift river filled with fish, and forever guarded at its northern gateway by "an old man with a stone face," whose environments were grounds to them too sacred to be trod by warrior foot. As early as 1604, that adventurous voyager from Old France, Sieur du Monts, wrote in his accounts of discoveries and settlements that the "Indians speak of a beautiful stream far to the south called by them *Merremack*." The first white man who is credited with having seen this

river was that intrepid explorer and pioneer of New France, Samuel de Champlain, who, while sailing along the coast of New England in the summer of 1605, discovered a river on the 17th day of July, which he named "The Riviere du Gaust," in honor of his patron, Sieur du Monts, who held a patent from the King of France for all of the country to the north and east. This stream, discovered by Champlain, has been claimed by many to have been the Merrimack, though his own records would seem to show conclusively that it was the River Charles. The traditions of the Norsemen, in the Saga of Edric, speak of a river whose descriptions indicate that they saw the Merrimack, but their pages are too vague to be accepted without a doubt. So the name of the first European to gaze upon its swift waters has not been recorded beyond dispute.

According to the practice of a people without a written language, several names were given the river by the aborigines, each denoting some particular feature of that section. The following are among the best known, with their primitive derivations :

First "The Merrimack," which has outlived the others, from *merru*, swift; *asquam*, water; *ack* or *auke*, place; that is, "swift water place." In the pronunciation of this word or phrase the syllables "asquam" became abbreviated to the sound of one letter—"m." This seems to have been a frequent practice among the Amerinds, which many writers have explained erroneously by saying that a letter or sound had been "thrown in for euphony's sake." An uneducated people may curtail an expression, but they never add anything for effect. This name was probably applied originally to that portion of the river between Garvin's Falls in Bow, N. H., and Pawtucket Falls at Lowell, Mass.

Another term, which has already been mentioned, and was probably applied to the section first named, was that of *Kaskaashadi*, in its completeness meant literally "the place of broken water."

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SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

From the O'Niel copy of the Hamel Painting.

Another designation applied, says Judge Potter, to that part of the river extending from Turkey Falls in Bow to the Souhegan River in Merrimack, N. H., was *Namasket*. This was derived from *names*, fish; *kees*, high; *et*, a place; that is, "high fish place," or "high place for fish." This word has been spelled as many as fifty different ways, its easiest transition being from *Namasket* to *Namoaskeag*, to *Amoskeag*, which survives as the name of the highest falls of the river.

On account of the great number of sturgeons to be found at certain periods of the year, the river was also called *Cabassauk*: from *cabass*, a sturgeon; *auk*, place; that is, "place of the sturgeon." Dr. Drew gives the orthography of this word as *cobbossee*. This term was also applied to a portion of the Kennebec River.

Certain places of the river where the waters ran more gently were known as *Wampineauk*: from *wampi*, clear or sunny; *nebe*, water; *auk*, place; that is, "place of clear water," or, as we might say, "sunny river."

Yet another poetical designation was that of *Moniack*: from *mona*, island; *ack*, place; that is, "place of the islands." This name was given the stream toward its mouth, though the poet makes it extend to greater limits:

"Deep in the vale old Moniack rolls his Tides,
 Romantic prospects crown his reverend Sides;
 And thro' wild Grotts and pendent Woods he strays,
 And ravished at the sight, his Course delays.
 Silent and calm—now with impetuous shock
 Pours his swift Torrent down the impetuous Rock;
 The tumbling waves thro' airy channels flow,
 And loudly roaring, smoke and foam below."

There is no doubt that the Indians had a strong attachment for this river, which afforded them such good facilities for fishing, and whose wooded banks were retreats for the deer and other four-footed denizens of the wild-woods. Thus it became the debatable ground between rival tribes of the warriors of the wilderness. In this valley was fought many a sanguinary battle by the Mohawks and the Abnakis, and by both against the more peaceful Pena-

cooks. Upon the "brave lands" just above where the city of Concord, N. H., now stands, the last-named met their Waterloo, though so desperately and effectually did they make their final defense that it does not appear as if their long-time enemies rallied to renew the war against them. This great battle, or series of battles, with possibly one exception, another contest waged by the Mohawks against the Sokokis, was the most sublime ever fought by the natives in early New England. It seems to have taken place about fifty years before the advent of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

One of the consequences was the removal of the chief lodgment of the Penacooks to the smooth bluff overlooking the Merrimack within sight of Amoskeag Falls. From here, a few years later, their sachem, the noble Passaconaway, formed his seat of government at Pawtucket. It was here Eliot found him, and, converted to Christianity, the sagamore counseled peace towards the whites among his followers. It is possible that the chief may have considered this the only safe policy, as in addition to the disasters of a long warfare with the enemy from the West, his people had been greatly reduced in numbers through the ravages of a terrible disease which had swept over the aboriginal tribes of New England a short time before the coming of the Europeans, but there was nothing in his whole course of action to throw suspicion upon his sincerity. Among the prominent leaders of his unfortunate race he stands as one of Nature's noblemen, and his influence upon his followers was of lasting good to the English. The fate of this sachem is involved in conjecture, as no one knew where or when he disappeared from the scene of action, though it was not until he had lived more than a hundred years. There is a tradition, very vague and uncertain for even a tradition, that says he sought, when he felt that his end was near, the shore of Lake Massabesic, and entering his frail canoe drifted out over the placid water to return no more.

What a picturesque sight was presented by the tall, erect figure of this aged chieftain, standing upright in the centre of his fragile craft, while it was slowly wafted by the rippling tide away from the pine-fringed landscape which swiftly vanished before the incoming of the pale-faces, but whose going out was slower than the disappearance of that race of which he was a grand representative.

Passaconaway was succeeded by his son Wannalancet, who proved worthy to wear the mantle of his proud father. After a few years he departed from the Merrimack valley with the remnant of his tribe to join the Indians from Maine and elsewhere who had sought the protection of the French at the missionary settlement of St. Francis, in New France. There is nothing to show that these warriors, to any extent, aided the French in their movements against the English. Wannalancet himself soon returned to visit the scenes of his earlier life, where he finally died and was buried, it is believed, in the private cemetery of the Tyng family, in the present town of Tyngsboro, Mass. It is pleasant to note that the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames have placed upon one of the boulders lying near the colonial mansion house occupied by Colonel Jonathan Tyng, where the last of the Penacook sachems passed his closing years, a memorial tablet properly inscribed. In the Edson cemetery of Lowell is a statue with granite base erected to the memory of his father, Passaconaway.

Though a solitary red man, from time to time, returned to look with mournful gaze upon the disappearing forests of his forefathers as late as 1750, without grievous license years before this the poet could exclaim :

“ By thy fair stream

The red man roams no more. No more he snares
The artful trout, or lordly salmon's spear ;
No more his swift-winged arrow strikes the deer.”

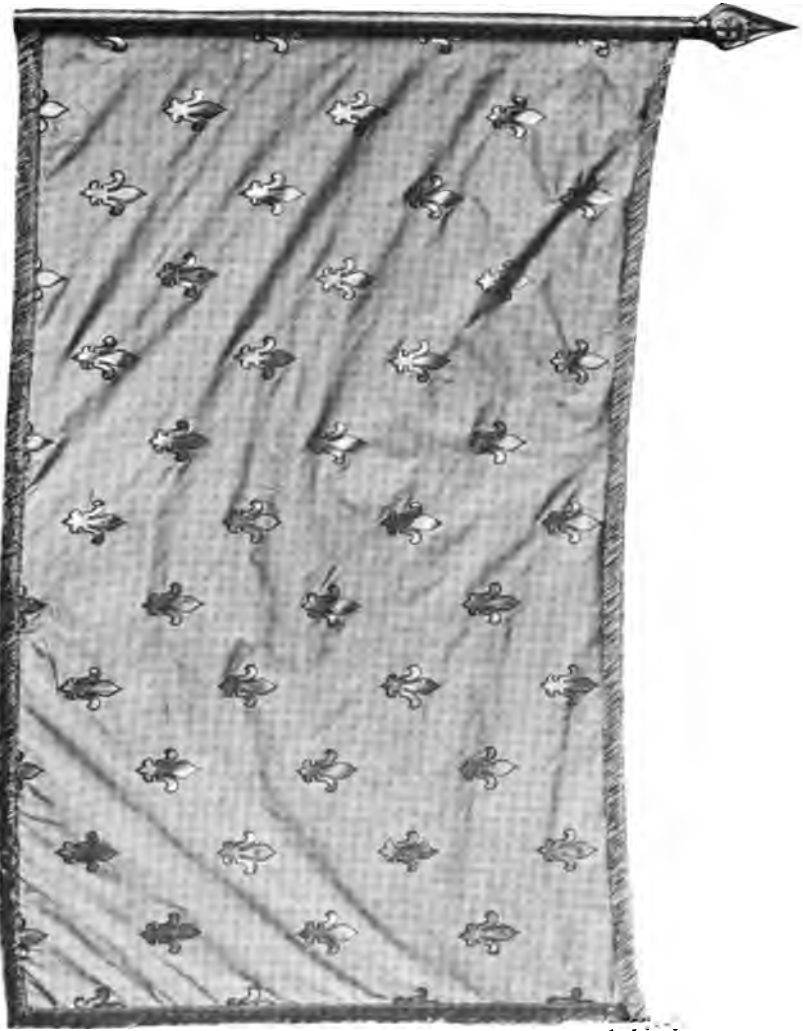
The foremost of that race which was to prove the conquerors of his people settled in the Merrimack valley seven

years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. While springing from the same source as the other colony, this band was ushered in upon the primeval scene under more favorable auspices, and was destined to become more prosperous and far-reaching in its enterprises. While the former was composed of men who had never enjoyed the advantages of wealth and opulence, but were of austere principle, among these last came some of the best blood of England. They were men of education, talent, good standing, who had been able to obtain official recognition from the Court of London at the outset. Having associated themselves together as "The Massachusetts Colony," their charter granted March 19, 1627-8, by the Royal Council, fixed their boundary as all of that "part of New England, in America, which lyes and extends between a great river there commonly called 'Monoack' alias 'Meremack,' & a certain other river called Charles river, being in the bottom of a certain bay here commonly called Massachusetts bay & also all and singular those lands and hereditaments whatsoever lying within the space of three English miles on the south part of said Charles River, &c. And also all & singular the lands and hereditaments whatsoever which lye, & be within the space of three English miles to the Northward of said river called 'Monomack,' alias 'Merrymack,' or to the northward of any and every part thereof: And all lands &c lying within the limit aforesaid from the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea."

Vague and imperfect as this boundary must appear to the careful reader, it proved too misleading to safeguard the interests of the colonists settled in the territory named, and for many years the boundary line was a "bone of contention" between certain factions that came into existence in the provinces. It was taken for granted at this period that the Merrimack came from the west its entire course.

Among the immigrants attracted to the new country only ten years after the beginning of the colonization was a

THE FRENCH FLAG IN THE TIME OF CHAMPLAIN



100

little company of farmers, smiths, carpenters, and weavers, counting sixty families, who came from Western England in 1637, and builded a cluster of homes in Rowley, Mass. While the husbandmen busied themselves about their clearings in the wilderness, the smiths and carpenters erected a mill, and here the weavers wove the first cotton cloth in the colonies.

As early as this the colonists began to complain that they were "straitened for want of land." Hubbard, the historian of those times, says that Ipswich was so overrun with people that they swarmed to other places. Out of the demand for "further farms" came an order from the Massachusetts courts in 1638 to explore the Merrimack River to its source, supposed to have been fixed by the charter given the company. This, the first survey of the Merrimack River, was made by a man named Woodward, with four companions, one of whom was an Indian, and another a youth of fifteen, who was the author of the first map of the region explored in the autumn of 1638. The young mapmaker was named John Gardner, and the brave little party which he accompanied penetrated the trackless wilderness of the Merrimack valley nearly as far as Lake Winnepesaukee. Upon this survey were based the calculations of that better known and more permanent work performed by a commission appointed by the Massachusetts courts in 1652. This was composed of Captain Symon Willard and Captain Edward Johnson, both men of prominence in those days, the latter being the author of "Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Savior in New England." These commissioners selected as assistants, Jonathan Ince, a graduate of Harvard College only two years before, and John Sherman, a surveyor of note, and great-grandfather of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. While there is a doubt expressed as to whether the first commission really reached the headwaters of the Merrimack, and its bounds were only claimed to have been

marked by a spotted tree, Captain Willard's party left a very substantial monument of their work in what has become known as "Endicott Rock," which stands at the Weirs, in the town of Laconia, preserved and protected by a special appropriation from the state of New Hampshire.

Upon reaching the forks of the Pemigewasset and Winnepesaukee rivers, which unite their offerings brought from mountain and lake to form the Merrimack, the commissioners were doubtful as to the true stream for them to follow. They referred the matter to the Indians, who declared that the real Merrimack was the easterly branch flowing from "the beautiful lake of the highlands." If this was the conclusion of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, the westerly fork is none the less deserving of description, and certainly has a good claim to being considered a part of the main river. Its source is a sheet of crystal water springing from the heart of the White Hills, far up on the eastern slope of what is still an unexplored wilderness. Running around natural barriers strewn along its pathway by a prodigal hand, this mountain rivulet pursues its lonely course for a few miles, when it is joined by another stream, which is also the outlet of a beautiful lakelet. Now one this happy twain leap cascades, dash around boulders, loiter in cool retreats, overhung by leafy bowers, fit retreats for the naiads of the forest fastness, receiving tributary after tributary until it has increased in volume and becomes dignified by the name of "river." For forty miles it flows through massive gateways, shut in by mountain walls that lift high their granite fronts in a country wild and picturesque almost beyond the power of description, when, at the foot of the famous Franconia Notch, it suddenly bursts into sunlight and into the world dazzled and dazzling.

(To be continued.)



THE INDIAN CHIEF, PASSACONAWAY
Statue in Edson Cemetery, Lowell, Mass.



Granite State Rooftrees

By FRED MYRON COLBY.



FEW Hampshire has her share of old-time mansions—the homes of her great and mighty ones of the past, and some of them can compare favorably with the historic homes of other states, Massachusetts, New York or the Old Dominion. They do not obtrude themselves, however; they seem to retire, as it were, beneath the boughs of their ancestral trees, dreading, like Hamlet, to be “too much I, the sun.” Some of them have to be carefully sought for, but once found they reward the visitor with noble and suggestive pictures of the past. Every stone is a memorial; around every timber lingers a legend. Could the old walls speak, they would tell us what the founders and fathers of our State said and did; we would live again in the great days—those almost forgotten ages of the Colonial regime, of the Revolution and of the Formative Era of our Commonwealth.

They are not all “stately homes,” but there is an air of grandeur and dignity about even the humblest of them that impresses one. In many of the towns of the southern and middle portions of our state can be found one or more of these old rooftrees—the home of an early Governor, a Councillor, Member of Congress, General or Colonel of the old State Militia, the “Squire,” or leading man of the town, that title meaning something then and carrying a prestige with it. Some of them are in a sad condition of neglect and decay, but the larger number of them are well preserved and bear their weight of years with an air of majesty that wins the respect of every passer by. For the time being we will glance at several of the grander and more historic of these mansions whose history is a part of

the state in which we live, and of whose story New Hampshire may well be proud.

Portsmouth and Exeter were the earliest settled colonies of our State, and were the seats of government through Colonial and Revolutionary times. At these places we look to find some of these grand old rooftrees, and we are not disappointed. There is Wentworth House at Little Harbor, two miles out from Portsmouth, famous in song and story, the seat of Governor Benning Wentworth for many years before the Revolution. It is a strange, rambling old mansion, with many rooms, several of which still show their former magnificence. The former "Council Room" is especially well preserved, and breathes of the elegance of that long vanished time.

"Baronial and colonial in its style ;
Gables and dormer windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,"

the house is one of the show places of Portsmouth. The same carpet is still on the floor of the parlor on which the Governor and Martha Hilton stood when they were married almost a century and a half ago.

Another of these old houses is a dream of Colonial beauty. It is almost indescribable in its charm. Back of it lies a large, old-fashioned garden, rows upon rows of beautiful flowers, stately trees and fruits of every variety. It is terraced, and daily the pigeons come there to be fed. On one side of the house is an immense horse chestnut tree, which was planted by General William Whipple, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This stately mansion was his residence, and several mementos of the statesman and patriot are still preserved in the house.

On State Street, near by, is another Wentworth mansion in good repair, the old home of Sir John Wentworth, the last of the royal governors, and whose marriage with his cousin, Frances Wentworth Atkinson, was almost as romantic and famous as that of his uncle Benning. This

house has also a fine garden that leads down to the river, and the ancient wharf is shown from which the governor embarked by boat to escape from the angry townsmen on that long ago April night at the beginning of the Revolution. Within the grandly dadoed rooms are portraits of the Wentworths in their Colonial majesty, some of them by Copley.

The Governor Langdon house on Pleasant Street, and the Warner house on Daniel Street, home of the royal Councillors, Daniel and Jonathan Warner, are excellent specimens of the stately Colonial mansion. Both are in fine keeping and contain portraits and relics of their former owners. The roof of the Langdon house has sheltered royalty, for here Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans, and the courtly Talleyrand, both fugitives from the Reign of Terror, were entertained as guests by the hospitable Langdon. The parlor of this house is especially fine. The Warner house has the air of the old regime more than any other house in Portsmouth. Its magnificently wainscoted rooms are lined with family portraits, courtly men and beautiful women, done by Copley and worth their weight in gold.

At Exeter, on Water Street, is the Ladd-Gilman house, the home of Captain Nicholas Gilman, who managed the finances of New Hampshire through the Revolutionary period, and later the home of his still more distinguished son, Governor John Taylor Gilman, who has the honor of being the chief magistrate of the state for a longer period than any other man. Not far away is the grand old mansion of Colonel Peter Gilman, one of the magnificoes of the late Colonial period. The interior is little changed from the days when it was the meeting place of the leading and most distinguished men of the Province during the reign of George the Third.

In the near-by town of Hampton Falls, not far from the village square where stands a fine soldiers' monument,

is an old rooftopree that has sheltered more famous men perhaps than any other in New Hampshire, the home of Governor Meshech Weare. It was an old house when he lived in it, and he has been dead one hundred and twenty years. Weare was Governor of the State all through the Revolutionary contest, and all the leading men of New Hampshire assembled at his home more than once to devise methods of raising men and funds to carry on the prolonged contest with Great Britain. Washington was there once to consult with the Governor, and the chamber is shown with the same bed in which the *pater patriae* is said to have slept.

Concord, on the Merrimack, boasts of two ancient rooftoprees famous in the annals of the State. These are the Judge Walker house and the Rolfe-Rumford house. The former is still in possession of the family, and has sheltered five generations of the Walkers. Built about the time that the Mount Vernon mansion was on the Potomac, it can boast of over a century and a half of life. It was the home for many years of "Parson Walker," the first settled minister of Concord, and afterwards of his son, Judge Walker, who was several times a candidate of the Republicans for Governor of the State. The house has been somewhat modernized within a few years and compares favorably with any of the costly residences of the capital city. A number of aged and stately elms shelter the mansion with their protecting branches.

Virginia has been termed the "Mother of Presidents," but New Hampshire has produced but one chief magistrate of the United States. In the town of Hillsborough can still be seen in excellent repair, the birthplace of Franklin Pierce, which was at the same time the home of his father, Governor Benjamin Pierce, and also the mansion which President Pierce occupied for a time as a residence, now the home of a nephew, Kirk D. Pierce, Esq. Both houses are good types of the old-fashioned, commodious, hos-

pitiable farm house, many of which are scattered up and down our valleys and hillsides.

In Dunbarton is the Stark place, a grand old manor house built by Colonel Caleb Stark, a son of General John Stark, and occupied at present by a descendant, Charles F. M. Stark. The house is venerable with one hundred and twenty-five years, and with its gambrel roof, its twelve dormer windows and huge chimneys has a picturesque and stately air. Lafayette was entertained here in 1825. The aspect of the house and the garden back of it suggest the lines,

"A brave old house, a garden full of bees,—
Large drooping poppies and green hollyhocks,
With butterflies for crowns, true peonies,
And pinks and goldilocks."

At Holderness, not an hour's ride from the State Normal School in Plymouth, is the great house built by Hon: Samuel Livermore and where he lived in almost baronial style from 1775 until his death in 1803. It is a good type of those days of hospitable wealth, with high-pitched gambrel roof, dormer windows, huge chimneys and commodious rooms. Its builder was one of the great men of New Hampshire in the Revolutionary period, Attorney-General, delegate to the Colonial Congress, member of the Assembly, and United States Senator. He held more important offices than any other man of his generation in his State and intellectually was not surpassed by any of them.

We have merely alluded to some of the more famous of these historic rooftrees. Perhaps in some future article or articles we will speak more in detail of others less distinguished, but none the less gracious and venerable testimonials of an age that is barely remembered to-day.



The House on the Hill

Inscribed to My Mother.

By EUGENE J. HALL.



FROM the weather-worn house on the brow o' the hill
We are dwellin' afar, in our manhood, to-day,
But we see the old gables an' hollyhocks still,
Ez they looked long ago, ere we wandered away;
We can see the tall well-sweep that stan's by the door,
An' the sunshine that gleams on the old oaken floor.

We can hear the sharp creak o' the farm-gate again,
An' the loud cacklin' hens in the gray barn near by,
With its broad, saggin' floor, with its scaffolds o' grain,
An' its rafters that once seemed to reach to the sky;
We behold the big beams, an' the "bottomless bay"
Where the farm-boys once joyfully jumped on the hay.

We can hear the low hum o' the hard-workin' bees
At the'r toil in our father's old orchard once more,
In the broad, tremblin' tops o' the bright-bloomin' trees,
Ez they busily gather the'r sweet, winter-store;
An' the murmurin' brook, the delightful old horn,
An' the cawin' black crows that 're pullin' the corn.

We can see the low hog-pen, just over the way,
An' the long, ruined shed by the side o' the road,
Where the sleds in the summer were hidden away,
Where the wagons an' plows in the winter were stowed;
An' the cider-mill down in the holler below,
With a long, creakin' sweep for the old hoss to draw,
Where we larned by the homely old tub long ago
What a world o' sweet raptur' there wus in a straw;
From the cider-casks there, lyn' loosely around,
More leaked from the bung-holes than dripped on the ground.

We behold the bleak hillsides, still bris'lin' with rocks,
Where the mountain streams murmured with musical sound,

Where we hunted an' fished, where we chased the red fox
 With lazy old house-dog or loud-bayin' hound ;
 An' the cold, cheerless woods we delighted to tramp,
 Fur the shy, whirrin' patridge, in snow to our knees,
 Where, with neck-yoke an' pails, in the old sugar-camp,
 We gathered the sap from the tall maple trees ;
 An' the fields where our plows danced a furious jig
 Ez we wearily follered the furrer all day,
 Where we stumbled an' bounded o'er boulders so big
 That it took twenty oxen to draw 'em away ;
 Where we sowed, where we hoed, where we cradled an' mowed,
 Where we scattered the swaths that were heavy with dew,
 Where we tumbled, we pitched, an' behind the tall load
 The broken old bull-rake reluctantly drew.
 How we grasped the old sheepskin with feelin's of scorn,
 Ez we straddled the back o' the old sorrel mare,
 An' rode up an' down thro' the green rows o' corn,
 Like a pin on a clo's-line, that sways in the air ;
 We can hear our stern fathers a scoldin' us still,
 Ez the careless old creatur' comes down on a hill.

We are far from the home o' our boyhood to-day,
 In the battle o' life we are strugglin' alone ;
 The weather-worn farm-house hez gone to decay,
 The chimbley hez fallen, its swallers hev flown,
 Yet memory brings, on her beautiful wings,
 Her fanciful pictur's again from the past,
 An' lovin'ly, fondly, an' tenderly clings
 To pleasur's an' pastimes too lovely to last.
 We wander again by the river to-day,
 We sit in the school-room, o'erflowing with fun,
 We whisper, we play, an' we scamper away
 When the lessons are larned an' the spellin' is done.
 We see the old cellar where apples were kept,
 The garret where all the old rubbish wus thrown,
 The leetle back chamber where snugly we slept,
 The homely old kitchen, the broad hearth o' stone
 Where apples were roasted in menny a row,
 Where our gran'mothers nodded an' knit long ago.

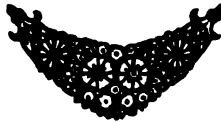
Our gran'mothers long hev reposed in the tomb,—
 With a strong, healthy race they hev peopled the land,—
 They worked with the spindle, they toiled at the loom,
 Nor lazily brought up the'r babies by hand.

The old flint-lock musket, whose awful recoil
 Made many a Nimrod with agony cry,
 Once hung on the chimbley, a part o' the spoil
 Our gallyant old gran'fathers captur'd at "Ti,"—
 Brave men were our gran'fathers, sturdy an' strong,
 The kings o' the forest they chopped from the'r lands,
 They were stern in the'r virtu's, they hated all wrong,
 An' they fought fur the right with the'r hearts an' the'r hands;
 Down, down from the hillsides they swept in the'r might,
 An' up from the hollers they went on the'r way,
 To fight an' to fall upon Hubbardton's height,
 To struggle an' CONQUER in Bennin'ton's fray
 O! fresh be the'r memory, cherished the sod
 That long hez grown green o'er the'r sacred remains,
 An' grateful our hearts to a generous GOD
 Fur the blood an' the spirit that flows in our veins.

Our Allens, our Starks, an' our Warners 're gone,
 But our mountains remain with the'r evergreen crown;
 The souls o' our heroes 're yet marchin' on,—
 The structur's they founded SHALL NEVER GO DOWN.

From the weather-worn house on the brow o' the hill
 We are dwellin' afar, in our manhood, to-day;
 But we see the old gables an' hollyhocks still,
 Ez they looked when we left 'em to wander away.
 But the ones that we loved, in the sweet long-ago,
 In the old village churchyard sleep under the snow.

Farewell to the friends o' our bright boyhood days,
 To the beautiful vales once delightful to roam,
 To the fathers, the mothers, now gone from our gaze,
 From the weather-worn house to the'r heavenly home,
 Where they wait, where they watch, an' will welcome us still,
 Ez they waited an' watched in the house on the hill.





The Sweet By and By

Story of the Author.

By J. WARREN THYNG.



THE house in which Joseph P. Webster, author of "The Sweet By and By," was born, in the year 1820, was about four miles distant from Manchester and situated near the shore of Lake Massabesic. Cæsar's beach is almost directly in front of the location, and the site of the old Island Pond house is near by.

The home of the Webster family was, as the picture shows, a small, one-story cottage built much after the fashion of the houses of pioneer farmers of those days.

The old homestead—long since gone—looked out upon a scene of beauty. The lake, dimpled by the summer breeze, lay for miles before it; far beyond the distance was outlined by blue hills, while within a bow-shot of the door swept the long, graceful crescent of Cæsar's beach, and yet nearer still a group of tall sentinel pines rose and like the pipes of a great organ were stirred to solemn sound by the wind.

The farm was small, and the income derived from its cultivation slender; indeed so much so that the young musician early realized that he must begin the battle of life with heroic endeavor.

But he came of strong ancestry. The family record traces the line away back to rare old John Webster of Ipswich, Massachusetts, as long ago as 1640. Then there was Major Webster of Revolutionary fame. And now comes into the line the blood of the Huguenots. The beautiful Bethia de C'osta, whose father was a runaway boy picked up at Valley Forge by Colonel John Goffe.

Born at a time when constant struggle was necessary to existence, Joseph was compelled from early boyhood to be self dependent. There is something in such an environment that develops greatness. Long before he saw the direction in which lay the path to larger opportunity he became master of the flute and fife.

At the age of 15 he worked for his board and sixpence a day. A small sum saved from his slender income first placed him in the way of beginning a musical education, and the instruction derived from thirteen nights' attendance at a country singing school made up the outfit with which he began his musical career. He progressed rapidly, and in a year's time was capable of reading at sight music for voice or instrument. His first singing-school was successful, and he might have been seen making his way on foot along the lakeside road, an old bass-viol on his shoulder, facing the sharp winter wind that blew across the lake. He was reckoned as in some manner different from other teachers of psalmody. A peculiar faculty for imparting knowledge won pupils and friends.

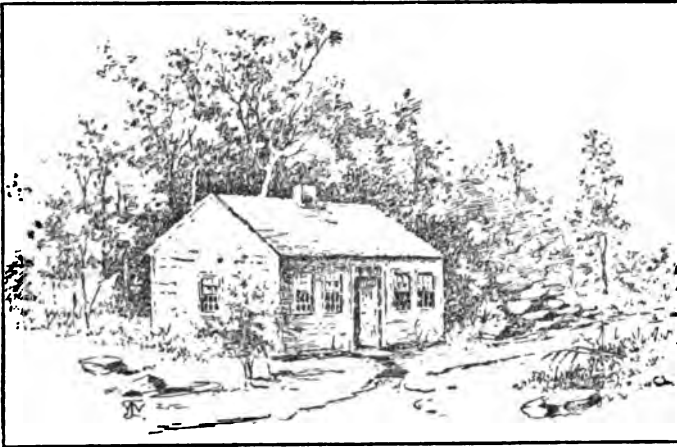
With money earned by teaching singing-school evenings he paid expenses while attending Pembroke academy—that alma mater of many distinguished men. Here his love of military drill had opportunity for improvement, and so when the War of the Rebellion broke out Webster was considered one of the best drill masters in the state.

At about the age of 21 he was in Boston, a pupil of the best teachers to be found at that day. Up to this time he used to say he had not seen a piano. He lived in Boston three years, teaching and being taught. It was a real battle against want, says my informant.

In 1843, Mr. Webster went to New York, where he formed a business relation with Bernard Covert with whom he gave a series of concerts both in the city and throughout the state. The New York experience was followed by six years of varying success in Connecticut.

About this time an attack of bronchitis resulted in loss of voice to such an extent that he was obliged to give up singing in public. This seeming misfortune, however, proved to be, in a measure, a blessing in disguise for it drove him to composition, the direction in which his peculiar genius lay.

He wrote most of the music for the "Euphonians," a musical organization even now remembered in some parts of New England.



BIRTHPLACE OF AUTHOR OF "SWEET BY AND BY"

Up to this time Mr. Webster had published no music. The first publishers to bring his work before the public were Firth, Pond & Co., of New York. Then Oliver Ditson, a little later, brought out the song, "There's a Change in Things I Love." It will be noticed that there is a touch of melancholy in the piece that thus early in life shadowed forth the despondency of his nature.

The public soon felt the magic of his genius, and fortune began to smile upon the composer. Failing health, however, now compelled him to seek a warmer climate, and

consequently the years from 1850 to 1855 were passed in the South.

Madison, Indiana, a quarter of a century ago, was a thrifty and beautiful village on the banks of the Ohio. Its citizens were mostly wealthy and aristocratic, and it was in this cultured musical circle that Mr. Webster found favor and abundant patronage. He numbered among his friends the Crittendens, Hendricks, Joneses and Brights.

It was while living in southern Indiana that the agitation preceding the War of the Rebellion was highest, and extremely bitter in that section. Mr. Webster's sentiments were with the North, and his sympathy for the negro was freely expressed. On this account he was soon aware that it would ere long be more congenial for him further north. Accordingly, we next find him in Racine, Wisconsin, and later in Elkhorn.

The war was now begun and he hastened to volunteer. Being very near-sighted he was rejected by the mustering officer; this, writes his son, was one of the disappointing incidents of his life. Offering his services as drill-master he was accepted, but he refused remuneration. As an illustration of Mr. Webster's patriotism it may be mentioned that when the War Governor of Wisconsin offered him rank and pay of an officer he declined in the following characteristic reply noted on the back of the Governor's letter: "I will not take the pay if I do not share the dangers of the service."

It was during this period that Mr. Webster produced some of the most stirring war songs. Often the patriotic composer sat late into the night, his genius fired by the thought that the morrow's bugle note might be inspired by the touch of his pen.

About this time the music for "Lorena," was produced, and it is a singular fact that while its author was devoted to the cause of the Union, this ballad became a favorite camp-fire song in the Southern army. It is a strangely plaintive air, touching, in some passages, closely upon the

finest possibilities of tone when providing a medium for the expression of sentiment. There is a sort of hypnotic spell to the air as it moves through the lines—especially the first four lines of each stanza :



CÆSAR'S BEACH, LAKE MASSABESIC

“ The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again—
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.”

War time inspirations of brush and pen have always taken a strong hold. Willards' painting, "Yankee Doodle," created almost as much enthusiasm as did the tune; Colonel Haynes' poem, "Our Famous Quartette," found a permanent place in the literature of our state.

At the close of the war Webster wrote a patriotic drama, of which, however, little is now known.

From 1865 to 1868 were composed many of his most popular songs. "The Sweet By and By" appeared in 1868. Following are the words of the original composition :

SWEET BY AND BY.

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

(CHORUS.)

"In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest.
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Nor sigh for the blessing of rest.

"To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days."

The question has been raised, did Webster write the words, as well as compose the music of this song? One or two claimants for the authorship have appeared. I have taken some pains to investigate, and am satisfied that Joseph P. Webster wrote both words and music of "The Sweet By and By."

Looking back through about all of his published works, the very same peculiar and unmistakable personality pervades them all, from beginning to end. Take any piece you please to the piano, and you shall find the same nameless sweetness running through it. The genius or talent of no two men—by the very reason of its being genius—can flow in lines so nearly parallel.

To be sure there is really nothing original in the sentiment. It is only the putting together in this form the hope of men ever since the Master suffered on Calvary.

Take the song " 'Twill Be Summer By and By," written in 1855. ("Sweet By and By" was composed three years later.) The same spirit actuates both.

"Cold and cruel is the judgment of man—
Cruel as winter and cold as the snow,
But, by and by, will the deed and the plan
Be judged by the motive that lieth below."

Again, in "Summer Sweets Shall Bloom Again," observe the parallel sentiment and even words :

"Summer's fragrant rose shall blow
Sweeter in the early year ;
And the joys of long ago
By and by shall reappear."

If the framework of the words is by different men, the hand of the master genius has refitted all.

If Webster was despondent by nature, there appears no unwholesome whining. He may have suffered from crude criticism—it is only brazen mediocrity that does not. In the days of his youth he lived much out-of-doors by the beautiful lake ; saw the sunshine touch its waves ; saw dawn and sunset paint the hills, and moonlight float its silvery veil afar ; heard the ripple of the moving waters upon the beach and ever the music of the pines. Here present to eye and ear were motives for brightest endeavor.

Not to the musician alone, but to the painter these scenes should appeal. It is incomprehensible to me why some artists sit in the house and paint skilletts and fried eggs and empty Schnapps bottles when this lake is so near.

I am not able to give a complete list of Joseph Webster's works, but prominent among them are the following : "My Margaret," "Come to Me, Memories Olden," "Lost Lomie Lane," "The Golden Stair," "Under the Beautiful Stars," "Sounds of the Sea," "The Vine Wreathed Cottage," "Dawning of the Better Day."

Mr. Webster had a striking personality. In figure he was tall, erect and spare ; his auburn hair hung in wavy masses upon his broad shoulders ; his forehead was high, his eyes deep-set and eye-brows heavy ; these with a slightly Roman nose and long, gray beard made a face and bearing full of character. In manner he was dignified, kind and obliging. He had unbounded trust in human nature—large-hearted generosity and good-will to men. He was not rich. He might have been had that been his aim.

The author of "The Sweet By and By" rests in a distant state. There is no monument above him ; only the earth, the grass and the wild flowers. That is the way he wished it to be.

His time came on January 18, 1875. As he passed beyond, those standing by saw

"The light of two worlds upon his face—
Evening and morning peace."



Oldtime Sketches

The Husking Bee.

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS.

My thoughts go back to the rosy prime,
And memory paints anew the scenes,
Afar in the bleak New England clime,
Though half a century intervenes.

—Anon.



HUSKING BEE in the days now grown gray in memory was an annual event among the farmers of the Granite State that generally lasted in the anticipation, the realization, and the retrospection about three months, unless something unusual and startling occurred to break in upon the routine of everyday life. In those times the farmers raised their broad acres of corn, and few indeed were the bushels that came in from the "Golden West." If "all things change and we change with them," happily the memory is not susceptible to this unwritten law, and the recollection of the oldtimer remains unchanged and unchangeable so long as Mind asserts its power.

Among the treasured properties of the Nestor of the Farms is a vivid memory painting of a husking bee — and though the picture of one stands for many others. This one, to be described, came off at the home of a thrifty farmer in a community, which for obvious reasons shall be nameless, whose everyday name was "Squire Oddby." As well as being one of the largest corn growers in the town, he had made it a custom, in which he was simply following the example of his father, to have a husking bee each year upon the 20th of October, except when that date happened to fall on Sunday, in which case

the affair took place a day earlier. As, has already been hinted, these gatherings were expected with even greater regularity than the equinoctual storms of the month before. The boys who assisted the worthy farmer in his planting, anticipating the happy occasion, never failed to place in the hills on the sly, though I never knew any valid reason for their secrecy, as the master never seemed to disprove of it, a few highly colored kernels of grain among the "yellow jackets." Possibly they would have hung their heads with apparent shame had they been questioned in regard to their motives, though their purpose was honest and praiseworthy, for no husking bee could have been a complete success without the girls, and the girls could not have fulfilled half of their mission without the red-kerneled corn.

Leaving the settlement of such problems to those who may be wiser, if younger, the weather upon the occasion to be described was most auspicious.

The moon, nearing its full, rose over the distant hills a little ahead of the first arrival at the farmhouse, or rather barn. This homestead of Squire Oddby's, which had been in the family for three generations, was a typical New England farm side of half a century ago. The house was a story in height, with a wide roof, and a huge chimney in the centre. The walls had been originally painted red, but sun and storm had bleached even this tenacious coloring so it showed only in streaks now alternated with that dull-gray which comes from weather-beaten wood. The front door, a stranger alike to bell or knocker, was overhung by a trailing woodbine, which at this season appeared in the zenith of its gauze-like glory. The deep yard running down the slope toward the road, was littered here and there with scattered remains of the winter wood-pile, some big sticks that had proved too stubborn for the woodman's axe, a broken-down ox-wagon, a hay-rick which had served its summer term of usefulness and was now awaiting another season and another series of mending, when it should re-

turn to the hay-field creaking and staggering under its bulky load of freshly cured fodder for the winter-feeding, with other articles too numerous to mention, not to speak of a good-sized boulder near the driveway. This stone presented an appearance somewhat resembling a big pin-cushion with its contents protruding from its sides, the pins and needles in this case being certain wooden prys and levers, that had been utilized in vain efforts to raise the obstacle from its primeval bed and been left reclining on their supports at an angle of forty-five degrees or leaning against the rock. The condition of these instruments of labor showed that several years had intervened since the last attempt had been made to remove the boulder, but they had been suffered to remain uncouth reminders of man's futile efforts.

On the farther side of the yard the housewife, with an appreciation of the beautiful and fragrant, had planted a bed of flowers in the spring, but as the season came on apace she found her household duties crowding so heavily upon her as not to allow even a few minutes between the light of day and the lamp of evening to be devoted to a task so pleasant, and the pinks, marigolds, daisies and morning glories soon became overpowered and strangled by weeds and grass that demanded no special care to foster their growth.

A prominent feature of this yard was an ancient balm-of-gilead tree, whose bald and shattered top denoted its extreme old age. This patriarch was said to have been the growth of a little twig set in the ground by the original settler of the lot. Be that as it may, the tree was looked upon as an old member of the family, a sort of grandmother, whose leaves had they been tongues might have told an interesting and pathetic tale of bygone days.

Down across the road an old-style well-sweep, creaking dismally with each gust of wind, overhung a well where for four generations the occupants of the dwelling within sight had come to seek the crystal treasures it afforded.

A long, rambling-sort of shed ran away from the east end of the house, which expression may be taken literally to a considerable extent, as the structure had actually broken away from the main building so a wide rent separated the two. Some rods below this stood the old-fashioned country barn, innocent alike of paint or clapboards, with long, wide cracks in its walls, through which the snows of winter sifted in while the wind played hide and seek where it was not checked by some obstruction within. It was the longest barn in town, being over one hundred feet in length, consisting of nine joints or sections of twelve feet each. Built before modern ideas of convenience was familiar to carpenters, instead of having one floor running lengthwise it had three crossing it. There was no cellar, except at the east end where the ground fell away so as to allow an opening where sleds and wagons were stored when not in use. The eaves were lined with swallow's nests, empty now until another season should bring the feathered inhabitants back to their summer homes. Inside were other nests of their cousins, the barn swallows, built skilfully against purlin and rafter festooned with cobwebs.

It had been a favorable season for hay on the farm of Squire Oddby, so the bays and scaffolds were filled to the beams with newly-harvested crops, while the floors were filled with the products of the corn-field thrown promiscuously along in huge winrows on one side of the floor. The other had been carefully cleared for a space wide enough to allow a row of benches for the huskers to sit upon while they tore off the rough jackets of the yellow grain.

It was barely growing dusky in the orchard below the house when the first of the expected huskers appeared, climbing with laborious step the hill leading to the farm-buildings. He was Mr. Hungerford, who was looking longingly forward to the appetizing supper the Squire's folks were noted for giving, and willing to fill in the interval of

waiting by a pretence of work. Next to him, puffing and blowing like a porpoise from his exertions, came Job Ramsbottom, who lived alone under the hill, and who could not be blamed if he, too, had a conscious leaning toward the expected pork and beans, to say nothing of the pumpkin pies that stood in the shed hallway cooling off, looking for all the world like so many huge pieces of gold. The third on hand was 'Lish Whittle; who had actually left home immediately after dinner in order to get a good seat on the husking bench, let him tell it. He came with a cane, likewise with lips dry for good old cider and an appetite for corn bread, beans, and pumpkin pies. And now they began to come in twos and threes, and directly in larger squads.

Not all of the comers were of the sterner sex by any means, for the invitation was not confined to them, as there were women, and rosy-cheeked country girls, vivacious as well as pretty. Some of the women had come to assist the good house-wife at her work in preparing the supper, while the rest, including all of the younger ones, lent their companionship and good-cheer to the busy workers in the barn.

A few old men had come who were too feeble to work, and these were given corners and quiet places either in the house or in the barn, where they could beguile away the time until supper listening to the talk of others, or joining themselves in some of the reminiscences of their younger years. One of this group was old Captain Century, the hero of three wars, hale and hearty for one of his age, though nearly blind, his remaining ambition now being to live to one hundred years so he might be "twice a century."

Two others were among these invited guests, and no husking bee in Sunset would have been considered a success without them. These were Homer Bland, the blind bard, and Bige Little, the fat and jolly pack-peddler, who occupied the space taken by any two ordinary persons on the bench without husking more than the stint of one. The sightless musician was given a seat at one side where

he might enliven the work of the others with his songs and music.

A little after it was dark the long benches in all of the floors were packed with willing workers, who, seen in the glimmering light of the lanterns hung in rows from hay-forks stuck in the hay-mow and looked like phantom figures worked by an invisible stringing as they moved back and forth in their tasks. As the corn after it was husked had to be carried in baskets into the garret of the house, several of the stoutest men and boys were delegated to this part of the evening's undertaking.

Soon after the blind singer had struck his first note, which was a signal for the huskers to begin. Above the hum of many voices pitched at different keys, could be heard at frequent intervals a loud, boisterous tone, exclaiming: "Haw-haw-haw! that's a good joke, 'Lisha, tell us another. Somehow it limbers up the husks, an' sort of puts life into one's hands like ol' cider."

"Remember th' time, Biger," replied the other, "we sot daown to th' Squire's dinner an' eat three heaping plates of beans, to say nothing of th' trimmin's, sich as three punkin pies, a loaf of 'lasses ginger bread, a loaf of johnny cake and a pan of doughnuts?"

"Nor the three mugs of ol' cider that washed it down, haw-haw-haw! But that weren't a carcumstance to ol' Pancake Knowles, who swallowed pancakes for four hours as fast as Marm Durborn, with three gals a helpin' her, could cook 'em, haw-haw-haw! 'Member that time, ol' man?" nudging his companion on his left, who nodded approval, and then as if he had forgotten some duty suddenly quit his husking and pulling a jack-knife from one of his pockets began to whittle industriously upon a corn-stalk, seeming oblivious the rest of the evening to what was going on around him.

"'Em was good ol' times, eh, 'Lisha?" resumed Bige, kicking the loose fodder from under his feet. "Th' fust

squire was on 'arth then, and the new squire hadn't got into th' traces. I tell you 'em were good ol' days. I uster to sell goods in 'em days, I did. Bless your soul, Marm Thompson, whose ol' man bought Pete Hungerford's farm for a song, took seventeen handkercheeves one right arter another, an' she a larfin' an' shoutin' at my stories, haw-haw-haw! That same trip, or was it——"

A peal of girlish laughter rang out, and a buxom maid was seen to spring from the bench and dart furiously down the line of huskers followed by a sturdy youth whose feet were as swift if not as light as hers.

"Ketch her, Abe!" shouted some one; "you can do it if you won't give up."

"You can't!" called back the laughing girl, while she continued her flight.

Flourishing over his head that unerring talisman of such occasions, an ear of red corn, good-natured Abe Goodwill accepted the challenge, and sped rapidly in the footsteps of the fair fugitive, whose taunting cries were drowned by the merry shouts of the huskers, all of whom had stopped work to watch the couple. Abe might have caught Meg in the early stage of the chase, but every one tried to trip him up as he rushed forward, and in other ways lent their assistance to the fugitive, as was usual at such times.

"Abe 'll ketch her!" declared Everybody's Sam, confidently. "My! how I wish I was in his shoes!"

"You'd git a pair of boxed ears for your trouble, youngster," remarked a burly-formed, horny-handed man near by, who was none other than her father, Isaac Irons, the village smith, who was noted for his great strength. "I don't keer if Meg is my darter, she's got an arm that's a credit to the old man. Let 'em go it, they are like colts turned out to pasture."

Meg Irons, upon reaching the side of the barn and finding that she could not open the door at the end of the floor, wheeled suddenly about, and with a scream of plea-

sure, darted past her pursuer and so doubled upon her track, her cheeks looking uncommonly red.

"Golly! ain't got her yet, Abe? haw-haw-haw!" roared Bige, until his fat sides shook and the tears rolled down his rotund cheeks. But the plucky Abe had not given up, and just as he came opposite the fat peddler he caught Meg about the waist. Pulling her head over upon his shoulder he gave her such a resounding thwack upon her lips that he was heard above the outbursts of the spectators. Nor was Abe satisfied with his lawful due, for he immediately attempted to repeat his attack, when Meg's plump hand fell across his mouth, sending him backward over the bench into the pile of husks behind. This upset a basket of corn, which fell upon Bige Little, sending him back into the fluffy mass almost out of sight. General confusion reigned, above the outcries being heard the half-smothered haw-haw-haws of the jolly peddler, as he rose like a mountain out of a fog-bank into sight.

"Well done, lad! well done, lass! Puts me in mind of my young days afore I took on so much unaccountable counter-poise. Come, Homer! ain't you got that fiddle into shape to gin us a song?"

"Come, gie's a sang," Montgomery cried,
And lay our disputes all aside;
What signifies 't for folks to chide
For what was done before them?"

"Look out there, folks! that lantern's coming daown!" bawled out one of the onlookers. It was suddenly discovered that the fork stuck in the side of the mow as a support for the light had begun to take a downward slant, so the lantern holding a piece of candle in a block of wood was slowly slipping down the inclined arm. One of those nearest, seeing the catastrophe likely to take place, sprang nimbly up the corn pile, and catching the lantern in one hand and the fork handle in the other, dexteously arranged the support so the light remained stationary.



LAKE MASSABESIC.





If tongues were busy so were hands, and by a quarter past nine o'clock the last ear was husked. The boys sprang up with loud cheers, dancing to and fro in glee, or catching each other in a rough and tumble squabble, while the older members of the party started slowly, but willingly, toward the house, it having been announced that supper would be ready by the time they could "wash and tidy up." The lanterns were taken down, some of them relieved of their lights, while others were used to brighten the way to the house.

"Yaou've done it well, boys," declared the Squire. "Naow come an' eat all the pork an' beans yaou can, with punkin pies thrown in for tally. Come all of yaou, for yaou hev 'arned yeour suppers."

In all that crowd, which must have numbered more than fifty, no one hung back. As they entered in this demonstrative manner the dwelling the fragrance of the warm supper greeted their nostrils, and two long tables running the length of the large dining room were seen, literally groaning under the load of food heaped upon them. There were foremost in the display huge platters of steaming beans just from the old-fashioned brick oven, flanked with tall loafs of smoking brown bread, and big dishes of pork, which had been browned and crisped on the upper side to a tempting nicety. There also were generous loaves of wheat bread, great pans heaped with pancakes and doughnuts, plates of ginger-bread sweetened with molasses, and last but not least, mince pies, apple pies, custard pies, and pumpkin pies without apparent limit. These last were made in deep tin plates, the bottom and sides covered with a crust, which had been cut large enough so that it could be rolled over the rim thus forming a ridge around the circuit. The interior was then filled with the yellow fruit of the luscious melon, sweetened and seasoned as only one of those good old-fashioned cooks of the country farm-house could succeed in doing. Mrs. Reed, too, was noted for

being one of the best in the town, and she always looked after these pies herself. Of course there were other dishes on the table, butter, cider apple-sauce, and so on, but these need not be mentioned, unless we except the big cup of hot coffee, that afforded the room a delicious aroma.

The women were very busy giving the final touches to the tables, placing here a plate of doughnuts, there a pie, or slicing a loaf of bread that had been overlooked. No one was busier than the hostess herself, who was a sweet-faced, matronly woman of middle life, never seeming happier than when superintending one of these harvest suppers for which she was noted.

The men were already standing about the long, wooden sink that was supplied with water from a wooden pump, waiting their turns to wash and prepare for supper. Fifteen minutes later followed the clatter of knives and forks, and rattle of dishes, with the hum of voices. In the medley of sounds one could hear the clear tone of one busy worker expounding upon some wonderful feat he had performed in his earlier years, while at the opposite table Lish Whittle and Bige Little were just closing a wager as to which could eat the more and the longer. By the way they had begun their race it looked as if the housewife would have to begin to replenish her store at once.

"I like beans without any 'lasses in 'em or unyuns — jess plain beans right from a hot oven," declared Mr. Little, helping himself to a heaping plate of his choice, the steam rising from them concealing for the time his eager, expectant countenance.

"Give me a dash of 'lasses, a pinch o' mustard, an' a small unyun in mine," replied Mr. Whittle, likewise helping himself to an equal portion from another platter. "I notice too, there is a big difference in beans 'cordin to th' land they grow on, and th' kind, too. Yer pea-beans may do well for everyday eatin', but fer huskin's give me good ol' marrowfats. Pass me th' pork, Jerry ; an' you, Sam, might

push along th' vinegar an' th' red pepper. A leetle spice sort o' 'livens up one's stumich, an' clears out th' head. Don't keer fer th' bread yet. Never eat it till I'm half done."

"Pepper's half peas!" exclaimed Bige. "Heerd that joke way down in Maine—haw-haw-haw!"

"Hol' on, Bige Little!" cried the shrill voice of Belindy Betters at this moment "thet ain't 'lasses you air puttin' in your coffee. It's vinegar. Yeou don't drink vinegar in your coffee, do yeou?"

A close observer might have seen a peculiar look on the round face of the peddler, but it was quickly chased away, while he replied with feigned fidelity to truth:

"Always, marm, always. 'Pears this ain't very stout."

Before Miss Betters could give utterance to the amazement on her lips, a wild, Indian-like whoop came from the other table, and one of its occupants was seen to leap from his seat and begin to dance a series of figures that would have done credit to a Pawnee chief.

"Who's kilt neow?" cried Belindy, in her fright letting the tray in her hands slip from her hold, thus sending a platter of pancakes rolling to the four quarters of the floor.

"John Reed's swallowed a whole spoonful of horse-radish—thought it was beans!" shouted one of the younger members of the party. "Uncle Life give it to him."

"Oh, my nose! my nose! it's cut off—help—help—save me!" leaping wildly to and fro, holding on to the besieged member with both hands. The spectators all stopped eating, some shouting with laughter, while others merely smiled. Bige Little stopped in the midst of a discourse on the beauty of beans to roar "Haw-haw-haw!"

How long this outburst might have lasted is not easy to forecast, had not the notes of a violin at this moment fell on the scene, and Homer Bland, who had not been persuaded to sit down to the table with the others, began one

of his songs. Then, amid a silence broken only at intervals by a click of some knife inadvertently striking a plate, he gave a song and half an hour later the supper was over and the latest husking bee at the Squire's a memory filled with reminiscences likely to last for a long time.

The Light of Love

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE.

A thousand eyes are given Night,
While the Day has only one;
Yet swiftly dies the World's fair light
At the setting of the sun.

The mind is given a thousand eyes,
While the heart has only one;
Yet all the light of a lifetime dies,
When the day of love is done.

Where Passaconaway Was Wont To Stand

By CORA C. BASS.

Where Passaconaway was wont to stand,
Piercing the distance with intrepid eye,
The teeming mills their rhythmic shuttles ply,
Many knelt subservient to the hand
Of that good sachem of a noted band;
But labor, like a chieftain, leads us high,
To fairer fields, where richer guerdons lie
Than he aspired to win; the bold demand
Of Time is met by a triumphant throng
Which presses onward, upward, evermore;
And cities in their children true as strong
Live worthy the brave men who marched before,
Speeding the hum of Industry's glad song
O'er heights the noble red man trod of yore.

Wheeler's Narrative.

An Account of Captain Thomas Wheeler's Expedition to Quabaug, now Brookfield, Mass., in 1675. With Notes by William Plumer, Jr., and others.

A TRUE NARRATIVE of the Lord's Providences in various dispensations towards Captain Edward Hutchinson of Boston and my self, and those that went with us into the Nipmuck* Country, and also to Quabaug, alias Brookfield: The said Captain Hutchinson having a Commission from the Honoured Council of this Colony to treat with several Sachems in those parts in order to the publick peace, and my self being also ordered by the said Council to accompany him with part of my troop for security from any danger that might be from the Indians: and to assist him in the transaction of matters committed to him.



HE said Captain Hutchinson,† and myself, with about twenty men or more marched from Cambridge to Sudbury, July 28, 1675; and from thence into the Nipmuck Country, and finding that the Indians had deserted their towns, and we having gone until we came within two miles of New Norwitch, on July 31, (only we saw two Indians having an horse with them, whom we would have spoke with, but they fled from us and left their horse, which we took,) we then thought it not expedient to march any further that way, but set our march for Brook-

* Nipmuck, from *nipe*, "fresh water;" *auke*, "a place:" meaning in English "Indians about fresh water," was a common term applied by other tribes to the Amerinds in northern Massachusetts and lower New Hampshire. The whites naturally fell into the practice of calling the families who might be living about a certain locality by the name of that place. In this way the Indians of New England were divided into more tribes or clans than really lived there. For instance, those of the Merrimack valley really belonging to one family became known by as many as a dozen different names.—Editor.

† [Capt. Hutchinson had a very considerable farm in the Nipmug country, and had occasion to employ several of the Nipmug sachem's men in tilling and ploughing the ground, and thereby was known to the face of many of them. The sachems sent word that they would

field, whither we came on the Lord's day about noon. From thence the same day, (being August 1,) we understanding that the Indians were about ten miles north west from us, we sent out four men to acquaint the Indians that we were not come to harm them, but our business was only to deliver a Message from our Honoured Governour and Council to them, and to receive their answer, we desiring to come to a Treaty of Peace with them, (though they had for several dayes fled from us,) they having before professed friendship, and promised fidelity to the English. When the messengers came to them they made an alarm, and gathered together about an hundred and fifty fighting men as near as they could judge. The young men amongst them were *stout* in their speeches, and surly in their carriage. But at length some of the chief Sachems promised to meet us on the next morning about 8 of the clock upon a plain within three miles of Brookfield, with which answer the messengers returned to us. Whereupon, though their speeches and carriage did much discourage divers of our company, yet we conceived that we had a cleer call to go to meet them at the place whither they had promised to come. Accordingly we with our men accompanied with three of the principal inhabitants of that town marched to the plain appointed; but the treacherous heathen intending mis-

speak with none but Capt. Hutchinson himself, and appointed a meeting at such a tree and such a time. The guide that conducted him and those that were with him through the woods, brought them to a swamp [as stated in the Narrative] not far off the appointed place, out of which those Indians ran all at once and killed sixteen [but 8, as in Narrative] men, and wounded several others, of which wounds Capt. Hutchinson afterwards died, whose death is the more lamented in that his mother and several others of his relations died by the hands of the Indians, now above 30 years since. *Ms. Letter sent to London, dated Nov. 10, 1675, as quoted by Gov. Hutchinson, I, 266.*

Capt. Hutchinson belonged to Boston and had been one of its representatives, and considerably in publick life. He was a son of William and the celebrated ANN Hutchinson, and was brother-in-law to Major Thomas Savage, of Boston, who married Faith, the sister of Capt. H. He was the father of the Hon. Elisha Hutchinson, one of the Counsellors of Massachusetts, who died 10 December, 1717, aged 77. The last was father of Hon. Thomas Hutchinson, born 30 January, 1674; died 3 December, 1739, whose son, Gov. Thomas Hutchinson, born 9 September, 1711, was the celebrated historian of Massachusetts. *I Savage's Winthrop, 246.* It is a little singular that the Gov. should not have met with a Narrative so particular respecting the fate of his great ancestor.]—William Plumer, Jr.

chief, (if they could have opportunity,) came not to the said place, and so failed our hopes of speaking with them there. Whereupon the said Captain Hutchinson and my self, with the rest of our company, considered what was best to be done, whether we should go any further towards them or return, divers of us apprehending much danger in case we did proceed, because the Indians kept not promise there with us. But the three men who belonged to Brookfield were so strongly perswaded of their freedome from any ill intentions towards us, (as upon other bounds, so especially because the greatest part of those Indians belonged to David, one of their chief Sachems, who was taken to be a great friend to the English :) that the said Captain Hutchinson who was principally intrusted with the matter of Treaty with them, was thereby encouraged to proceed and march forward towards a Swampe where the Indians then were. When we came near the said swampe, the way was so very bad that we could march only in a single file, there being a very rocky hill on the right hand, and a thick swampe on the left. In which there were many of those cruel blood-thirsty heathen, who there way laid us, waiting an opportunity to cut us off; there being also much brush on the side of the said hill, where they lay in ambush to surprize us.* When we had marched there about sixty or seventy rods, the said perfidious Indians sent out their shot upon us as a showre of haile, they being, (as was supposed,) about two hundred men or more. We seeing our selves so beset, and not having room to fight, endeavoured to fly for the safety of our lives. In which flight we were in no small danger to be all cut off, there being a very miry swamp be-

* [It seems from a note in Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts, that the Indians took a prisoner of the name of George, a christian Indian, who afterwards reported that Philip and his company of about 40 men, besides women and children, joined the Nipmuck Indians in a swamp, ten or twelve miles from Brookfield on the 5th of August. "The Indians told Philip, at his first coming, what they had done to the English at Quabaog: Then he presented and gave to three sagamores, viz. John alias Apequinash; Quanansit, and Mawtamps, to each of them about a peck of unstrung wampum, which they accepted." Philip was conducted to the swamp by two Indians, one of whom was Caleb of Tatumasket, beyond Mendon.]

fore us, into which we could not enter with our horses to go forwards, and there being no safety in retreating the way we came, because many of our company, who lay behind the bushes, and had let us pass by them quietly; when others had shot, they came out, and stopt our way back, so that we were forced as we could to get up the steep and rocky hill; but the greater our danger was, the greater was God's mercy in the preservation of so many of us from sudden destruction. My self being gone up part of the hill without any hurt, and perceiving some of my men to be fallen by the enemies' shot, I wheeled about upon the Indians, not calling on my men who were left to accompany me, which they in all probability would have done had they known of my return upon the enemy. They firing violently out of the swamp, and from behind the bushes on the hill side wounded me sorely, and shot my horse under me, so that he faulting and falling, I was forced to leave him, divers of the Indians being then but a few rods distant from me. My son Thomas Wheeler flying with the rest of the company, missed me amongst them, and fearing that I was either slain or much endangered, returned towards the swampe again, though he had then received a dangerous wound in the reins, where he saw me in the danger aforesaid. Whereupon, he endeavoured to rescue me, shewing himself therein a loving and dutiful son, he adventuring himself into great peril of his life to help me in that distress, there being many of the enemies about me, my son set me on his own horse, and so escaped a while on foot himself, until he caught an horse whose rider was slain, on which he mounted, and so through God's great mercy we both escaped. But in this attempt for my deliverance he received another dangerous wound by their shot in his left arm. There were then slain to our great grief eight men, viz.—Zechariah Philips of Boston, Timothy Farlow,* of Billericay, Edward Coleborn, of Chelmsford, Samuel Smed-

[* Timothy Farley was son of George Farley, one of the first settlers of Billerica.]

ly, of Concord, Sydrach Hopgood, of Sudbury, Serjeant Eyres,* Serjeant Prichard,† and Corporal Coy,‡ the inhabitants of Brookfield, aforesaid. It being the good pleasure of God, that they should all there fall by their hands, of whose good intentions they were so confident, and whom they so little mistrusted. There were also then five persons wounded, viz.—Captain Hutchinson, my self, and my son Thomas, as aforesaid, Corporal French,§ of Billericay, who having killed an Indian, was (as he was taking up his gun) shot, and part of one of his thumbs taken off, and also dangerously wounded through the body near the shoulder; the fifth was John Waldoe, of Chelmsford, who was not so dangerously wounded as the rest. They also then killed five of our horses, and wounded some more, which soon died after they came to Brookfield. Upon this sudden and unexpected blow given us, (wherein we desire to look higher than man the instrument,) we returned to the town as fast as the badness of the way, and the weakness of our wounded men would permit, we being then ten miles from it. All the while we were going, we durst not stay to stanch the bleeding of our wounded men, for fear the enemy should have surprized us again, which they attempted to do, and had in probability done, but that we perceiving which way they went, wheeled off to the other hand, and so by God's good providence towards us, they missed us, and we all came readily upon, and safely to the town, though none of us knew the way to it, those of the place being slain, as aforesaid, and we avoiding any thick woods and riding in open places to prevent danger by them. Being got to the town, we speedily betook our selves to one of the largest and strongest houses therein, where we fortified our selves in the best manner we could in such straits of time, and there resolved to keep garrison, though we

[* John Ayres. † Joseph Pritchard. ‡ John Coya.]

[§ Corporal John French was son of Lieut. William French of Billerica. He went from Cambridge with his father to Billerica, about 1654, and lived there until his death in October, 1712, aged about 78.]

were but few, and meanly fitted to make resistance against so furious enemies. The news of the Indians' treacherous dealing with us, and the loss of so many of our company thereby, did so amaze the inhabitants of the town, that they being informed thereof by us, presently left their houses, divers of them carrying very little away with them, they being afraid of the Indians sudden coming upon them; and so came to the house we were entered into, very meanly provided of cloathing, or furnished with provisions.

I perceiving my self to be disenabled for the discharge of the duties of my place by reason of the wound I had received, and apprehending that the enemy would soon come to spoyle the town, and assault us in the house, I appointed Simon Davis, of Concord, James Richardson,* and John Fiske,† of Chelmsford, to manage affairs for our safety with those few men whom God hath left us, and were fit for any service, and the inhabitants of the said town; who did well and commendably perform the duties of the trust committed to them with much courage and resolution through the assistance of our gracious God, who did not leave us in our low and distressed state, but did mercifully appear for us in our greatest need, as in the sequel will clearly be manifested. Within two hours after our coming to the said house, or less, the said Captain Hutchinson and my self posted away Epraim Curtis, of Sudbury, and Henry Young, of Concord, to go to the Honoured Council at Boston, to give them an account of the Lord's dealing with us, and our present condition. When they came to the further end of the town they saw the enemy rifling of houses which the inhabitants had forsaken. The post fired upon

* James Richardson is supposed to have been brother to Capt. Josiah Richardson, of Chelmsford, who died 22 July, 1695, the ancestor of the Hon. Judge Richardson, of Chester. He went from Woburn, the hive from which issued most of the Richardsons, to Chelmsford, in 166—. The first Richardson who came to the Massachusetts colony was Ezekiel Richardson, who was made a freeman, in May, 1631, and was afterwards a deputy of the General Court. Samuel and Thomas were made freemen, 2 May, 1633, and they settled in Woburn, as did also, it is believed, Ezekiel, though not upon his first coming here.]

[† John Fiske was son of the Rev. John Fiske, first minister of Chelmsford.]

them, and immediately returned to us again, they discerning no safety in going forward and being desirous to inform us of the enemies' actings, that we might the more prepare for a sudden assault by them. Which indeed presently followed, for as soon as the said post was come back to us, the barbarous heathen pressed upon us in the house with great violence, sending in their shot amongst us like haile through the walls, and shouting as if they would have swallowed us up alive ; but our good God wrought wonderfully for us, so that there was but one man wounded within the house, viz.—the said Henry Young, who, looking out of the garret window that evening, was mortally wounded by a shot, of which wound he died within two dayes after. There was the same day another man slain, but not in the house ; a son of Serjeant Prichard's adventuring out of the house wherein we were, to his Father's house not far from it, to fetch more goods out of it, was caught by those cruel enemies as they were coming towards us, who cut off his head, kicking it about like a football, and then putting it upon a pole, they sat it up before the door of his. Father's house in our sight.

The night following the said blow, they did roar against us like so many wild bulls, sending in their shot amongst us till towards the moon rising, which was about three of the clock ; at which time they attempted to fire our house by hay and other combustible matter which they brought to one corner of the house, and set it on fire. Whereupon some of our company were necessitated to expose themselves to very great danger to put it out. Simon Davis, one of the three appointed by my self as Captain, to supply my place by reason of my wounds, as aforesaid, he bring of a lively spirit, encouraged the souldiers within the house to fire upon the Indians ; and also those that adventured out to put out the fire, (which began to rage and kindle upon the house side,) with these and the like words, that *God is with us, and fights for us, and will deliver us out*

of the hands of these beatben ; which expressions of his the Indians hearing, they shouted and scoffed, saying : *now see how your God delivers you, or will deliver you*, sending in many shots whilst our men were putting out the fire. But the Lord of Hosts wrought very graciously for us, in preserving our bodies both within and without the house from their shot, and our house from being consumed by fire, we had but two men wounded in that attempt of theirs, but we apprehended that we killed divers of our enemies. I being desirous to hasten intelligence to the Honoured Council of our present great distress, we being so remote from any succour, (it being between sixty and seventy miles from us to Boston, where the Council useth to sit) and fearing our ammunition would not last long to withstand them, if they continued so to assault us, I spake to Ephraim Curtis to adventure forth again on that service, and to attempt it on foot, as the way wherein there was most hope of getting away undiscovered ; he readily assented, and accordingly went out, but there were so many Indians every where thereabouts, that he could not pass, without apparent hazard of life, so he came back again, but towards morning the said Ephraim adventured forth the third time, and was fain to creep on his hands and knees for some space of ground, that he might not be discerned by the enemy, who waited to prevent our sending if they could have hindered it. But through God's mercy he escaped their hands, and got safely to Marlborough, though very much spent, and ready to faint by reason of want of sleep before he went from us, and his sore travel night and day in that hot season till he got thither, from whence he went to Boston ; yet before the said Ephraim got to Marlborough, there was intelligence brought thither of the burning of some houses, and killing some cattle at Quabaug, by some who were going to Connecticut, but they seeing what was done at the end of the town, and hearing several guns shot off further within the town, they durst proceed no further.

(*To be continued.*)

The Editor's Window

The day's tasks ended and the Mistress of Evening drawing the curtains of Night across the slanting windows of the West, it is meet the laborer should find sweet solace by his own humble window in watching the shifting scenes of the two lights. So it is well that we should sit by our ledge at the end of our month's work and watch the coming and the going of the trained hosts that pass in review of Fancy's Captain. Here, from time to time, we hope to meet our friends and exchange the cheerful greeting of our minds,

"Tell anecdotes and laugh between."

* * *

While we hope to place before its readers much that it is well to publish of the serious side of history, we do not intend that the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE shall be wholly lacking the lighter vein. There are still many short, local stories told by tongue that type has not revealed.

"Choice scraps of native wit,
Like wine, now ripened quite a bit
By age, which adds a genial shine
To humor, mellowed down by time."

These we can only hope to resurrect from the archives of memory through your cordial comradeship.

* * *

It is true our time may be similar to that of the inhabitant of a Suncook valley town who was noted for this talent in rounding out a good story of personal accomplishment, or

some merit, real or fancied, relating to a creature or object that belonged to him, always prefacing his grand peroration with his favorite expression, "If you would believe it, gentlemen."

Among his prized members of neat stock was a pair of unmated, unruly, lined-backed Devon steers, probably the only ones he ever owned. Be that as it may, there was no feat these steers could not perform and no element of merit they did not have. At one time he was drawing ship timber to Portsmouth for a neighbor, and these "line backs," (let the old man tell it, though I believe there was a pair of oxen behind them and did the work.) Let him tell his own story: "I knowed that was a tremendous load, for we left two clean-cuts from where we got onto the road till we got to Portsmouth. No sooner had I come in sight of 'Long Bridge' than I got all-fired consarned, fearing lest the old bridge couldn't hold us up. But there I was and there was no splitting up your load, when it was made up entirely of one monster pine o' such dimensions as would scare you to hear. Letting 'em air 'line-backs' o' mine ketch their breath, then I hollered to 'em, and gin the off one a touch o' cold steel. Mebbe there weren't some tall scratching for the next fifteen minutes! The minnit 'em wheels rolled onto that bridge, I could hear a monstrous crunching and crushing. I jess hollered the louder, and didn't stop to look till we'd reached *lerror farma* on t'other side. When I tuk a look then my hat riz a foot. If you would believe it, gentlemen, *we bad cut off every plank.*"

* * *

The flag of Champlain, whose picture we give in connection with the article of "The Merrimack River," on account of its association with the discoverer, seems worthy of a brief description. According to tradition this fair emblem of French sovereignty, antedates the Frankish government.

According to story, Clovis, the pagan conqueror, before entering upon his battle of Tolbiac, 496, fearful of defeat, pledged his wife Clotilda, the Christian heroine of ancient Paris, that he would accept Christianity if he should gain a victory on the morrow. Pleased with this promise, which had long been her dream, she prayed continually for his success, and if it did not prevail her prayer was answered. Clovis continued a conqueror. Within a year he and three thousand of his followers accepted the Christian faith. Immediately upon becoming a believer in her teachings, his beautiful wife presented him a blue banner, that her own hands had embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, and declared that as long as the kings of France should keep that as their standard so long would their armies be victorious.

Let this legend have a grain of truth, or not, the iris as an emblem of wide-spread influence became popular about the middle of the 12th century, and was conspicuous not only upon the national flag, but upon church crosses, chalices, windows of houses, seals and sceptres.

The flag of Champlain, which was, of course, the naval standard, had a blue background, with the fleur-de-lis in gold. The fleur-de-lis ceased to be the standard of France with the abdication of the citizen king, Louis Philippe, and the rise of the republic in 1848, after an illustrious career of over a thousand years. It was succeeded by the tri-colour, which has held its place through the vicissitudes of French government until the present day.

* * *

Speaking of the Merrimack leads me to ask who among our readers and contributors can throw any light upon the spelling of this word. Is there good authority for retaining the "k" in spelling the name, as we do in New Hampshire?

* * *

An exchange has this interesting article upon the march of geese: "Some interesting stories are told of wild geese. We think of them as flying, not realizing that they have a reputation for marching. Years and years ago, before the days of railroads in England, history tells us that once nine thousand geese marched from Suffolk to London, a distance of one hundred miles; that for this long march but one cart was provided to carry the geese that might fall lame; the owners knew how well the geese would walk. It is said that once a drove of Suffolk geese and a drove of turkeys left Suffolk for London together, and the geese reached London forty-eight hours in advance of the turkeys.

"Only a few months ago a flock of three thousand geese, in charge of three goose-herds, were driven down the quay at Antwerp and up the gang-plank aboard an English vessel. There was a narrow canvas side to the gang-plank. They walked sedately aboard and crossed the deck, going down an inclined board to the lower deck into an inclosure made ready for them.

"It is said that a flock of geese can march ten miles a day. Thirteen miles a day is the regulation march of a German soldier. A traveller in the Arctic regions says that he has seen the wild geese marching in those regions. They choose leaders who direct them as well as lead them. They walk about ten in a line, but in a column, and carry their heads high. At a signal they spread out and feed, but at another signal from the leaders they fall into line again. These geese, when they cross water in their journey, swim as they march, in a column ten geese wide."







Painted by J. WARREN THYNG.

Engraved by EUGENE MULERTT.

THE OLD MILL.

The Old Mill

By MAURICE BALDWIN

An old mill, falling to picturesque ruin, has ever been a subject of peculiar interest to the painter, as well as a favorite theme of the poet. Associations, joyous or sad, blend with the moss and the decay and cling to the relic of years long past.

Mills like that which our artist and poet have so beautifully pictured, have almost become only a memory. Few of the many that the hillside streams once turned, can now be found in the state; and these are remote from main highways.

Older residents of Gilford, seeing its likeness, will readily call to mind the old mill that once stood on the brook a short distance beyond the village. Not long ago the last timbers of the ruin fell, and little remains to mark the spot where it stood.—*Editor.*

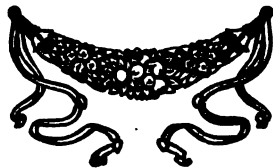


MOSSSES cover the Old Mill,
And its broken wheel is still;
On the stream's untroubled breast
Spotless lilies rear their crest,
But the willows whisper yet
Things they never can forget—

Days when all the world was young,
Days when happy children sung,
Underneath their branches, songs
With no burden of life's wrongs;
Days when work, with merry sound,
Filled the sun's unclouded round—

Stream and Mill are dreaming o'er
All the busy days of yore,
When, with many a creak and strain,
They once ground the farmer's grain,
And a half-sad beauty clings
To the worn-out useless things.

O sweet Glamour of Decay,—
Bloom of things that pass away !
Thou dost lend a tender grace
To the Past's time-softened face;
Sweet and dim the old days seem
Like our memories of a dream.







Drawn by J. WARREN TRYING.

WRECK OF THE BELKNAP.

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No. 2.

The Belknap

By J. WARREN THYNG

Story of the First Steamboat on Lake Winnepesaukee



THE Indian had built his last canoe and passed on. The gundalow had brought its last cargo of cotton and New England rum to Batchelder's Mills, and had lain its bones on some forgotten shore; and then, with the passing of the horse-boat, the last of picturesque navigation was gone from the waters of Winnepesaukee.

The innovation of steam brought little of pleasing fashion, and when the keel of the Belknap was laid at Lake Village, utility became the dominating motive in shaping lake craft.

So prosperous had the towns bordering Lake Winnepesaukee become, that, in 1832, a stock company, in which Stephen Lyford and James Jewett were largely concerned, was formed for the purpose of building a steamboat. Work upon the boat was at once begun, the master builder being a Mr. Bell. Before the hull was finished this gentleman lost his life by accidental drowning; then Messrs. Clock and Lupton of New York continued the work. The shipwrights found materials near at hand; the finest quality of white oak grew within a mile of the ship yard; from these trees the planking of the hull was sawed at Lyford & Haywood's mill. The deck was covered with old growth pine of such good quality that when, a few years ago, a piece of plank was pulled up from the remains of the wreck, the wood was found to be sound.

The curious reader may, if he will, row from Long Island to Steamboat Island, a trifle over a mile, and then if the lake be still, he may look down through the water and see the lost craft's broken basket of ribs and a heap of brick that once held the steamer's four boilers above the fire-box.

The Belknap was a clumsy sailor, making at the best not more than six or eight miles an hour. Having no upper or awning deck, passengers' clothing was sometimes burned by sparks from the smoke-stack. The boat was 96 feet long, 17 feet beam of hull, 33 feet over all. Her boilers, four in number, were of peculiar construction, without flues and set in brick. When under full steam the exhaust of her high-pressure engine could be heard a long distance.

The accompanying picture of the Belknap was drawn from a sketch made by my father, a passenger at the time of the steamer's trial trip.

July 9, 1833, was a gala day at Lake Village. People from miles around came to see the sight; the boat was launched without accident, and her behavior in the water was satisfactory. As to what vintage was spilled upon her bow, and what libations of blackstrap helped to cheer the occasion, tradition is silent. Some act, supposed to propitiate the fates must have been neglected, for on the very first day that they got up steam, she backed spitefully into a raft of logs; but the mishap was soon over, and she steamed merrily away up Lake Paugus.

There is no magic cylinder to return to our ears the voices of loved ones who stood that day upon the Belknap's deck, and with song and cheer speeded the departing boat.

There was little of ornament about the Belknap. No figure-head, carved by cunning chisel, decorated her prow; no fret-work opened fan-like upon her paddle box; no wooden eagle, with gilded wings, hovered over her pilot-house. Still, there was honest carpenter-work about her; and the joiner was a man skilled in his craft.

In those days Paul Peavy's six-horse teams brought all manner of goods from Dover and Portsmouth to Alton Bay, destined to various places around the lake; and the transportation of merchandise, that had hitherto been carried by gundalow and horse-boat, was, to a considerable extent, transferred to the Belknap. The gundalow, with its two wing-like sails spread, was a fast sailor before the wind; but with a stiff breeze ahead or becalmed, when they had to use the long sweeps for motive power, it was slow and laborious work to move the craft; sometimes taking a day or two to get up from Alton Bay. It was indeed discouraging work, when the wind blew down the lake straight in their teeth, for both gundalow and horse-boat. They often carried enormous loads, the story of which would seem fabulous if here set down in type.

Not to mention the skill and intelligence of the early lakemen would be to neglect a simple duty, and leave my story unfinished.

In October, 1841, after eight years of fairly profitable life, the first steamboat on Lake Winnepesaukee was wrecked on the shore of Steamboat Island. Early in the morning of the accident, the Belknap started from the head of Long Island with a raft of pine logs in tow. For days the weather had been heavy; dark clouds, shifting with the caprice of the uncertain wind, wandered upon the face of the deep, blotting out every landmark and blurring the encircling hills to a grey mezzotint. Far away, Chocorua, half-buried in floating mist, like the Maladetta of the Pyrenees, seemed the mountain of the curse.

Buffeted by waves, the raft dragged heavily astern, slowing the steamer down to half speed. The weather thickened as the day advanced. Presently there loomed out of the cloud, directly in the steamer's course, dark masses of trees; and the sound of waves dashing upon the rocks could be heard. The pilot, seeing the danger, rang for full speed ahead, that he might alter his course. Louder grew the tumult of wind and water. Then was heard the voice of the Captain: "Shut her off, shut her off!"

The pilot, holding on to the tugging wheel, leaned out of his window and replied : " I suppose I must obey orders, but if I do, the boat 's gone to hell ! "

A minute later the steamer, with her nose on a ledge, rocked to and fro. She was fastened never to leave.

The next year, on the fourth of July—it was the year that President Harrison died—an attempt was made to raise the sunken boat ; Rufus Smith, an expert boatman, went over in his horse-boat and succeeded in floating her. Some one of the crew left a lower cabin window open, and a north-east storm arising in the night, the water poured in, and the Belknap sank to her gunwale and was abandoned.

For a number of years her cabin afforded comfortable shelter in the winter for fishermen frequenting that part of the lake. After a while it was taken to Long Island, where it might have been seen among old-fashioned flowers, holly-hocks and Virginia creepers, a little cottage, as cosy as it was picturesque.

The fate of the Belknap calls to mind a story of the grounding of a horse-boat on the rocks of treacherous Witch Island. It was a cold evening in the fall and not very light, and it is possible there was a little blackstrap in the cuddy. Anyway, the skipper lost his reckoning and demanded to know if any one aboard knew the rocks.

" I do," answered a stranger.

" Then take the steering oar," said the Captain.

Five minutes later the boat ran upon a rock.

" You said you knew these rocks," roared the skipper.


" So I do," said the man, "this is one of them,"

* * * * *

The history of early navigation on Lake Winnepesaukee will soon become tradition; its outlines are already dim as the tints of a fading daguerotype, and few, whose memory may reach across the space of time to the morning when the Belknap was wrecked, are left to tell the story.

The Last of the Penacooks

From the Unpublished Mss. of the Late HON. CHANDLER E. POTTER

FTER the triumph of the British arms, and the subversion of the French power in the Canadas, in 1760, many of the Indians at St. Francis returned to their former lodges upon the sources of the Connecticut, Amariscoggin and the rivers of Maine, where they continued to live in peace with the whites, who were fast settling the lands in the valleys of those rivers. Upon the Connecticut River, at the "Lower Coos," were quite a number of Indians, who had returned there after the surrender of Canada, in 1760, and who were found there by the whites soon after that event.

Among the Indians were two noted warriors, known as "Captain John" and "Captain Joe." These Indians, with their families, and others of their tribe, continued to reside in that section for many years, and one of them at least, lived in that neighborhood as late as 1819.

"Captain John" was doubtless originally of one of the tribes in New Hampshire who had joined the St. Francis Indians. He was a true Indian warrior, who delighted in bloodshed and had often taken the scalps of his enemies. He had often been upon expeditions down the Merrimack and Connecticut Rivers in the service, or under the patronage of the French, and when under the influence of liquor, to which he was addicted, he would relate his exploits on those expeditions with most savage satisfaction.

He was at the attack on Fort Dummer (in Hinsdale, N. H.) and used to relate, with fiendish delight, the manner in which he mutilated a woman on that occasion. He was one of a party who made an attack upon Contoocook (now Boscawen, N. H.) probably in 17—. At which time he

killed a woman he had taken captive, because, being old, she could not keep up with the party. He struck his tomahawk into her head, as she was tottering along, and as she received the death blow, she gave a shriek, as the old savage used to express in rehearsing his barbarities like "a calf struck in the head." In 1755 "Captain John" was at "Brad-dock's defeat," and used to relate the incidents of that battle with great apparent delight. In a hand-to-hand encounter with a British officer he was knocked down, but recovering himself, he succeeded in killing the officer. He used to relate, with much amplification, how he saw young Washington during that battle and attempted to shoot him, but could not hit him. This Indian is possibly the one of whom Trumbull, the historian, relates, that he at that battle "had seventeen fair shots at Washington with his rifle, but could not bring him to the ground."

"Captain John," in the war of the Revolution, espoused the cause of the Colonists, having an aversion to the "red coats." This dislike of the British was duly requited, and he was commissioned as a Captain in the Continental Army. He raised a party of Indians, marched at their head against the enemy, and participated in the various achievements that brought about the surrender of Burgoyne.

"Captain John" had two sons, known as Peeal and Peeal Soosup. One was probably named Pierre and the other Peter Soosup. As the Indians could not pronounce the letter R, but used the L or N, in its stead, both of John's children were called Peeal, and one Peeal Soosup to distinguish him from the other.

Peeal Soosup was old enough to take part in the war of the Revolution, and was in the company commanded by Captain Thomas Johnson. Near Fort Independence, in 1777, he was in an engagement, and while firing at the enemy exclaimed to Captain Johnson, "This is good fun!" But neither of "Captain John's" children inherited the

warlike propensities of their father, but were mild in disposition and quiet in their deportment.

“Captain Joe” was an Indian belonging to a tribe in Nova Scotia. Upon the surrender of Louisburg this tribe was broken up and he retired to St. Francis under the patronage of the French. After the fall of the French power, in 1760, and the British took possession of Canada, “Captain Joe” from his aversion the “red coats,” retired to the sources of the Connecticut with other Indians and quietly settled down at Coos, a “stranger in a strange land.”

His antipathy to the British led him to espouse the side of the Colonists in the war of the Revolution, and he became a staunch Whig.

Separation

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Alone on Northland's rugged steep,
A pine uprears its stately form,
Wrapped in a robe of snow—asleep,
Unmindful of the wintry storm.

The pine is dreaming of a palm
That, far away in Southern lands,
Beneath the glow of a Tropic calm,
Responsive mourns and lonely stands.

—From the German.



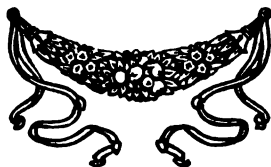
New Hampshire's Hills

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

Like Nature's tonsured priest it stands,
Dear old Chocorua!
An image from God's wondrous hands
In granite strong and gray.
And lifted there against the sky,
Old Passaconoway,
And Black, and Whiteface, ever nigh.—
We see them all to-day!

From top of "High-Hill," pictured fair,
The peaks of Ossipee,
With shifting shadows here and there,
And breezes light and free.
New forms of beauty oft appear
As slow we move along;
The air, with bird-songs full of cheer,
The flowers— June's fragrant throng!

And shining waters far below,
Walled in, the swifter run;
And there the slopes of Tamworth glow,
Green swarded in the sun.
We love New Hampshire's ev'ry crest,
Her cascades white as snow;
Her rugged crags where eagle's nest,
Her pines tossed to and fro!







HOOCKETT FALLS.

The Merrimack River

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

(Concluded from the January number.)



IN its bewildering career, the mountain-born child of the river, leaps "Grand Falls," rightly named the most magnificent waterfall in New England; runs the gantlet of that stupendous gorge known as "The Flume;" flies the frown of "The Old Man of the Mountains;" and rings with snowy lace-work the rim of "Agassiz Basin," said by the red men to have been the bathing pool where the goddess of the mountains sought seclusion in the days when the gods wed with the daughters of men. This branch of the Merrimack, the Pemigewasset, passes through or touches and drains in part or all, over thirty towns, an area of nearly nine hundred square miles.

The Pemigewasset is joined just above Plymouth village by the historic stream known as Baker's River, so named in honor of Captain Thomas Baker of Northampton, Mass., who penetrated into this region with a scouting party in the summer of 1719 or 1720. Near the junction of this stream and the Pemigewasset Captain Baker and his men had a short but sharp fight with a body of Indians hunting in that vicinity. Though repulsing the red men in the opening battle the whites, acting under the advice of their guide, a friendly Indian, beat a retreat towards the Connecticut River, which they had ascended in reaching this country. Another border incident, worthy of note, was the surprise and capture by Indians of John Stark, afterwards of Revolutionary fame, but then a young man hunting for pelts with three companions, one of whom named William Stinson was killed, one escaped, while the

third was taken captive with Stark. In the days of aboriginal occupancy of the country by the Amerinds this river, known to them as "winding waters," was a noted trail followed by many a hunting party and bands of warriors in their transit between the valley of the Merrimack and the northern country. The north branch of this river, for like most of these mountain streams it is formed of two forks, has its source in the Moosehillock heights, from whence it flows through Warren to join its mate coming from the west, continuing southerly through Rumney and a section of Plymouth. It is thirty miles in length.

The eastern branch of the Merrimack, known by the name of the beautiful "lake of the highlands," which is its source, drains in part or entirely fifteen towns and with the lake receives the drainage of over 560 square miles. It has a descent of 235 feet before joining the Pemigewasset at Franklin, and affords excellent water privileges. It flows between Laconia and Gilford, forms that beautiful sheet of water, Lake Winnesquam, divides Tilton and Belmont, cuts off a corner of Northfield and another of Tilton before losing its identity in uniting with its sister stream to form the true Merrimack.

The principal tributaries of the Merrimack call for the mention of the Contoocook River, which rises near the Massachusetts line, and after flowing in a northerly course for about eighty miles empties into the Merrimack at Penacook. This stream affords excellent water privileges at Jaffrey, Peterborough Harrisville on the Nubemensit, Bennington, Antrim, Hillsborough, Henniker, Contoocook and Penacook, and flows through thirty-two towns, parts of two states, five counties, and drains a territory of over seven hundred square miles.

On the left bank of the Merrimack, as it winds downward to the sea, the first tributary of note is Turkey River, which finds its source in Loudon and Gilmanton and enters the main river just above Garvin's Falls, from whence

Manchester Traction, Light and Power Co. has equipped one of the best plants in New England. This stream is the one down which Hannah Dustin fled in her canoe upon her memorable escape from the Indians at that spot now marked by a monument at East Concord.

Another stream that joins the Merrimack a little below is the Suncook, whose name in the Indian tongue meant "place of the loon." The true source of this river is a pond in Gilford and Gilmanton, from whence it flows in a southerly direction for about thirty miles, receiving the waters of several other ponds on its way, among them the Suncook Pond in Northwood, and Pleasant Pond in Deerfield. It drains a basin of one hundred and thirty miles, and has a utilized capacity of over three thousand horse power.

The next in order, but entering upon the right bank less than a mile below the falls of Amoskeag, is the Piscataquog River, which has its principal source in the southern part of Henniker and the northwesterly section of Deering. This stream flows in a southeasterly direction, and its rapid current affords considerable motive power for machinery.

Just below the mouth of this tributary, and entering upon the opposite bank, the Cohas brook, which flows in a westerly course for about five miles, joins the Merrimack at Goffe's Falls, furnishing at this bustling village the power for the mills located here. If brief in its career this stream is the outlet of the largest body of water in southern New Hampshire, Lake Massabesic, famous in the days of the aborigines as the best fishing ground in this vicinity, and noted now as a summer resort. Many an Indian legend clusters about this charming and picturesque lake, known to them in their romantic associations as "the eyes of the sky."

Next in importance is the Souhegan, having its source in a pond in Ashburnham, Mass., and after flowing north-

erly for thirty-five miles joins the Merrimack in a town by the name of the latter river. It drains in whole or part of eleven towns and an area of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of country. Its power affords life for the manufactories of New Ipswich, Greenville, Wilton, Milford and Merrimack, all in New Hampshire.

The Nashua River, which gives its name to the third city in the state, is another tributary which finds its source in the watershed of northern Massachusetts, about midway between Rhode Island and New Hampshire. It follows a northerly course until reaching the state line, when it makes a sweep and runs for several miles in an opposite direction to that of the larger river which receives its waters at Nashua. Next to the Contoocook, this is the most important tributary to the Merrimack, and drains historic ground. Where the truthfulness of details becomes dim and history uncertain, legend and tradition blend, lending to the tangible shadows of the past the romance of reality. This river was beloved by the Indians; here they fished and hunted to their unbounded gratification; here they tilled their fields of maize and melons; and here they laid their rude hearthstones, held their councils of primeval government, wooed their dusky mates, kept their festivals, and vanished before the coming of the white settlers. This river furnishes the power for the mills of Fitchburg, Clinton, Shirley and Pepperell, Mass., and those of Nashua, N. H.

Salmon River is a smaller stream rising in Groton, Massachusetts, to enter the Merrimack a little above the city of Lowell. Within this city yet another river, if not large as it is traced upon the map, yet great in historic interest, the Concord, formed of two streams which unite in the town which gives it a name, finds the Merrimack. The Spicket River, rising in Hampstead and Derry, N. H., flows southerly through Salem and Methuen, where it affords good water privileges, becomes a tributary to the

Merrimack at Lawrence. Little River has its source in Plaistow and Atkinson, N. H., to enter the larger river at Haverhill, where it furnishes excellent water power. The Powow, immortalized by the poet of the Merrimack, Whittier, has its source in a cluster of beautiful gems of water in Kingston, N. H., flows through a corner of East Kingston into South Hampton, and falls into the Merrimack between Amesbury and Salisbury, Mass., after favoring the former place with a fine water power. The Amesbury Ferry, noted for its Revolutionary associations, begins at the rough stone bridge spanning the Powow. A chain ferry in the "days that tried men's souls" found a terminus here, with a tavern and hostelry for the accommodation of the traveller. The old house is still standing, an interesting relic of by gone days, while the road branches into two, one leading into the thriving village of Amesbury Mills, and the other seeking the north bank of the Merrimack winds up to Haverhill. Washington crossed this ferry in 1789, upon his visit to New England, and he stopped to rest at the old tavern mentioned. The wharf has become grass-grown, and only a pile of stones carpeted with greensward remains to speak of the primitive way of crossing the river.

Below the bustling manufacturing town of Amesbury, which was taken from Salisbury in 1668, there is much fine scenery, and historic memories cluster about every section of the country. Salisbury is noted for its beautiful beach, and originally bore the same name as the river which forms its southern boundary, the Merrimack. It received its present name in 1640, having been known for the previous year as Colchester. In 1643, with the plantations of New Hampshire, Hampton, Exeter, Portsmouth and Dover, it helped form with Haverhill, Mass., the territory of Old Norfolk County. It was the shire town of the county until New Hampshire was again separated and formed into a royal government, in 1679.

"Ould Newberry," the mother of towns, situated upon

the south bank of the Merrimack, was settled by the whites in the spring of 1635. The Indians had long kept a lodgment here known as Quasacunquen, signifying in their tongue a "waterfall." West Newbury, a good farming town, was separated from Newbury in 1819. A little over half a century before, in 1764, that one-time port of foreign trade, which was carried on here quite extensively, Newburyport, situated at the mouth of the Merrimack, had been similarly favored. Shipping has been seriously impeded by the bar at the outlet of the river, which like the "great river" of China seems determined to protect itself from the sea, but fishing and ship-building have received considerable attention. Manufacturing has been followed to a considerable extent. This is probably the smallest town in area in the United States, being about two miles in length and one-fourth of a mile in breadth, in its populated territory, and contains barely one square mile in its entire extent. This town became noted a hundred years ago for its ship-building, being especially well situated for this enterprise. It is claimed that a hundred vessels have been in progress of construction at its piers at one time.

As noted as this vicinity is for its remarkable coast scenery, one of its most prominent features is the sand bar thrown across the mouth of the river by that busy builder itself, as if it would seek protection from the hungry ocean forever seeking to devour it. This exposed outpost, barely half a mile in width, extends for over nine miles parallel with the coast. A few adventurous home-seekers have built their houses upon its inhospitable shores, but it is almost entirely without tree or shrub, and its suffering vegetation lies half smothered in the parti-colored sands, which are continually drifting over it and as constantly fleeing away as much at the mercy of the wind as the snows of winter. One shrub, the beach plum, which gives name to the island, braves the elements to an extent which attracts crowds to the place in the early autumn,

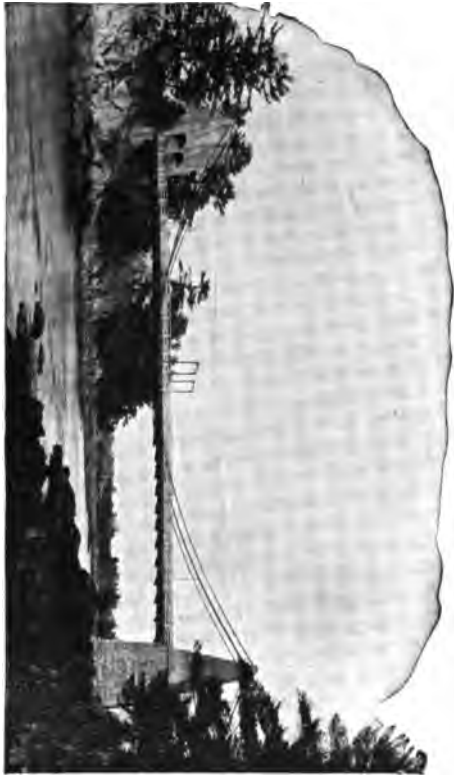
seeking its fruit which is very palatable. The wind has kneaded and worked over the fine particles composing this remarkable plot of *terra firma*, which does not deserve in its fullest sense this term, into many fantastic shapes. It has builded on its shores, at their greatest altitude not over twenty feet, miniature bluffs of most grim aspect, and scalloped from its lean banks graceful hillsides and long ridges of sand, curved and twisted like the spines of so many monsters of the deep. Over these naked places a species of sea moss modestly twines its tremulous drapery, while the delicate beach pea, looking sweeter for its dreary setting, flings a mantle of green over the gray sand. But, if treated niggardly by nature, this island has been especially fortunate in having for its admirers such chroniclers as Whittier and Thoreau.

There is good reason for believing that the original course of the Merrimack after reaching Lowell, where it now makes a sharp bend toward the north and east, was more southerly than at present, and that it entered the sea near where Boston is now built. The change was due to obstructions filling in the old channel, and making it easier for the great volume of water of that period to cut a new passage than to clear the old. This doubtless took place at or near the close of the glacial epoch.

As it runs to-day, including its tributaries, the Merrimack drains a territory in New Hampshire and Massachusetts of nearly five thousand square miles, and forms one of the most important river basins in the United States, the density of its population being equalled only by the valleys of the Delaware and the Housatonic. The number of its inhabitants according to the latest official returns is approximately three-fourths of a million (750,000) or 150 persons to a square mile. The river and its tributaries has improved water privileges amounting to one hundred thousand horse power, of which more than one half is in New Hampshire. It is claimed that its waters turn more ma-

chinery than any other river in the world. Its importance as a manufacturing factor is shown in the estimate that one-sixth of all the cotton and woolen carpets; one-fifth of all the woolen and cotton and woolen goods; and over one-fourth of all the cotton fabrics, manufactured in the United States, are made in the valley of the Merrimack and its tributaries. Of the eleven cities, most benefited by the river, we find that their interest reaches enormous figures, divided in round numbers, as follows, the first five being located in New Hampshire: Laconia, \$2,389,202; Franklin, \$1,708,889; Concord, \$5,357,408; Manchester, \$26,607,600; Nashua, \$11,037,676; Lowell, \$44,772,525; Lawrence, \$44,703,278; Haverhill, \$24,937,073; Amesbury, \$3,898,251; Newburyport, \$5,685,768. Of course, it is to be understood that all of the power to carry on this great stroke of industry is not furnished directly by the Merrimack, but that river is the direct stimulus which has caused these places to become the great manufacturing centers they now are. As is the case with New Hampshire, Massachusetts has many smaller places scattered along the Merrimack and its tributaries which have become manufacturing centers, where many thousand dollars' worth of goods are annually made.

We find the history of the Merrimack and its basin easily divided into two periods, the period of the pioneers and that of progress in manufacture. The first was fruitful of incidents enough to fill a volume that would read more like romance than history. A few years following of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, in the vicinity of Salem, a little company of men from Yorkshire, England, plain, industrious tillers of the soil, came to New England to try their fortune in the great untrodden wilderness reaching from the outlet to the source of the Merrimack. With the exception of a collection of the red men here and there upon the lower section of the river, either part of or belonging to the Penacook Indians, the valley was free from the presence



OLDEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN AMERICA, NEWBURYPORT.

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of the dusky hunter or fisher. The principal lodge of these aborigines was at Pawtucket, just above Lowell and these the new-comers placated with gifts and deeds of kindness. So the hardy Yorkshiremen went onward with their work of colonization, until here and there a little meeting house arose in this primeval wilderness, surrounded by stockades of smooth, strong poles driven into the ground and standing about twice the height of a tall man. Around these humble places of worship gathered the rude cabins forming the first homes of the Merrimack valley.

The simple sons of the forest vanished from the pathway of these new-comers like dew before the morning sun. Wannalancet, the last great sachem at Pawtucket, finally withdrew the remnant of his flock to the rendezvous at St. Francis, in Canada. There were left then the wandering tribes of warriors, incited to bitterness against the English by the French, to be met and overcome in hand-to-hand grapples, where cunning more often than strength was pitted in the fray. The first settlement made within the valley as far north as the line of New Hampshire, was made in what became known as Old Dunstable, and from this settlement, upon Salmon Brook, was not only a lookout established, but from this outpost scouting party after party was sent to hunt down the enemy, that never seemed to sleep from the beginning of King Philip's war, in 1675, to the closing of the cruel drama upon the meadows of the Saco, when Lovewell and his men found victory in defeat, May 8, 1725.

The Indian wars practically closed in the lower section of the river, that bitter contention between the white colonists of the two provinces, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, known as the "boundary dispute," opened in earnest, and lasted until 1741. This dispute arose over the misconception already mentioned, thinking that the Merrimack arose directly in the west and flowed continuously toward the east. During the "boundary war" Massachusetts

granted several townships in what is now the territory of New Hampshire, but these were finally lost to the grantees.

At this time, and for fifty years or more later, the building of homes and the clearing of the wilderness for farms were the prevailing thoughts. As it had been the favorite hunting ground of the red men, so did it hold exceptional advantages and promises to the husbandman. No one then dreamed of the latent power in its rapids and waterfalls. But already the coming factor in the progress of mankind had made its beginning. At the same time the courts of the rival provinces were finally coming to an amicable settlement of the boundary dispute, manufacturing was begun at Manchester, England, and machinery for the manufacture of cotton and woolen goods invented. The first patent for a spinning machine was given in 1738, in England, to Lewis Paul; then followed ten years later his invention of cylinder carding machine. In 1769, Richard Arkwright received a patent for his spinning frame, and in 1785 the Rev. Samuel Cartwright took out his patent for a power loom. Four years later steam power was first applied to manufacturing purposes. These inventions were preceded and followed by others of scarcely less importance, until a system of factory enterprises came to revolutionize the situation in the Merrimack valley, and give it that place in the industrial world to which it rightfully belongs. Cotton manufacture was begun in Beverly, in 1785, while manufactures of this kind started elsewhere in the United States. But it was not until 1793, when Eli Whitney gave to the world his cotton gin, that the manufacture of cotton was begun in earnest. The first manufacturing in the Merrimack Valley, properly speaking, seems to have been inaugurated in 1801, by Moses Hale.

Before I speak more fully of the growth of manufacture on the Merrimack I wish to refer to another industry that was attracting considerable attention. This was boat-

ing upon the river. That was a period of rapid improvement. Boston was becoming a thriving town of twenty thousand inhabitants, and there were suburbs that only needed the stimulus of trade to give them power and prosperity. The valley of the Merrimack, far up into New Hampshire, even if sparsely settled, promised a rich harvest of trade to the centers which could draw it. Better means of communication was thus the vital question. Turnpikes were builded through the country, but while these were an improvement over the poor roads hitherto existing, slow-going ox-teams were the main dependence for power of transit. Transportation thus not only became tedious, but it was expensive.

At this time the Hon. James Sullivan projected the Middlesex canal, which offered easy connection between Lowell and Boston, by following almost identically the course believed to have once been the pathway of the river.

Among the foremost men of the period, who stood for the development of the country, was the Hon. Samuel Blodget, a native of Woburn, but at this time in business in Haverhill. He had already foreseen that the Merrimack was possible of becoming a maritime highway certain to benefit not only the producer and the consumer, but was sure to bring the promoter a handsome reward for his investments and exertions. Though now a man who had arrived at an age when most men are laying aside the burdens and responsibilities of business, he formed his plans with the sanguineness of a young man with all the world before him. He conceived the purpose of making the river navigable as far, at least, as Concord, with a possibility that it might be opened to the lake. In order to do this the falls must be surmounted by canals, the greatest of which would be that at Amoskeag, which has a perpendicular measurement of forty-five feet. Upon May 2, 1793, he began work on the canals at that place, meeting with obstacles that must have disheartened a less courageous

heart ; exhausting his own means, and calling upon others for assistance, so that on May 1, 1807, he completed his noble work. Other canals were built, though of less size, and the river was opened as far as Concord, N. H., to become the most popular route for moving merchandise between Boston and the towns of the north. With the river boatmen sprang into service a new phase of life, exciting, profitable and strenuous, building up a set of characters noted for their hardihood. Passenger packets beginning to run from Lowell to the sea during this period, the last of these disappeared about 1838.

Judge Blodget died in September, 1807, but he has left the impress of his energetic power upon the locality where he had spent his last years. He, with General John Stark of Revolutionary fame, built the first saw mill above the falls, and seeing possibilities of the waterfall he laid the foundation toward building up that great manufacturing interest later entered into by the great company known the world over as the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. He suggested the coming city should be named after that already growing center of industry, Manchester, England.

In the midst of the growing business of both river and turnpike, a new motor of transportation appeared upon the scene, when, in 1842, the iron horse came up the valley puffing and shrieking like mad, to the surprised beholders, but a conqueror of time and speed. With the success of the railroad the remarkable progress of the string of manufacturing cities on the Merrimack continued with increasing prosperity. Since 1850, only a few years more than half a century, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Lawrence, Haverhill, to say nothing of the remaining cities, have flourished beyond what could have been the prediction of the most sanguine person. In this same period the steam engine has pushed its way steadily out from the main river, until now it runs along the banks of all but three of its tributaries, following on almost to their sources. Of the hun-

dred or more towns in New Hampshire that are drained by these streams there is scarcely a dozen which is not banded by the iron rails, while the total length of these roads in this state is over five hundred miles. Massachusetts has been even more fortunate in this respect. In addition to this, the electric motor has found its way as far north as the valley of the Pemigewasset, except for a link soon to be built between Nashua and Manchester, N. H., making an endless chain from the sea to the mountains. Trolley lines have penetrated into many of the adjoining towns, bringing them within close touch of the river of progress.

Besides being a manufacturing district, the Merrimack Valley is a beautiful agricultural country, and some of the finest homesteads in New England have been developed from the clearings of the pioneers one hundred and fifty years ago. Its scenery of hills and valleys, lakes and mountains, entwined with bands of silvery streams, is equal to any found upon the slopes of the Appalachian chain of highlands. And the chief attraction to-day, as it was at its period of primeval glory, is the red man's Merrimack, "river of broken waters," the busiest, merriest, noblest water-way in New England. Dashing with child-like glee from whence

"The pine-trees lean above its cradle, laid
Deep under tangled roots and mossy sod,
Where mountains lift their faces unafraid
Thro sun and starlight to the face of God,"

gliding swiftly over pebble-strewn beds, winding through rich meadows like a silver thread in the green vestment of Nature, flinging its legions of snowy caps tossed high in the air over rocky stairways, making a descent of six thousand feet in two hundred miles, it seeks the sea and rests with the calmness of old age. The constant song of its rushing current is the eternal melody of industry; the unending roar of its waterfalls, the voice that calls men to work in thunder tones. It turns more factory wheels, lights more forge fires, swings more hammers, keeps busy more hands of

art and toil than any other river that runs to the sea. The products of its looms have been sent to every clime; its cotton cloths and woollen goods have been the raiment of many races of men; its iron and steel the building material of city and country; its tools and machinery the strong helpers on farm and in work shop, at home and abroad; stout ships plow the watery highway of the deep laden with its commerce, while the triumphant whistle of the iron horse has awakened the solitude of far-distant lands.

Where the River is Born

By MABEL EARLE

The pine-trees lean above its cradle, laid
 Deep under tangled roots and mossy sod,
 Where mountains lift their faces unafraid
 Through sun and starlight to the face of God.

Long shadows slant across the silent steep,
 And far above the green heights pierce the blue,
 While wood-doves lull the baby stream asleep
 With softly-echoing call and dreamy coo.

No voice comes near it from the world before,
 Telling of all its life shall dare and be,
 Where plunging cataracts through the wild crags roar,
 Or where white sails go down to find the sea.

Held safe and still, the baby river sleeps
 Far in the mountain fastnesses apart,
 God's sunlight lying on its guardian steeps,
 And God's great future hidden in its heart.

—*Youths' Companion.*

Wheeler's Narrative

Concluded from the January number



RETURNING immediately to Marlborough, though they then knew not what had befallen Captain Hutchinson and myself, and company, nor of our being there, but that timely intelligence they gave before Ephraim Curtis his coming to Marlborough occasioned the Honoured Major Willards turning his march towards Quabaug, for their relief, who were in no small danger every hour of being destroyed; the said Major being, when he had that intelligence, upon his march another way as he was ordered by the honoured council, as is afterwards more fully expressed.

The next day being August 3d, they continued shooting and shouting, and proceeded in their former wickedness, blaspheming the name of the Lord, and reproaching us, his afflicted servants, scoffing at our prayers as they were sending in their shot upon all quarters of the house and many of them went to the town's meeting house, (which was within twenty rods of the house in which we were) who mocked saying, come and pray, and sing psalms, and in contempt made an hideous noise somewhat resembling singing. But we, to our power, did endeavour our own defence, sending our shot amongst them, the Lord giving us courage to resist them, and preserving us from the destruction they sought to bring upon us. On the evening following, we saw our enemies carrying several of their dead or wounded men on their backs, who proceeded that night to send in their shot, as they had done the night before, and also still shouted as if the day had been certainly theirs, and they should without fail, have prevailed against us, which they might have the more hopes of in re-

gard that we discerned the coming of new companies to them to assist and strengthen them, and the unlikelihood of any coming to our help. They also used several stratagems to fire us, namely, by wild fire in cotton and linnen rags with brimstone in them, which rags they tyed to the piles of their arrows, sharp for the purpose, and shot them to the roof of our house, after they had set them on fire, which would have much endangered the burning thereof, had we not used means by cutting holes through the roof, and otherwise, to beat the said arrows down, and God being pleased to prosper our endeavours therein.—They carried more combustible matter, as flax and hay, to the sides of the house, and set it on fire, and then flocked apace towards the door of the house, either to prevent our going forth to quench the fire, as we had done before, or to kill our men in their attempt to go forth, or else to break into the house by the door; whereupon we were forced to break down the wall of the house against the fire to put it out. They also shot a ball of wild fire into the garret of the house, which fell amongst a great heap of flax or tow therein, which one of our souldiers, through God's good Providence soon espyed, and having water ready presently quenched it; and so we were preserved by the keeper of Israel, both our bodies from their shot, which they sent thick against us, and the house from being consumed to ashes, although we were but weak to defend our selves, we being not above twenty and six men with those of that small town, who were able for any service, and our enemies, as I judged them about, (if not above,) three hundred, I speak of the least, for many there present did guess them to be four or five hundred. It is the more to be observed, that so little hurt should be done by the enemies' shot, it commonly piercing the walls of the house, and flying amongst the people, and there being in the house fifty women and children besides the men before mentioned. But abroad in the yard, one Thomas Wilson of that town, being sent to fetch water for our help in further need, (that which we had being spent in putting



SCENE OF CAPTAIN WHEELER'S SURPRISE, AUGUST 2, 1876.

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out the fire,) was shot by the enemy in the upper jaw and in the neck, the anguish of which wound was such at the first that he cried out with a great noise, by reason whereof the Indians hearing him rejoiced and triumphed at it; but his wound was healed in a short time, praised be God.

On Wednesday, August the 4th, the Indians fortified themselves at the meeting house, and the barne, belonging to our house, which they fortified both at the great doors, and at both ends, with posts, rails, boards, and hay, to save themselves from our shot. They also devised other stratagems, to fire our house, on the night following, namely, they took a cart, and filled it with flax, hay and candlewood, and other combustible matter, and set up planks, fastened to the cart, to save themselves from the danger of our shot. Another invention they had to make the more sure work in burning the house. They got many poles of a considerable length and bigness, and spliced them together at the ends one of another, and made a carriage of them about fourteen rods long, setting the poles in two rows with peils laid cross over them at the front end, and dividing them said poles about three foot asunder, and in the said front of this their carriage they set a barrel, having made an hole through both heads, and put an axle-tree through them, to which they fastened the said poles, and under every joynt of the poles where they were spliced, they set up a pair of truckle wheeles to bear up the said carriages, and they loaded the front or fore-end thereof with matter fit for firing, as hay, and flaxe, and chips, &c. Two of these instruments they prepared, that they might convey fire to the house, with the more safety to themselves, they standing at such a distance from our shot, whilst they wheeled them to the house: great store of arrows they had also prepared to shoot fire upon the house that night; which we found after they were gone, they having left them there. But the Lord who is a present help in times of trouble, and is pleased to make his people's extremity his opportunity, did graciously prevent them of effecting

what they hoped they should have done by the aforesaid devices, partly by sending a showre of rain in season, whereby the matter prepared being wett would not so easily take fire as it otherwise would have done, and partly by aide coming to our help. For our danger would have been very great that night, had not the only wise God (blessed for ever) been pleased to send to us about an hour within night the worshipful Major Willard with Captain Parker of Groaton, and forty-six men more with five Indians to relieve us in the low estate into which we were brought; our eyes were unto him the holy one of Israel; in him we desired to place our trust, hoping that he would in the time of our great need appear for our deliverance, and confound all their plots by which they thought themselves most sure to prevail against us; and God who comforteth the afflicted, as he comforted the holy apostle Paul by the coming of Titus to him, so he greatly comforted us his distressed servants both souldiers and town inhabitants, by the coming of the said honoured Major, and those with him. In whose so soon coming to us the good providence of God did marvellously appear; for the help that came to us by the honoured council's order (after the tydings they received by our post sent to them) came not to us till Saturday, August 7, in the afternoon, nor sooner could it well come in regard of their distance from us, i. e. if we had not had help before that time, we see not how we could have held out, the number of the Indians so encreasing, and they making so many assaults upon us, that our ammunition before that time would have been spent, and ourselves disabled for any resistance, we being but few, and alwaies fain to stand upon our defence; that we had little time for refreshment of ourselves either by food or sleep; the said honoured Major's coming to us so soon was thus occasioned; he had a commission from the honoured council (of which him self was one) to look after some Indians to the west-ward of Lancaster and Groaton, (where he himself lived) and to secure them, and was upon his march towards them on the

foresaid Wednesday in the morning, August 4th, when tidings coming to Marlborough by those that returned thither as they were going to Connecticut, concerning what they saw at Brookfield as aforesaid, some of Marlborough knowing of the said Major's march from Lancaster that morning presently sent a post to acquaint him with the information they had received; the Major was gone before the post came to Lancaster; but there was one speedily sent after him, who overtook him about five or six miles from the said town; he being acquainted, that it was feared, that Brookfield (a small town of about fifteen or sixteen families) was either destroyed, or in great danger thereof, and conceiving it to require more speed to succour them (if they were not past help) than to proceed at present, as he before intended, and being also very desirous (if it were possible) to afford relief to them, (he being then not above thirty miles from them) he immediately altered his course and marched with his company towards us: and came to us about an hour after it was dark as aforesaid; though he knew not then, either of our being there nor of what had befallen us at the swamp and in the house those two days before.

The merciful providence of God also appeared in preventing the danger that the honoured Major and his company might have been in, when they came near us, for those beastly men, our enemies skilful to destroy, endeavoured to prevent any help from coming to our relief, and therefore sent down sentinels, (some nearer and some further off) the furthest about two miles from us, who if they saw any coming from the bay they might give notice by an alarm. And there were about an hundred of them who for the most part kept at an house some little distance from us, by which if any help came from the said bay, they must pass, and so they intended (as we conceive) having notice by their sentinels of their approach to way-lay them, and if they could, to cut them off before they came to the house where we kept.

But as we probably guess, they were so intent and buisy

in preparing their instruments (as above-said) for our destruction by fire, that they were not at the house where they used to keep for the purpose aforesaid, and that they heard not their sentinels when they shot ; and so the Major's way was clear from danger till he came to our house. And that it was their purpose so to have fallen upon him, or any other coming to us at that house, is the more probable in that (as we have since had intelligence from some of the Indians themselves, there were a party of them at another place who let him pass by them without the least hurt or opposition, waiting for a blow to be given him at the said house, and then they themselves to fall upon them in the reare, as they intended to have done with us at the swamp, in case we had fled back as before expressed. The Major and company were no sooner come to the house, and understood (though at first they knew not they were English who were in the house, but thought they might be Indians, and therefore were ready to have shot at us, till we discerning they were English by the Major's speaking, I caused the trumpet to be sounded) that the said Captain Hutchinson, myself, and company with the town's inhabitants were there, but the Indians also discerned that there were some come to our assistance, whereupon they spared not their shot, but poured it out on them ; but through the Lords goodness, though they stood not farr asunder one from another, they killed not one man, wounded only two of his company ; and killed the Major's son's* horse ; after that,

* [It does not appear which of the Major's nine sons is referred to. Of a family which has afforded so many descendants, and some of them highly distinguished, it may be proper to give their names and the times of their births, so far as they have been ascertained after the most patient and diligent research.

1. Josiah Willard ; (no record of his birth has been found.) He married Hannah Hosmer in 1657.
2. Simon Willard, born 31st January, 1640.
3. Samuel Willard : (The time of his birth has not been ascertained.) He married Abigail Sherman, and after her death, Eunice Tyng.
4. Henry Willard, born 4th June, 1655.
5. John Willard, born 12th February, 1657.
6. Daniel Willard, born 26th December, 1658.
7. Joseph Willard, born 4th April, 1660.

we within the house perceived the Indians shooting so at them, we hastened the Major and all his company into the house as fast as we could, and their horses into a little yard before the house, where they wounded five other horses that night ; after they were come into the house to us, the enemies continued their shooting some considerable time, so that we may well say, had not the Lord been on our side when these cruel heathens rose up against us, they had then swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us. But wherein they delt proudly, the Lord was above them.

When they saw their divers designs unsuccessful, and their hopes therein disappointed, they then fired the house and barne (wherein they had before kept to lye in wait to surprise any coming to us) that by the light thereof they might the better direct their shot at us, but no hurt was done thereby, praised be the Lord. And not long after they burnt the meeting house wherein their fortifications were, as also the barne, which belonged to our house, and so perceiving more strength come to our assistance, they did, as we suppose, despair of affecting any more mischief against us. And therefore the greatest part of them, towards the breaking of the day, August the fifth, went away and left us, and we were quiet from any further molestations by them ; and on that morning we went forth of the house without danger, and so daily afterwards, only one man was wounded about two dayes after, as he went out to look after horses, by some few of them sculking thereabouts. We cannot tell how many of them we killed, in all that time, but one, that afterwards was taken, confessed that there were killed and wounded about eighty men or more.—Blessed be the Lord God of our salvation who kept

8. Benjamin Willard, born (time not ascertained).

9. Jonathan Willard, born 14th December, 1669.

The first six were probably born in Concord, Ms.

The 7th and 9th and perhaps the 8th were born in Lancaster. Further notices of this family may be found in *Farmers & Moore's Collections, Vol. 1.*]

us from being all a prey to their teeth. But before they went away they burnt all the town except the house we kept in, and another that was not then finished. They also made great spoyle of the cattel belonging to the inhabitants; and after our entrance into the house, and during the time of our confinement there, they either killed or drove away almost all the horses of our company.

We continued there, both well and wounded, towards a fortnight, and August the thirteenth Captain Hutchinson and my self, with the most of those that had escaped without hurt, and also some of the wounded, came from thence; my son Thomas and some other wounded men, came not from thence, being not then able to endure travel so far as we were from the next town, till about a fortnight after. We came to Marlborough on August the fourteenth, where Captain Hutchinson being not recovered of his wound before his coming from Brookfield and overtired with his long journey, by reason of his weakness, quickly after grew worse, and more dangerously ill, and on the nineteenth day of the said month dyed, and was there the day after buried, the Lord being pleased to deny him a return to his own habitation, and his near relations at Boston, though he was come the greatest part of his journey thitherward. The inhabitants of the town also, not long after, men, women, and children, removed safely with what they had left, to several places, either where they had lived before their planting or sitting down there; or where they had relations to receive, and entertain them. The honoured Major Willard stayed at Brookfield some weeks after our coming away, there being several companies of souldiers sent up thither and to Hadly and the towns thereabouts, which are about thirty miles from Brookfield, whither also the Major went for a time upon the serviee of the country in the present warr, and from whence there being need of his presence for the ordering of matters concerning his own regiment, and the safety of the towns belonging to it, he through God's goodness and mercy, returned in safety and health to his house, and dear relations at Groaton.

Thus I have indeavoured to set down and declare both what the Lord did against us in the loss of several person's lifes, and the wounding of others, some of which wounds were very painful in dressing, and long ere they were healed, besides many dangers that we were in, and fears that we were exercised with ; and also what great things he was pleased to do for us in frustrating their many attempts, and vouchsafing such a deliverance to us. The Lord avenge the blood that hath been shed by these heathen, who hate us without a cause, though he be most righteous in all that hath befallen there, and in all other parts of the country ; he help us to humble ourselves before him, and with our whole hearts, to return to him, and also to improve all his mercies, which we still enjoy, that so his anger may cease towards us and he may be pleased either to make our enemies at peace with us, or more, destroy them before us. I tarried at Marlborough with Captain Hutchinson until his death, and came home to Concord, August the 21, (though not throughly recovered of my wound) and so did others that went with me. But since I am reasonable well, though I have not the use of my hand and arm as before : my son Thomas, though in great hazard of life for some time after his return to Concord, yet is now very well cured, and his strength well restored! Oh that we could praise the Lord for his great goodness towards us. Praised be his name, that though he took away some of us, yet was pleased to spare so many of us, and adde unto our dayes ; he help us whose souls he hath delivered from death, and eyes from tears, and feet from falling, to walk before him in the land of the living, till our great change come, and to sanctifie his name in all his ways about us, that both our afflictions, and our mercies may quicken us to live more to his glory all our dayes.*

* [The 21st October, 1675, was kept by Capt. Wheeler and those who returned with him, as a day of praise and thanksgiving to God for their remarkable deliverance and safe return, when Rev. Edward Bulkeley, of Concord, preached a sermon to them, from "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me!" Psalm cxvi, 12.]

Oldtime Sketches

A Difficult Courtship

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS



“**H**OW is it you never got married, Bige?” asked a tall youth, who was pulling an incipient mustache while he jollied a big, good-natured man somewhat passed the prime of life, and who had spent his days travelling about the country towns as a pack-peddler. Bige Little, as every body knew him, had a wide acquaintance, and his hearty laugh was always considered to be a better tonic for the low in spirit than the best prescription ever compounded by a physician. “Sich a good-looking fellow as you,” continued the young man, “ought to have found a girl who’d had you?”

“Ought to hev found a gal thet ’d had me?” fairly roared the genial peddler, dropping his pack in a heap while he glowered upon the youth in feigned or unfeigned wrath. “Who ever said Bige Little never found a gal who’d had me? Jess show thet critter an’ I’ll tweak his nose ’f it breaks my back in so doin’. I *was* good-lookin’ in my young days, afore this unaccountable counter-poise got onto me, so all you hev to do to get my dimensions to a dot, is to get my circumference one way. It’s jess so wi’ Job here. But thet ain’t th’ p’int I started fer, as th’ dawg said when he run onto th’ buzz saw. S’pose you think an ol’ duff like I ’ve got to be now never had a gal. I did onc’t, youngster, an’ she was ’s purty ’s a paintin’. She an’ me got so far, too, th’ day was fixed an’ th’ parson hired, haw—haw—haw! Whut d’ye think of thet, bub? Th’ ol’ man weren’t so tar-nal slow in ’em days, ’f he’s flummixed inter a snail sence, haw—haw—haw!”

“Tell us about it, Bige. Did the girl go back on you?”

“Not egsactly, though she was 's proud 's a yearlin' heifer. So was I, too, in 'em days, fer thet matter, haw—haw—haw! But to get down to bizness, 's I did to courtin', you see, I waited on Sue Mudget fer nigh onto two years, an' it *was* waitin', if Sue was willin', her dad vowed by the biggest stump in his tatter patch, we should never get married with his blessin'. This sort o' put a damper on my genial natur', an' more especially on Sue's. But I was bound an' determined to circumvent th' ol' gent if I hung fer it, an' got burnt to th' stake arterwards. An' I tell ye I come mighty nigh to both.

“Sue bein' willin' I hung around till th' ol' gent got so fussy, seein' me hangin' round his house so much, I s'pose, he up an' said I should keep erway altogether. Sue axed him to let me stay a leetle while in th' evenin', and she begged so hard, he said I might stay till the moon set, an' no longer. Th' moon was thet way erlong thet she didn't stay out long arter dark, an' it looked so my chance seein' Sue was purty well tuckered out. But I soon hit upon a plan which I nacherly concluded would help us out a bit.

“Th' next night I went, which was th' one follered th' last, nacherly, I carried with me a sort of home-made moon. It was something I 'd made out 'n an ol' cheese box, with a sheet of greased paper pasted over th' open end, an' a lighted candle inside. Watchin' my chance, when th' moon was goin' below th' tree-top, I shined the ol' elm jess back of th' house, an' hung up my moon!

“Th' ol' gent couldn't see a rod from his nose wi' enny sartainty, an' my scheme worked like a new whistle. I staid till well toward mornin', when I tuk down my moon, an' wi' her under my arm, went home feelin' purty scrumpus.

“Th' next night I repeated th' operation, only stayin' a leetle later, 'f ennything, an' it worked so slick, I kept

on doin' it. Sue an' I larfed by th' hour thinkin' how we were foolin' th' ol' gent.

"But bimeby he mus' er sort o' got suspicious, seein' a full round moon lightin' his dooryard as 'f it had a contract to do so right erlong through th' season, wi' th' last quarter past, an' a new moon over-due.

"Of course, Sue an' me oughter seen this, but love, you know, is blind, an' we didn't notice ennything out o' th' way till we heard one night, way long toward mornin', a turrible crash an' a hurrah in th' frunt yard—I mean, back yard o' th' house.

"'Fer th' land sakes!' cried Sue, half scart to death, 'th' moon has dropped, an' dad 'll ketch ye here wi' me! Scooter fer yer life! Quick, climb out 'n th' winder.'

"S'pose ye think 't 'd be an orful sight to see me crawl-in' out 'n a winder in a hurry, eh? Wull, I clumb that night, an' when I got outside, I found th' ol' gent dancin' round with a fifty foot pole in one hand, an' thet air moon o' mine hangin' on his shoulders, wi' his head stickin' up through!"

"I didn't min' th' damage he 'd done it, nor I didn't even ax him to gin it up, fer I 'd rather let him hev it, than to hev him thinkin' I was mean or stingy in small matters, seein' I was courtin' his darter. I jess scampered fer all I was worth down through th' orchard, an' he hollerin' an' carousin' wi' thet moon till they heerd him clear over in Allenstown.

"I must say, thet eclipse o' th' moon sort o' broke up Sue an' me coortin', though I will say, she was true blue. I managed to see her a few times, an' then, findin' her dad was so bitter set agin me, she an' me planned to elope.

"I never felt so tickled in my life, not when I carried thet home-made moon an' hung it up in th' ol' gent's elm tree, 's I did when I got Sue to fix th' day, or ruther night, 'cas we 'd got to start out in life together in th' dark. But young people don't min' thet. I was to drive my team

purty nigh to th' house, an' help her down to th' road wi' her trosse, which o' course under th' sarcumstances wasn't to be very 'laborate. I wasn't to see her ag'in till that time.

"I ain't never seen her ag'in sence then, fer thet mar-ter. But I 'm gettin' th' waggin ahead o' th' hoss.

"I got th' parson to say he 'd jine us in tremendous quick time 'f thet should be necessary. In fact, we went 's fur 's my part would let us. Then I went promptly to th' house. Thet is to say, I went to where the house had stood, an' where I expected nacherly to find Sue. She weren't ther! More uncomprehensible than thet, th' house weren't there!

"Cur'ous, wasn't it? S'arched till mornin' an' I couldn't find neither th' gal nor th' house. Most mortify-in' predicament I was ever in.

"But when it come daylight, I could see thet it weren't enny perticuler non-sightedness o' mine. Th' ol' gent, see-in' he couldn't sarcumvent me enny other way, had moved away wi' his house an' fumily! Yes, sirree, th' house was gone clean to th' underpinnin'!

"Nacherly I felt a leetle put out. Gettin' my traps together I set out arter 'em, thinkin' it would be no great difficulty fer me to overtake 'em on foot. This was espec-ially th' better, as well as th' safer way, 'cos my hoss weren't no shucks on th' road, an' more especially 'cos th' hoss I had taken erlong didn' belong to me ennyway.

"Wull, I trudged erway wi' purty good courage till 'long toward noon. Erbout thet time my laigs, nacherly not overlong, seemed to get purty short, an' th' hills purty long. I hadn't seen so much 's a peek o' th' ol' gent an' his house.

"Then I met a feller in a top kerridge, an' hailed him if he'd seen sich a caravan on th' road, when he had th' im-perdence to up an tell me th' ol' gent had gone t'other way. I argyfyed wi' him, an' to make his side seem right, he got out'n his kerridge an' tried to show me there in th' road

thet th' ol' gent to fool me had taken th' shoes off'n his hosses an' put 'em on backwards so es to make it 'pear he was goin' t'other way from th' way he was goin'. An' th' way he was goin' was t'other way from th' way I'd come. Nacherly this pumpous stranger an' I got all mixed up, an' I got riled an' he got mad. I struck him wi' my fist, an' he hit me wi' th' whip. Arter thet I concluded I wouldn't go enny funder thet day. Th' weather was so sort o' uneven th' next day I didn't go out, an'—wull, to make my story shorter, I ain't never yet ketched up wi' th' ol' gent, though I did l'arn th' feller in th' top kerridge was a conspirator, who married Sue inside a year. Pass thet cider, Jerry, talkin' alwus makes me dry."

The Nintth Star

By AELLEN EASTMAN CROSS

Read at the Celebration of the State of New Hampshire of the One Hundreth Anniversary of the Signing of the Constitution.

"Congress had provided that when conventions in nine of the thirteen states should ratify the constitution it should become the fundamental law of the republic. To New Hampshire, therefore, rightly belongs the honor of securing the adoption of the constitution with all its attendant blessings."—*Benson J. Lossing.*

"The courier, announcing the news of the ratification by New Hampshire, passed through New York on the 25th and reached Philadelphia on the 26th. The newspapers of the latter city immediately cried out, 'The reign of Anarchy is over,' and the popular enthusiasm rose to the highest point."—*Curtis's History of the Constitution.*

"God bless New Hampshire! from her Granite peaks
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks."

So cried our martial bard in days of old,
When, from the accursed chains of slavish gold,
The spirit of our hills sprang proudly uncontrolled.

God bless New Hampshire! 'Tis the common prayer,
That heavenward floats upon the loyal air
Whenever courage crowns the Granite State,
Or she for freedom holds the torch of fate,
Or free New Hampshire hearts her valor celebrate.

Such was the torch, brave State, that beacons forth,
When, from the crystal summits of the North,

New Hampshire signaled back the fateful sign
 That made the stars upon thy banner nine,
 True Magna Charta of Man's liberties divine !
 True Magna Charta of the brave and free !
Our Magna Charta it must ever be,
 Since from New Hampshire's sky the light was hurled
 That saved this Constitution to the world,
 And by *her* federal star the flag unfurled.
 Thence rose our free Republic, the ninth star
 Filling its perfect lustre, while afar
 From Maine to Carolina rang the cry
 "God bless this brave New Hampshire," till God's sky
 Seemed prouder on her ancient hills to lie.
 Hills of the North-land, be ye ever proud !
 Crowning memorial peaks with whitest cloud ;
 New Hampshire's star has flashed above your heights,
 Blent with its sister stars' embattled lights,
 And fought each Sisera for God and human rights.
 Lakes of New Hampshire, be ye calm and clear !
 Ye've mirrored many a storm but ne'er a fear ;
 Fold in your fair embrace our Northern star ;
 Let no foul hand its fair reflection mar,
 Down dropt in your clear depths from Freedom's heaven afar.
 Sons of New Hampshire, hold ye, also, fast
 The light that blessed Constitution cast !
 Let no disloyal son its power deny,
 From where there ocean meets the sands of Rye
 To where your crystal hills uplift the crystal sky.
 Remember those who left this light to you ;
 Remember its "Defender," grand and true ;
 Clasp in your own, great Langdon's generous hand ;
 Feel Stark's strong pulse, and with cClary stand,
 Letting each loyal life your loyalty command.
 And now, true hearts, who love God's greater sky
 Of human rights and human liberty,
 Look upward to that haven, then be true
 To the brave star upon your banner blue,
 And pray with me the grand old prayer so dear to you.
 Our Father, bless New Hampshire, keep her light
 In its fair sky of freedom clear and bright,
 Pure as a star should be, devoid of shame,
 True to her ancient heritage of fame,
 With grateful, loving hearts to guard her holy name.

The Editor's Window

While one might naturally expect to find a greater abundance of the four-footed denizens of the forest where they would be most likely to remain undisturbed by man, such is not really the case. The clearings of the most venturesome pioneer, with the products that were fruits of his industry, enabled them to live better than in the fastness of the great woods. What was true of the animals, was true of the Indian. His wigwams were generally built where the sunlight found an opening into the country, along some river, on the margin of some pond, or by some clearing Nature had prepared for him. Not finding these he set about making a clearing himself. Hither came the wild beasts, if not rejoicing in his company, faring better near to him.

* * *

The myth is the poem of the primitive man, the mental medium through which he viewed Nature, the construction he put upon the results whose causes he could not, in his unsophisticated state of mind, reason out by rational methods.

Evolving from an origin so remote and visionary as not to be traced to its well-spring we are apt to consider its creations as the collective output of anonymous folk-authors of a pre-historic race. But it is scarcely probable that this was the case. No doubt there appeared in the shadowy past a some one with poetic gifts lifting him above his fellow creatures, just as we to-day acknowledge the sway of

a master poet, and who arranged in something like a tangible form what seemed to him the personified attributes of Nature

* * *

The term "Yankees," at first given in derision, was applied somewhat indiscriminately to all the inhabitants of New England. It was never given to people outside of this territory. Strictly speaking, as bounded by their speech, it did not apply to all of the inhabitants of New England, but belonged to portions of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut. It did not appear to apply to the Scotch-Irish people, the Puritans, or the Pilgrims. It seems to have originated with the settlers who came from Yorkshire, Cornwall and western England, and these emigrants settled in the Merrimack valley, in Connecticut and in Maine.

Heckewelder claims that this term was derived from the Indian "Yanghees," or "Yanghee," which was their pronunciation of English.

* * *

A contributor, G. B. G., sends us the following incident :—Our old friend, Edson Eastman, of Concord, N. H., publisher of the valuable annual, Dudley Leavitt's Almanac, tells a good story at his own expense, anent that publication. Being at Rye Beach he was desirous to take boat for Portsmouth and indulge in the pastime of fishing on the way. But the old fisherman could not be induced to go out with him. He had a little crop of hay to get in. Our friend would buy the hay, but no, he could not sell it. Mr. Eastman entered the fisherman's cottage with him, and seeing a copy of Leavitt's Almanac hanging on the wall, he casually remarked that he was the publisher of that work. The fisherman turned and looked at him with wonder and

admiration. "Is that so?" said he, in astonishment apparently at the youthful appearance of him whom he had always regarded as a venerable sage. Being assured that there was no mistake, he immediately concluded that he *could* go a-fishing that day—hay or no hay—and the two accordingly set out for the shore. On the way, our friend, for the purpose of opening conversation, asked the fisherman if he thought the weather would continue fair. That worthy turned, looked at him with much solemnity and said, "Sir, you ought to know." Quite abashed, Eastman followed in silence for some distance, but, still wishing to break the awkwardness of the situation, he at last ventured to ask, "Do you think it will be a good day or fishing?" This time the fisherman turned square about, laid down his oars and fishing-tackle, looked severely at his interrogator, and said with solemn emphasis, "Sir, *you* ought to know." The genial publisher was completely silenced. He followed meekly on, and during the rest of the trip did not dare to open his mouth.

* * *

Among the special attractions in the March number, which we intend shall be larger and better than any issue of the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE yet sent out, will be an article by Mr. John Scales upon the Longfellow Blockhouse which stood in Deerfield, and we believe was the last building of its kind between the seacoast and the Canadian frontier. Miss Marston, of New York, has furnished us with a fine original drawing of the building to accompany the article. Prof. Thyng is preparing an article, "The Harvests of the Orchards," to be illustrated by original drawings from half a dozen of his pupils in the Manchester high school. The third part in our Merrimack River article will describe the first survey of the river by Thomas Gardner in 1752. Frederick Myron Colby will contribute an article upon Four Warner Houses.





ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS

At the Falls of Namoskeag

By ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS

When Samuel Blodget predicted that ancient Derryfield was one day "destined to become the Manchester of America," he stood by the falls of Amoskeag. There was the power that made possible a great manufacturing city. It has seemed to me that there was no theme more vital to the growth of the city of Manchester, or more poetic in its suggestiveness, than these same falls. I have, therefore, woven their legend and history into verse, calling them by their former Indian name, the Falls of Namoskeag.—*Author.*

Three souls shall meet in our gracious river,
The soul of the mountains, stanch and free,
The soul of the Indian, "Lake of the Spirit,"
And the infinite soul of the shining sea.

One hath its birth by the granite mountain,
Where a mighty face looks out alone,
Across the world and adown the ages,
Like the face of the Christ in the living stone.

One flows from the water of Winnepesaukee,
Bearing ever where it may glide,
As the Indians named that beautiful water,
"The smile of the Spirit" upon its tide.

And the soul of the sea is at Little Harbor,
Or Strawberry Bank of the olden time,
Where first DeMonts and his dreaming voyageurs
Sailed in quest of a golden clime.

'Tis said that Power is the soul of our river,
Plunging down from the gulfs and glooms
Of its mountain valleys to fall in splendor,
Or drive the belts of the myriad looms.

To some the soul of the stream is Beauty.
That pours from its beautiful lake above
In silver ripples and golden eddies,
Like the seer's stream from the throne of love.

And once, to this stream with its double burden,
There came a soul akin to his own;
The heart of the river was in his preaching;
The voice of the ripples was in his tone;

And he stood by the falls in the golden weather,
Under the elm leaves, mirrored brown
In the pictured waters, and told his hearers
How the Heart of the stars and the stream came down,

As a little child to its mother's bosom,
With a wonder at hatred in his eyes,
And an image of peace from the one Great Spirit
Like the light in the stream from the glowing skies.

And e'en while he spake, as the stream in its flowing
Takes tints of the twilight and jeweled gleams
Of the oak and maple, on Elliot's spirit
Lay heavenly visions and starry dreams,

And with only the chant of the falls in the silence,
While the nets and the spears uncared for lay,
Again as of old the Christ was standing
By the lodges of Passaconaway.

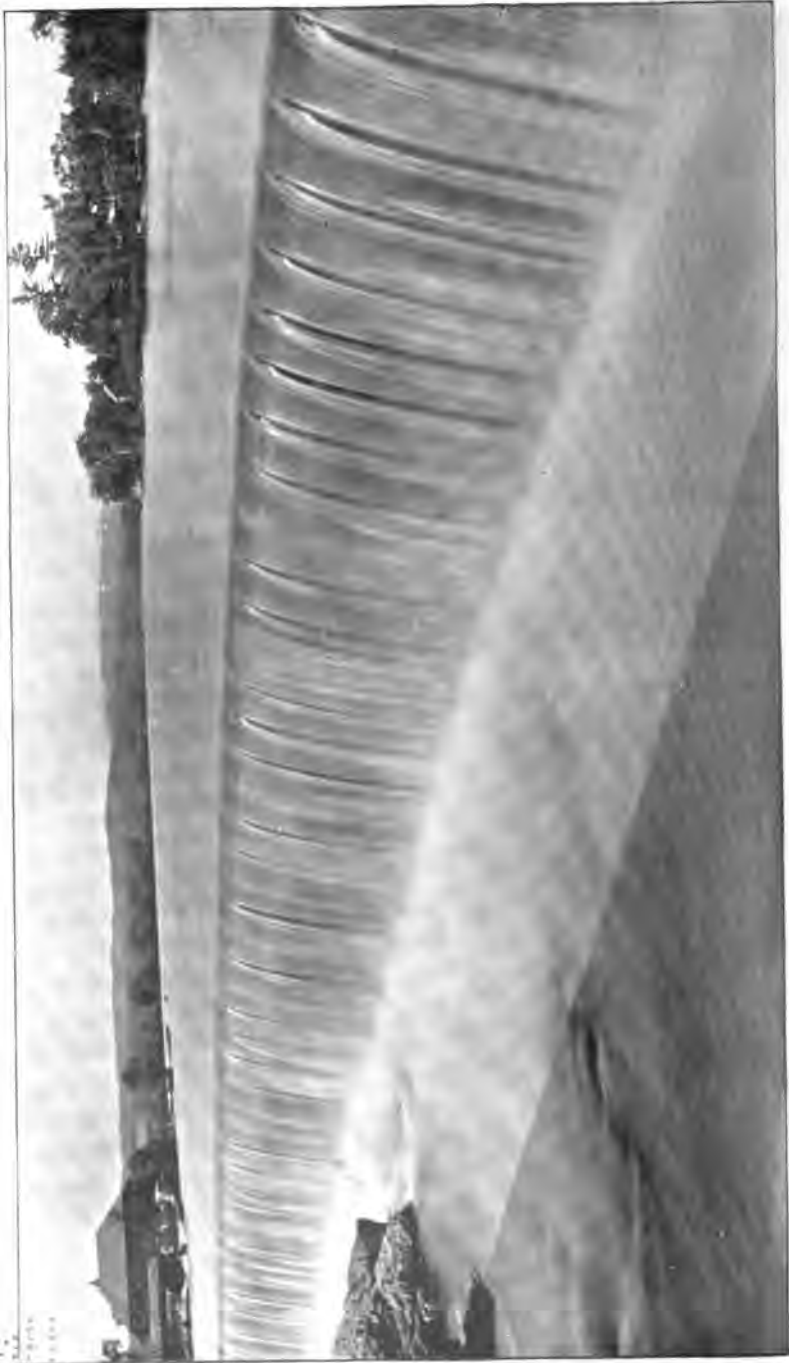
* * *

An hundred times had the glistening salmon
Flashed in the falls since that sunset hour;
An hundred times had the black ducks flying
Followed the stream; and the Spirit of Power

That sleeps in the river, still waited to welcome
A heart like its own to reveal again,
As Eliot uttered its beautiful spirit,
Its soul of power to the souls of men.

The wands of the willow are deeper amber,
The coral buds of the maple bloom;
The alders redden, the wind flowers blossom,
And sunshine follows the winter's gloom.





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"THE SPIRIT OF POWER THAT SLEEPS IN THE RIVER."

The smile of the spirit is still on the waters,
The chime on the stones of the Namoskeag fall,
But the soul of the hills as it leaps to the ocean
To freedom and valor seems to call.

At the door of his mill, by the swirl of the rapids,
Feeling the spirit that subtly thrills,
From the spray of the falls like an exhalation,
Is resting our hero of the hills.

He had won the name when he ran the gantlet,
Bursting the Indian lines in twain,
Or made his foray to save his comrades
Through the frozen forests of far Champlain.

Now the swish of the saw and the creak of the timber,
And the swirl of the rapids alone he heard,
When sudden—a clatter of hoofs down the river—
A horseman, a shout, and the rallying word

Of yesterday's fighting by Concord river,
Of the blood on the green of Lexington—
That was all! yet the mill gate fell, and the miller,
Left the saw to rust in the cut, and was gone.

'Twas the word of the Lord through the Merrimack valley,
From Derryfield down to Pawtucket's fall,
That rang from his lips, to rise and to follow,
As the leader thundered his rallying call.

'Twas the sword of the Lord from the leader's scabbard
That flashed in defiance of British wrong,
As the rallying farmers galloped after
Riding to Medford a thousand strong.

* * *

A golden cycle of years has vanished
Since the Derryfield minute-man left his mill
To lead the patriots down the valley
To "the old rail fence" on Bunker Hill.

The years flow on and sweep in their flowing
Legend and life to the infinite sea—
A city stands by the grave of the hero,
Where the lodges and camps were wont to be.

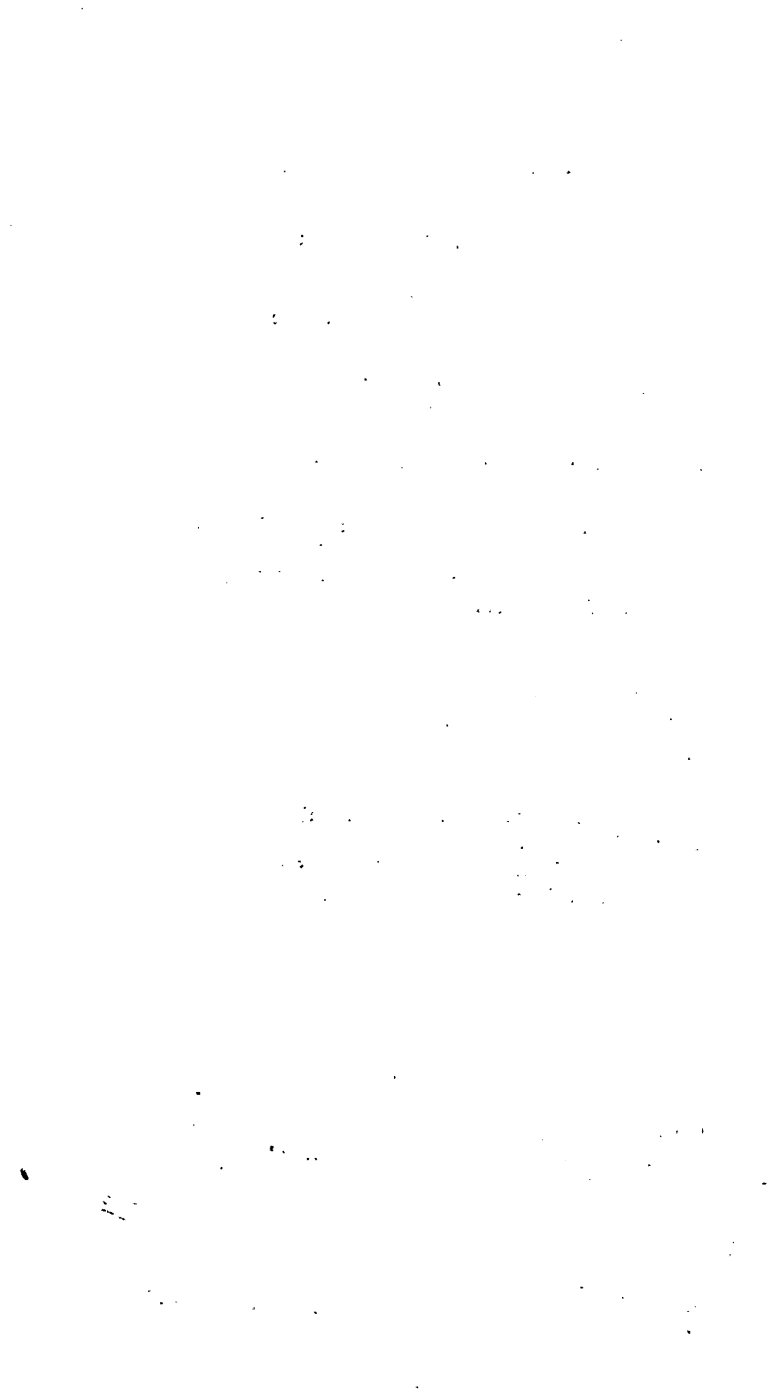
Unchanged and changeless flows the river,
But blended now with its ceaseless chime
Is the rhythmic beating of mighty hammers,
And a hum like the bees in summer time.

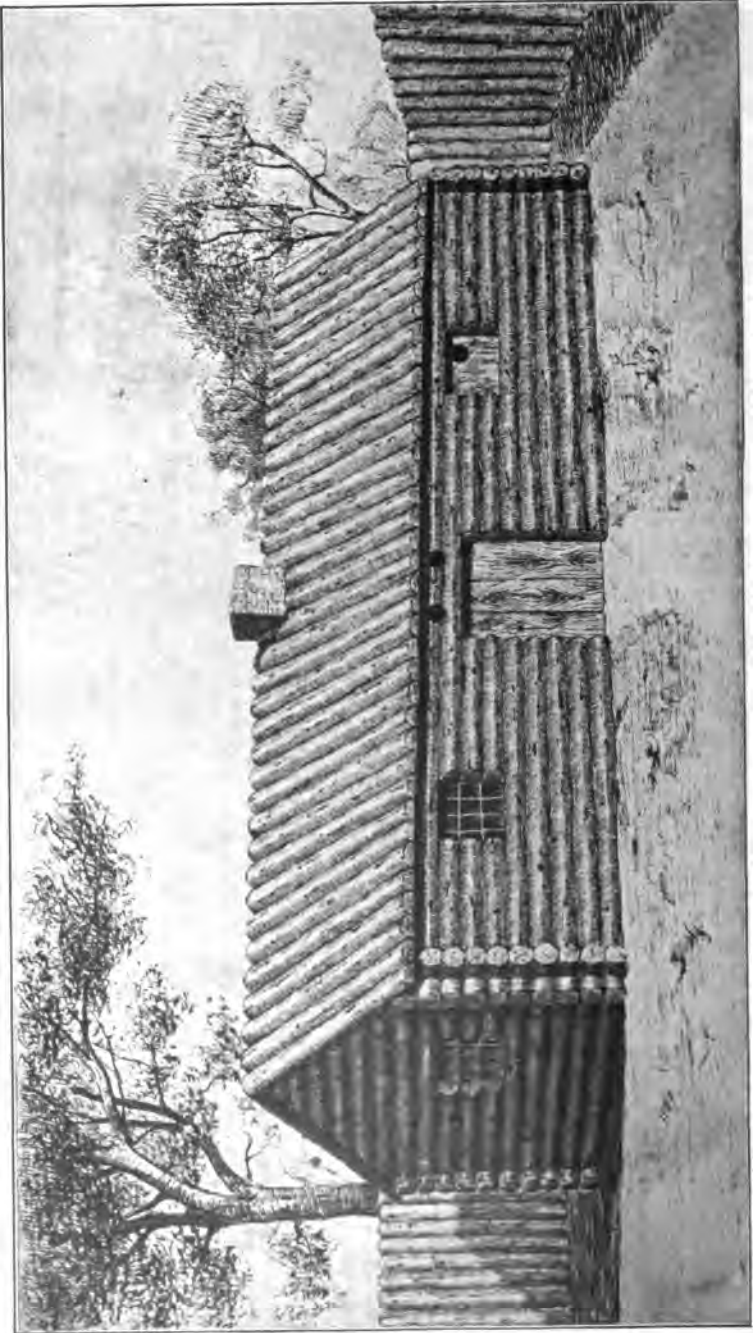
But the hum of the looms and the clank of the hammers,
Will hush to the chime of the Sabbath bells,
While the soul of the stream from the Lake of the Spirit
The story of Eliot's Master tells.

The years flow on like the flowing river,
With peaceful eddies and daring falls
But if ever the life of the state is perilled,
If duty summons or country calls,

The soul of the hills and the stream will waken
As it woke in the ancient minute-men,
And the hearts of the sons like the hearts of the fathers
Will bleed for their country's life again.







Drawn by Miss ELLA C. MARSTON, of New York. **FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN DEERFIELD, N. H.**

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Hon. Jonathan Longfellow

A Pioneer of Early New Hampshire.

By JOHN SCALBS, A. B., A. M.



JONATHAN LONGFELLOW was born May 23, 1714, at Hampton Falls; he died in 1774 at Machias, Me.; so he was only sixty years old, but during those three score years he was one of the busiest men in New Hampshire. His father, Nathan Longfellow, was born in 1690, the youngest of six children, being born while his father, Ensign William Longfellow, was away on a military expedition, under Governor Phips, to capture Quebec. They did not capture that city, but instead lost some of the fleet by shipwreck on Anticosti Island, and also several lives were lost, among whom was Ensign Longfellow.

William Longfellow was born at Horsforth, Eng., in 1651, so when he died in 1690 he was not quite forty years old. He came to Newbury, Mass., about 1670, and married Ann Sewall in 1678 and resided at Newbury the rest of his years, engaged in trade, keeping a store at the first falls of Parker river, at the head of tide water in that town. Concerning his ancestors in England, the Rev. Robert Collyer wrote an interesting article a few years ago. Mr. Collyer had recently visited the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, which visit caused him to write of the poet's early ancestors in England, who lived in the same section of the country as Collyer's ancestors. In passing it may

be well to state that the great poet was fifth in descent from the immigrant William, through Stephen Longfellow, the blacksmith; Stephen Longfellow, the schoolmaster; Stephen Longfellow, the judge; and Stephen Longfellow, one of Maine's great lawyers. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's grandfather, Stephen the Judge, was cousin to Jonathan the Judge, the subject of this paper. William Longfellow, the immigrant, was son of William, grandson of Edward, great-grandson of Thomas and great-great-grandson of Percival Longfellow, who was born about A. D. 1500. Rev. Robert Collyer, English born, but one of the greatest preachers America has had, often visited the poet Longfellow. After one of these visits he wrote:

"One reason for our meetings was that we might wander together in thought through the green lanes, past the neat hedgerows and over the grassy meadows that were familiar to the feet of his ancestors three hundred years ago. I had sat in the same old churches they did; I had wondered, as they had, at the old warrior in his armor of chain mail; I had stood at the same font at which the child (William the immigrant) was baptized, from whom our good poet had sprung; and in the old churchyard the dust of his forefathers lay side by side with that of mine.

"The old home was Ilkley, in Yorkshire. I have copies of the old charters and surveys of the town that date back almost to the Conquest, but no Longfellow appears before 1510, and then within ten miles of Ilkley. Those Longfellows were simply sons of the soil. The first one mentioned was a day laborer, and he paid four pence as his share to help Henry VIII. fight against France. Later those Longfellows became church wardens and overseers of highways, and gradually climbed to higher places.

"Those ancient Longfellows were as purely bits of nature as the oaks in the woods or the heather on the hillside. They had a certain old Saxon insistence upon what they believed was their right. They believed that game belonged to them as much as to the great lords and land-

owners, hence the Longfellows were leaders in raids on game. It was the fight of the Saxon against the Norman. Our Longfellow is the flower of all the centuries of his family history, and he makes the race immortal."

Jonathan Longfellow's mother was Mary Green, daughter of Capt. Jacob Green and grand-daughter of Judge Henry Green, who was the earliest owner of the falls, at Hampton Falls river, where he built and the family for four generations owned a grist-mill and a saw-mill, where now are the mills owned by Mrs. John W. Dodge. It was in the house near these mills that Jonathan Longfellow was born. Henry Green held various offices in the town and province, being Justice of the Court of Common Sessions; Royal Councillor, 1685-1698, and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, 1697-1698. His son, Capt. Jacob Green, was prominent in town affairs and captain of a military company from 1699 to 1720, a period when the Indians and French made the office of captain anything but a sine-cure position.

Jonathan Longfellow's grandmother, Ann Sewall, was sister to Judge Samuel Sewall, one of Massachusetts' most distinguished jurists of the Colonial period. She was born while her parents were on the voyage across the Atlantic, it being their second passage. Her father, Henry Sewall, Jr., and grandfather, Henry Sewall, Sr., were the chief men in founding Newbury, Mass., being very wealthy and staunch Puritans. Ann Sewall's great grandfather, Henry Sewall, was mayor of Coventry, Eng., 1589-1606, being a very wealthy linen draper, whose ancestry is traced back to before the Conquest, to a Saxon Thane who spelled his name "Saswald," and owned great possessions in lands and at the place of his residence built and owned a church. Mayor Sewall died in 1628.

Such were the ancestors of Jonathan Longfellow. He was a well-born, thoroughbred Englishman. Being the eldest of Nathan Longfellow's children, he was the pet of his grandfather, Capt. Jacob Green, and at an early age

was instructed in the management of the grist-mill and the saw-mill, which the captain owned at the Falls, and his education otherwise was carefully looked after. When Jonathan was twelve years old his grandfather died, leaving the larger part of his large property to his daughter, Mary Longfellow. When Jonathan was seventeen years old his father died, which entailed large business interests on the widow, but she managed all with skill and good judgment, being assisted by her oldest son, Jonathan. A few months before he was eighteen years old he became united in marriage with Mercy Clark, who was of the same age as himself. They commenced housekeeping with his mother, and he managed the mills and the farm. Thus nearly ten years of his life was passed, busily and happily, and he was known as "Jonathan Longfellow, the Miller."

Just a few lines about Mercy Clark, his wife. She was born in Newbury, Mass., December 26, 1714, where she resided till she married and settled at Hampton Falls. She was a daughter of Mr. Henry Clark and his wife, Elizabeth Greenleaf. Henry was the son of Ensign Nathaniel Clark of Rowley and Elizabeth Somerby, his wife. Nathaniel was naval officer at Newbury and Salem for several years. He was ensign of the Rowley company of militia, which went with Sir William Phips on the expedition to Quebec in 1690, the same in which Ensign William Longfellow lost his life. While at sea, before reaching the St. Lawrence river, Ensign Clark lost his life by accident.

Mercy Clark's mother, Elizabeth Greenleaf, was a daughter of Capt. Stephen Greenleaf, Jr., and Elizabeth Gerrish, his wife; and he was the son of Capt. Stephen Greenleaf, Sr., and his wife, Elizabeth Coffin, daughter of Judge Tristram Coffin of Newbury and Nantucket. Captain Stephen, Sr., commanded a company of Newbury men in Sir William Phips' expedition of 1690, already mentioned. He was shipwrecked on Anticosti Island, with Ensign Longfellow, but managed to get home alive. These Greenleafs were distinguished in military and civil

affairs in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, was a great-grandson of Capt. Stephen Greenleaf, Jr. Such were the ancestors of Mercy Clark Longfellow.

Mary Green Longfellow died about 1741, and her death made it necessary to divide the property which had been held nearly intact from the death of her father, Capt. Jacob Green, in 1726. Soon after the death of his mother, Jonathan Longfellow's name appears in the records relating to Nottingham, and for more than a score of years he resided in that part of the town now Deerfield, but which was not made a separate town till he had removed to Rye. He was a land speculator and was one of the active promoters in settling the town of Nottingham, together with the Bartletts, the Cilleys, the Batchelders, the Butlers, the Marstons and other noted families of that town, in its early history. Soon after going there his name appears as an officer of the militia, which was required to keep guard against attacks by Indians, and before he left the town he had risen to be captain. The first thing he had to do, when he went to Nottingham to settle, was to build a garrison, which he located on a little hill on the opposite side of the road from the present Marston residence, about half a mile below Deerfield Parade. This location was then on the frontier of civilization. Between that and Canada on the north there was not the habitation of a white man. Through that vast wilderness the Indians and their Canadian allies, the French, ruthless foes of the English settlements, came and were ever on the watch, during that period, to strike blows of destruction or to inflict as much loss of property as possible. Hence it is plain to be seen that Captain Longfellow and his brave wife had no easy task on that frontier guard-line. They were young people then, just past thirty years of age, with a family of six children, the eldest being ten years old. Accompanying this article is a picture of that old garrison, which was torn down only a few years ago. A brief description of it may as well

be given here. It was built about 1743. It was bought, with the farm, from Longfellow, by Simon Marston of Hampton, who removed to it in 1765, and has remained in possession of the Marston family during the one hundred and forty years since then, being now owned by Miss Laura A. Marston, who has very kindly furnished the drawing which appears with this article, and who has also assisted the writer in furnishing data for the description. The garrison was the first house built in what is now Deerfield. The farm, one of the best in town, was first owned by a Mr. Leavitt, for about six months, who then sold it to Jonathan Longfellow, receiving in payment a certain number of Negro slaves. Where Longfellow got the slaves, or how he happened to be dealing in such property the writer has not been able to find out; but the probability is that they came from Africa on some of those Newburyport or Salem ships which exported New England rum to the Dark Continent and exchanged it for young Negroes. Sometimes the ship masters carried their cargoes of black men and women to the West Indies and exchanged them for sugar and molasses, which they brought home. At other times they brought them home direct and sold them in Massachusetts and New Hampshire towns. From 1740 till after the close of the Revolution slaves were owned in nearly all the larger towns in New Hampshire. Captain Longfellow, being an enterprising and hustling business man, bought and sold the slaves. He did not give all he had to Leavitt, as he had some left after he built and dwelt in the garrison. His sons-in-law, Joseph Cilley and Nathaniel Batchelder, had some of them after he had removed from the town. Some of the descendants of those slaves live in Exeter now, worthy citizens, unmindful of their ancestry.

The garrison house was very long and wide, but rather low story. It had three large rooms and two smaller bedrooms on the first floor; ascent to the roof was made through the immense garret by ladders, from which observations could be made to all points of compass, to watch

the approach of any enemy. The garret was used for a general storeroom, and for sleeping apartments when the guests were numerous, as, no doubt, they often times were. The walls were made of hewn timbers, of great size. The rooms, except the kitchen, were ceiled at the top and sides with sheathing, sawed from old timber pines of immense size. In the period of Indian wars it had a stockade which enclosed a large yard; these timbers standing on end reached above the eaves of the house, so nothing of the outer world could be seen. There was a large gate to the stockade for admittance to the yard. When this was closed it was fastened on the inside with a strong bar, so everything was safe when that was closed. This yard would enclose teams, if necessary; it had sheltered many a family in time of danger from the Indians. At one time a family living in the vicinity of Rand's Corner, by the name of Batchelder, was forced to flee to this garrison. The family consisted of a husband, wife and two children. One bright moonlight night, while the husband and children slept, the wife sat by the fire knitting; she heard a noise in front of the house, which sounded suspicious. She hastily covered the fire with ashes, blew out the candle and awakened her husband with the least possible noise. In a few moments a noise at the front door indicated plainly that the Indians were about the house. Knowing that it would be folly to attempt to defend their home, they wrapped the younger child in blankets and took the older by the hands and, seizing the trusty gun, they quietly made their escape through the back door to the forest near at hand, and hastened to the Longfellow garrison. They succeeded in getting inside of that big gate and barred it securely, though the wife was nearly exhausted. Their house was burned by the Indians, but they found a safe shelter at the garrison, together with several other families who had suffered in the same Indian raid.

Col. Joseph Cilley, who was born in 1793, was grandson of General Joseph and Sarah Longfellow Cilley. She

died in 1811, so that he remembered his grandmother perfectly. Colonel Cilley lived to be past ninety years of age, and in his later days delighted to talk of his grandmother. He said he had visited the old garrison with her, in which she lived during Indian times with her parents. One thing that impressed his boyish mind strongly was the huge chimney, with the immense fireplaces, in the corners of which one or two could sit comfortably. The kitchen had a dresser, so called, which filled the place of the modern sideboard. Its capacious shelves were filled with shining pewter platters and plates and other household utensils. The floors were sanded with white sea sand and were kept scrupulously clean. When company was to be entertained the white sand was switched into pretty figures with hemlock brooms, by the skillful hands of the housewife or her maids.

During the period from 1745 to 1760 the Indians made frequent raids in that territory, stealing or killing cattle and horses. They cut the flesh from the bones and cut out the tongues, which they cured in smoke to preserve for food on their travels. Frequently it was dangerous for housewives to go out to milk the cows unless they had a man on guard with a trusty gun. When one neighbor visited another an armed man had to go with her for protection.

From the Nottingham town records it appears that, "At a meeting of the Proprietors, held at the block house (on the Square), September 8, 1742, Mr. Jonathan Longfellow was chosen Assessor for the Proprietors, and Lieut. Joseph Cilley, Collector." These gentlemen continued to hold those offices for several years in succession. Later they were brothers-in-law, Lieutenant Cilley's son, Joseph, the famous colonel of the Revolution, marrying Mr. Longfellow's daughter, Sarah, November 4, 1756.

Again, August 12, 1752, the records say: "Ensign Jonathan Longfellow was elected one of the Selectmen; also was appointed one of a committee to treat with author-

ities of the town of Durham relative to building a highway from Nottingham Square to Durham village."

Frequently, in 1747, 1748 and 1749, the Provincial Government stationed soldiers at Longfellow's garrison and placed him in command. It was their duty to range back and forth over a line fifteen miles in length, through the forests from Rochester to Chester, and to give protection to the farmers. Sometimes as many as thirty soldiers were on duty. The following from the Provincial Records will give an idea of how Gov. Benning Wentworth and his Councillors conducted the war with the Indians and French. It is copied from the Journal of the House.

"Saturday 29th August, 1747. Whereas Capt. Jonathan Longfellow, by a warrant from ye Governor has Inlisted thirty men to go out after ye Indians, upon ye Scalp bounty. But representing to the House that ye men cannot furnish themselves wth Provisions and Ammunition, therefore:

"*Voted*, That s^d Longfellow be supplied with one month's Provisions & fifteen pounds of powder & thirty Pounds of Bullets for s^d men, he to receive the Provisions from Coll. Gilman at Exeter, s^d Longfellow to give a Rec^t for ye same & to account and pay therefor if it appears Y^t be not used, or if the men recover any scalps, ye price of ye Provisions and Ammunition to be deducted out of ye Bounty on ye Scalps, & y^t Said Longfellow keep a Journal of ye Time & Travel, while he is out on this affair, to be rendered to ye Gen^l Assembly on Oath."

The writer has not been able to find a copy of Captain Longfellow's journal nor any statement of how many Indian scalps were captured and the amount of bounty paid.

Captain Longfellow was one of the first to start a movement which resulted in the division of the town of Nottingham, and the incorporation of the town of Deerfield. The act of incorporation was not granted till January 8, 1766, at which time Mr. Longfellow was in Machias, Me.,

having left New Hampshire two years before that. The first petition for it is dated "Nottingham, Feby 23, 1756;" the first signer is Jonathan Longfellow; among the other signers appears the name of Green Longfellow, a younger brother of Jonathan, who was then about twenty-five years old, having been born April 3, 1731. The petition was probably drawn by Mr. Longfellow and its arguments are strong and well expressed, the point of it all being that the inhabitants of the Deerfield parish were not allowed to use their money raised by taxation "for Preaching the Gospel and teaching the Children, which are matters of Great importance to all His Majesties Good Subjects, etc."

Mr. Longfellow removed from Nottingham to Rye about 1761, leaving two of his daughters, Mary and Sarah, who had married respectively Nathaniel Batchelder and Joseph Cilley, and a son, Jacob, and a brother, Green Longfellow. Mary Longfellow Batchelder, above mentioned, is the writer's great-grandmother, being the grandmother of his mother, Betsey True Scales. Not much is known of his life at Rye.

Captain Longfellow removed from Rye, N. H., to Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in 1764, where he remained one year. In 1765 they sent for him to cross over the bay to Machias, Me., to build a grist-mill and a saw-mill, locally called the "Dublin" mills. He knew all about that sort of work from his early training and experience at Hampton Falls, where he had been trained by his father and grandfather. What induced him to emigrate from New Hampshire to Nova Scotia is not known by any of his descendants. After settling in Machias he remained there till his death, in 1774. He brought with him to Machias his wife and three youngest sons, Daniel, David and Jonathan, aged respectively sixteen, fourteen and nine years. Two or three of his children remained at Cornwallis. There were twelve in all, seven sons and five daughters. The first-born was Stephen, 19 July, 1731; the last-born was Jonathan, 28 April, 1756, who died young at Machias. Descendants

of two sons, Nathan, born 30 December, 1743, and Daniel, born 16 December, 1751, are living in Machias and other parts of eastern Maine at this time.

Captain Longfellow built the mills and run them and took a leading part in town affairs, holding at one time or another all of the important town offices. In 1768 he was commissioned by the Governor of Massachusetts a justice, and held the first court ever held in Maine, east of the Penobscot river. The court records of Judge Longfellow are extant at Machias, and manifest knowledge of law and wisdom and mercy in administering it. He was moderator of the first proprietary meeting of the town of Machias, 11th September, 1770, and was one of their leading men till his death, four years later.

According to tradition, Judge Longfellow was a tall, well-proportioned, fine-looking man. He possessed superior mental powers and was a man of great executive ability as a business manager. He was an extensive landowner in Nottingham and was reputed to be very wealthy, as men then ranked in riches. He disposed of all of his holdings in that town before going to Nova Scotia. That he was esteemed by his immediate descendants is manifest by the fact that grandsons, great-grandsons, and great-great-grandsons were named for him, Jonathan Longfellow, in families not otherwise bearing the Longfellow name.

Twilight

By ELIZABETH CURTIS-BRENTON.

Above the hollow on the hill,
 Beyond the river and the town
 The stars came out how clear and still:
 The winter sun went bravely down
 A full half hour ago, and yet
 The sky at the horizon's rim
 Glows like an emerald, richly set
 That night must wear awhile for him.

The Ways of the Wild

By the Author of "The Woodranger Tales."

Oh! the mystical glory that crowns the woods,
Reflected in river and lake,
Like a fire that burns thro' the firs and ferns,
By the paths that the wild deer take.

—*Rexford.*



THE adventurous spirits who left their native land across the ocean to found for themselves homes in the wilds of aboriginal New England, there was not one whose life afforded a larger meed of romance, and closer communion with Nature than the Scottish refugee who sought peace and solace here from the feverish unrest of his bitter experiences in early life. Losing not only friends and loved ones, even his name vanished, like the bloom upon the alder, and his identity became a mystery.

At one time hunting and scouting along the banks of the winding Saco, with which all secrets were safe, he was known to the few whites who crossed his trackless path by his Indian *nom de plume* of "Wiscowan the Wanderer." Again, amid the wilderness of the North, where for months he was swallowed up in the heart of the great greenwood, he was designated "Taconica the Forester." Linking, at times, his fortunes with Rogers, Stark and others of the Rangers of the Merrimack valley, he was pleasantly remembered as "The Woodranger."

Sitting by his campfire, wrapped in the silence of his own comradeship, it was natural this nomad should come to read the signs of the solitude as no novice in wildwood life could possibly teach himself to utter, his mind yet busy with the reflections of former activities. To this honest-minded

dweller of the tented forest each passing breeze, as it loitered with the loving birch or kissed with soft lips the finger tips of the lordly pine, bore some wonderful message from the borderland of the Great Unknown, and each murmuring rivulet a song of love and hope. Coming at rare intervals into the companionship of some of his race, his long-prisoned thoughts were sure to break their chains and spring into expression of rude philosophy rendered more impressive by the quaint language in which they were couched. The following excerpt is taken from "The Keepers of the Wilderness," which details a few of his earlier experiences. At the time he was the guide and protector of a small party of fugitives fleeing from the wily red men lying in wait for them where least expected. These persons had halted for a needed rest upon the shores of a small body of water then known as "Uncannebe," but since re-christened "Lovewell's Pond."

"Here is a good place to rest awhile, and partake of the cheer which comes of a hearty will to eat, especially if there be viands to meet such forces. There is a restful cheer to the cedar which the spruce does not afford, though tired nature does not distrust the feathers of the spruce. The cedar was a favorite with the Indians, and its fine boughs were looked upon as 'down,' while the coarser ones of the spruce were compared to feathers. As usual the red man did not err in his judgment."

The words of the strange scout, usually conveying a soothing effect upon the minds of his hearers, at this time caused them to forget something of the dread uncertainty hanging over them, and they ate with lighter hearts than they had known for several days. Even the children overcame their fretfulness as they saw the countenances of their companions lighten. The boy named Roland, upon invitation, crept to the side of Wiscowan the Wanderer, who helped him to some of the choicest bits of the meat. He had caught a nap since their stop here, resting upon a couch of cedar down, which the latter had brought him.

When the simple meal had been eaten Wiscowan arose to his feet, looking longingly into the wide belt of forest encircling them. The boy, as if expecting he was about to leave him, clasped his arms around one of his legs to hinder his escape. These the scout gently unloosed, saying as he did so :

“I must say that duck was savory, and it has put new life into my old limbs. But I am not unmindful that the rest of you have had greater burdens to bear. So while the weak and wounded mend a leetle longer under your watchful eye, lad, I will perambulate the forest a bit. It may be I can find a shorter way out of this amazement. At any rate it will be no great indiscretion.”

Looking down one of the aisles set with pillars of mighty pines, Wiscowan the Wanderer remarked :

“If I read the sign as it was taught me I see the tracings of a deer’s path winding away from the rim of yon water where, peradventure, many of the creatures have come to drink in the days gone by. I hail it as a good omen.

’ “To me these forest paths are the ways to Nature’s heart. Though not overwell versed in her secrets, I have observed many kinds of paths, as there are many tongues leading from lip to ear ; the bear’s, the wolf’s, the beaver’s, the coon’s, the deer’s, and the pathless trail of the red man, in all of which I read a distinguishing sign. In the path of the bear there is a frankness, an open-heartedness not to be found in any other. He dares the sunlight, the open country, and goes shambling across the clearing, over rocky places it may be, but is never afraid you will find his track. Then there is the wolf that goes zig-zagging in dark corners, fearful lest his shadows mark a trail. Between these runs the path o’ the deer, straight as the arrow flies, it may be, but neither over the rocks nor under the tangled brushwood. He eats as he runs of the sweet-tasting boughs and leaves a clear-cut trail.

“Unlike the four-footed path makers the brown-skinned hunter breaks no bough by his wayside, turns no rock in the stream he follows, howe'er much it may thump his canoe, and leaves behind him a path as trackless as that which runs before. It speaks of his close association with Nature. Ay, where winds the light steps of the brown-skin, the bird loses no note of its song, nor the four-footed creature a syllable of its talk. How different it is along the road of civilized man, where you miss the song of the birds, the merry greetings of the timid people of the trees, and what you may gain—mind you, I say with proper discretion—in distance you have lost in the welcome of Nature.

“Aweel, nows me, I cherish the memory of the forest path winding over hummocks made slippery by a carpet of pine needles, over table-lands of rock whose rough surface is coated with gray moss, across gullies concealed by brown layers of oak leaves, rising over some sharp hillock, or anon dipping into vales where the hazel or the juniper holds out a friendly hand to him who clasps it, but slapping him in the face if he forgets this little courtesy; a path not too well worn, for that mark is a danger token, constantly revealing some new surprise, until we find ourselves in the little clearing, not too big but large enough to afford a crown of dainty wildwood flowers that look innocently into your face and say, ‘We bloomed for you alone, while our sisters along the broad road of civilization are the common property of the multitude.’ There you are sure to find, like the fountain of life bubbling up from the rocks, a fount of sparkling water, sweet nectar for the nymphs that they say dwell in such spots. I remember such a path as this, not quite forgotten, yet not too vivid in my mind, and while I move on with blundering steps it reminds me of the pathway of life, filled with pleasant places, broken here and there in most astonishing ways by rough jolts. If dim at certain crossings where it meets others, or trampled heavy where we stumbled, it winds on uphill and down, until it branches at last into the long trail of eternity.”

The Harvest of the Orchard

By J. WARREN TRYNG

Illustrated by Pupils of the Manchester High School



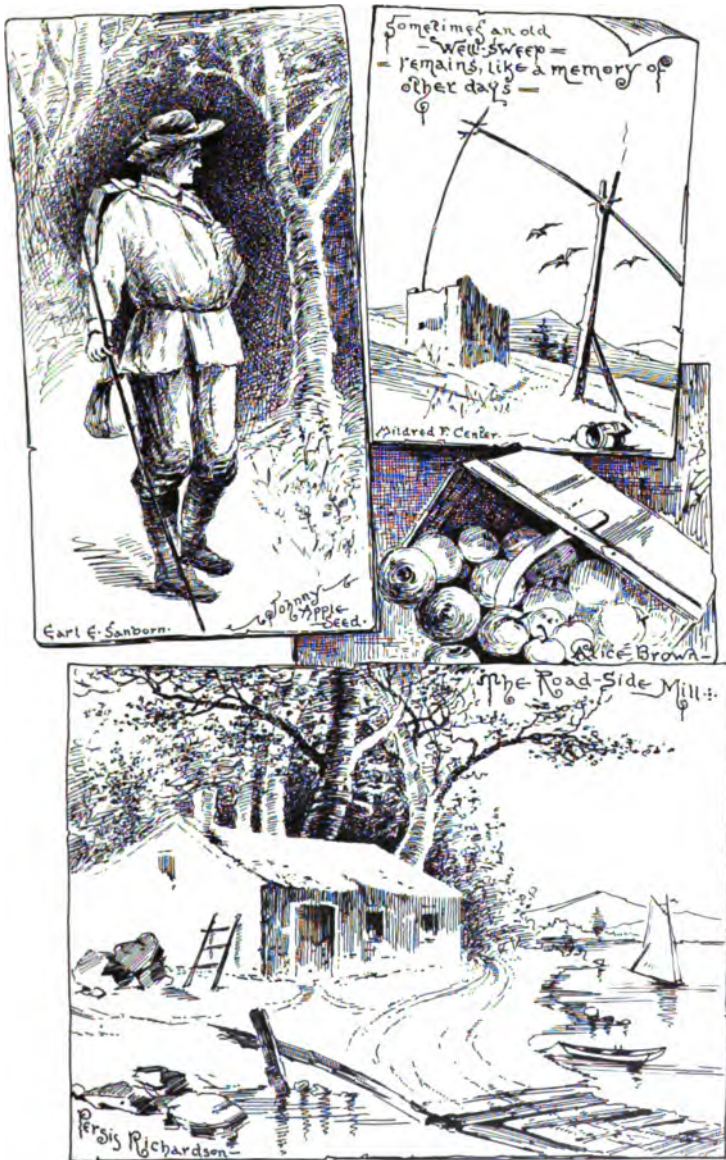
THE apple from ages far remote in history has figured in allegory and poetic fancy. And although, on its way down through the centuries, it may at times seemed to have waited too long at the mill, it is a dull eye that sees nothing between its May day bloom and the hayfield jug.

The learned Doctor Wardner declared that the fabled Fountain of Hygeia might be with propriety located in an orchard.

Solomon asked to be comforted with apples. Pliny asserted that some apples ennobled the countries from which they came, and "immortalized their first founders and inventors." The same writer mentions twenty-nine different varieties cultivated in Italy about the commencement of the Christian era.

It is by no means certain that the apples of the Wise Man's desire were not oranges or citrons or some other subtropical fruit. Some commentators suggest that the word apple, in the Bible, is used in a general sense, and whenever it occurs it may mean fruit other than the apple as we know it. When tracing the etymology of the word it is easy to be misled by the translations of Greek and Hebrew authors.

It is thought by some that the apple was known to the Britons before the advent of the Romans. It is written that in 973 King Edgar, when fatigued, sat down in the shade of a wild apple tree; so it becomes a question whether this plant was not a native of England, where it was found



Drawn by Pupils of the Manchester High School.

FROM "THE HARVEST OF THE ORCHARD."



growing wild and apparently indigenous. Thornton, in his history of Turkey, says that apples are common in Walacia, and cites, among other varieties, one which is, perhaps, the finest in Europe for its size, flavor and color.

It was very early discovered, by those interested in horticulture, that apples belong to the class of culture plants. It is a remarkable fact, in the study of botany, that while there are plants that show no tendency to change from the natural type, even when brought under the highest culture, and subjected to every treatment which human ingenuity can suggest, there are others prone to variations even in their normal condition.

It is evident that the favorite fruit of our ancestors has undergone a marvelous change since the days of Solomon, and that centuries have passed since the apple, as it is known to-day, has been raised to a fair state of perfection.

The native country of the apple, though not definitely settled, is conceded to be Europe, particularly its southern portions and perhaps Western Asia. Our native crabapple, though showing some slight variations, has never departed from its strongly marked normal type. Ingrafting appears to have been practiced in the time of Pliny.

A strange silence pervades the pages of history concerning the first use of apple juice as a beverage; and it is not until 1597, when John Gerard issued a history of plants, that cider appears on record. This writer's descriptions of the apples of his time will apply fairly well to many varieties raised in New Hampshire orchards. He distinguishes between wild apples and "tame or grafted apples." Furthermore, the same author says: "I have seen pastures and hedge-rows about the grounds of a worshipful gentleman's dwelling, two miles from Hereford, so many trees of all sorts, that the servants drinke, for the moste parte, no other drinke but that which is made from apples." The effect of age upon the beverage, however, is not noted by this writer. Nor in the annals of his time are there pictures of cider bibbers reeling homeward from a friendly

cellar with noise and brawl. Mythology, in bronze and marble, holds up shameless Satyrs, jovial with the grape, but never a reveller at the cider-tap figures in the panels of high art. No caryatides in classic marble shoulders a cider keg.

Some writer fancies that voices of people in different parts of the world are significant of the fruit and beverages of which they have for ages partaken. He associates the soft voices of southerners with the mellow fruits and seductively smooth wines of their warmer climate, while it is thought that the less melodious and often strident tones of people of colder latitudes have in them a suggestion of sourer fruits and coarser beverages.

Gerard, who wrote enthusiastically upon apple cultivation, mentions a queer cosmetic among other products of the orchard. "There is," said he, "an ointment made with the pulp of apples and swines' grease and rose water and used to beautify the face."

Scholars will recall Virgil's advice:

"Graft the tender shoot,
Thy children's children shall enjoy the fruit."

Most of our first orchards were planted with imported trees. The colonists brought both plants and seeds. Even now we have apples designated as English, to indicate that they are thought to be of better quality than native fruit.

The Indians, that is the aborigines, while they set out no trees—let it be put down to their credit—destroyed none. They are unknown in the apple line until long after the white man planted orchards and gathered the reward. Somebody, poking among traditions, found savages making sugar by dropping red hot rocks into maple sap, but nobody has placed him on record as a cider-maker. No doubt the red man would have cut something of a figure after imbibing strong water squeezed from wild apples.

As a matter of fact, Indians when discovered by white settlers had no orchards. After a while they took mildly

to planting apple trees, and remains of old Indian orchards are sometimes found.

The government at one time distributed apple seeds among the Cherokees. The early French settlers were famous tree planters, and traces of their work can be found across the continent, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico. They set out apple trees at their posts or settlements.

Following the story of the apple along, one is sure to overtake, now and then, some unique character, some picturesque person fitting, as it were, into the poetical side of the subject. Such a one was Johnny Apple Seed. A good-natured, generous-hearted fellow. He had no home. Sometimes he wandered in dull Ohio roads that drag their weary way over duller flats, and on through ague-haunted fells. Then he drifted away, nobody knew where. At times he would live with the Indians; then appear at a far-distant settlement, only to disappear as mysteriously as he came.

About this time the renowned "Log Cabin Campaign" ran wild in the middle west. Now and then, down in Indiana, Johnny would fall in with a procession of Whigs; then he would join the roaring line and could be heard with the crowd singing a stave of the one-time famous rallying song,

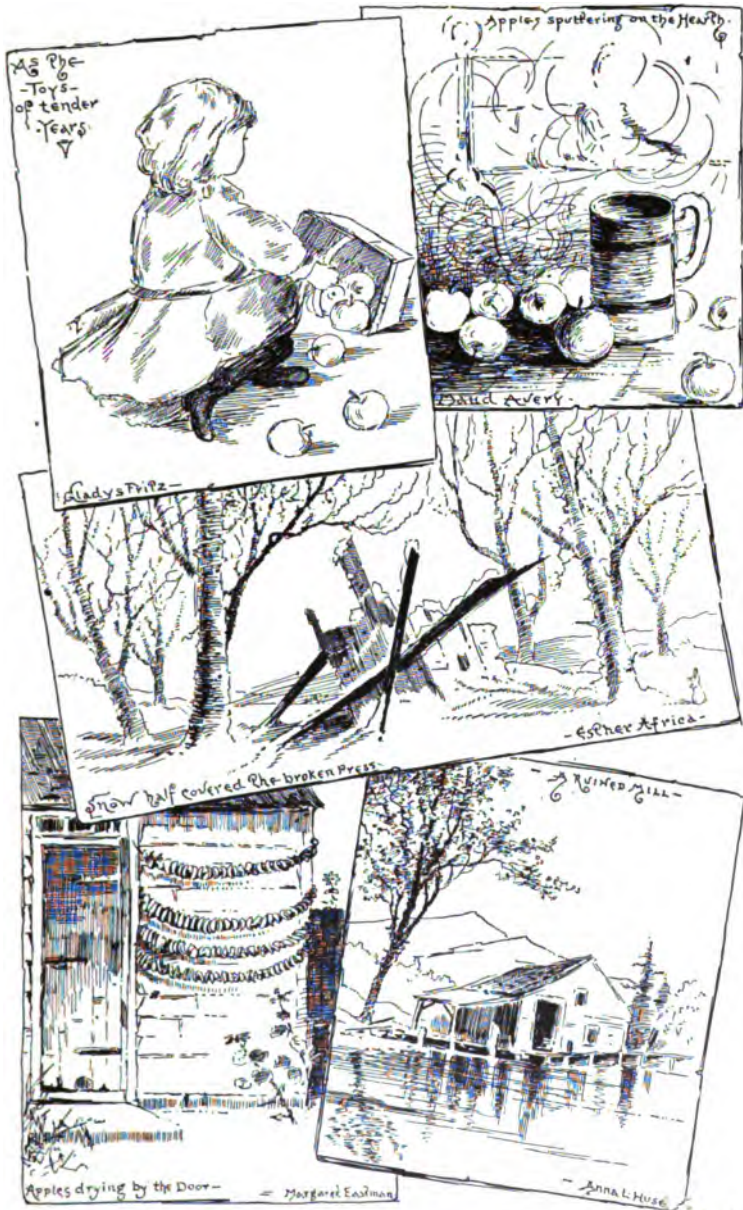
" When This Old Hat Was New."

Although his wandering had no particular direction, he had a purpose, the accomplishment of which left traces a century will not efface. He carried a stout bag in which he had seeds of the best apples he could get. Along the way, as he travelled, he planted the seeds in appropriate places. Trees, springing from his unpaid work, grew and bore fruit years after Johnny Apple Seed passed away.

What nobler chaplet does he need
 Than woven wreath of orchard bloom !
 May kindly light his footsteps lead
 Where now garnered harvests wait
 For nameless Johnny Apple Seed.

The cider mill constructed by our forefathers was doubtless patterned after the machinery used in England at the time, and is still employed in some parts of the Old World. This mill was a circular trough around which a stone weighing a ton was dragged by a horse. Ten or twelve bushels of apples would be thrown into the trough and the rock kept in motion until the apples were finely ground. This style of apparatus soon gave place to the kind of mill used by farmers half a century ago. This was a rectangular box, with upright posts at the middle of each side, fitted at the upper end with a cross piece to support the nuts, one of which extended far enough above to allow the attachment of the sweep by which a horse, slowly walking in its orbit, communicated motion to the machine. This process of grinding apples, although slow, had a peculiar advantage. It allowed the pulp to become slightly oxygenated, giving cider a richer color than that produced from apples ground in "improved" mills. The primitive mill usually stood in the orchard, the press, perhaps, under a roof. After a while the whole affair came to be shut up in a shed. From that time the old cider mill lost much of its sentimental interest. Even the horse, walking his monotonous round, when lost to sight, lost the picture part of his occupation. Sometimes, on a neglected road that leads among abandoned farms, and on past deserted houses, may be seen out in the orchard a heap of broken and mossy timber marking the place where once a mill ground the apples of a prosperous neighborhood.

Nowhere in the wide world does the apple tree bloom in such beauty as it does on our New Hampshire hills, and nowhere is its fruit finer. Although the hundred-headed dragon that waits under apple trees in the Garden of Hesperides may be said to symbolize the peril that lurks in apple-jack; still, harmless memories cluster about the old striped pitcher that sat among sputtering apples on the hearths of ancestral fireplaces.



Drawn by Pupils of Manchester High School.

MEMORIES FROM "HARVEST OF THE ORCHARD."

20

Dried apples make mighty poor pies, but strings of them, drying in the warm autumn sun by the door of a farmhouse, will stir up thoughts that one will lovingly cherish—or painfully regret—as recollection runs along those rosaries of yellow apple quarters.

“The years are heavy with weary sounds,
And their discord life’s sweet music drowns:

And I lean at times in a sad, sweet dream,
To the babbling of the mountain stream;

And sit in a visioned autumn still,
In the sunny cheer of the cider mill.”

Epping Oaks

By L. LAVINIA VERRILL.

Beneath the giant oaks to lie and dream
And watch the river dimple in the sun,
While portly turtles, slowly one by one,
Climb to the logs half floating in the stream.

Across the marshes rise the willows tall,
And from their branches, in the praise of spring,
An eager-hearted bird begins to sing
With liquid notes that softly rise and fall.

The rustling wind sweeps through the hemlock trees,
And underneath, just pushing through the moss,
The first green leaves, with sunlight gleams across,
Dance gaily in the coming of the breeze.

Nancy Priest Wakefield

The Story of her Poem, "Over the River they Beckon to me."

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.



IT is a curious fact that the most famous songs and short poems have constituted, as a rule, their author's sole claim to more than ephemeral note. John Howard Payne little dreamed that his "Home, Sweet Home" would become almost the dearest and most familiar verses in the English language. Not one person in a hundred can tell even the name of the writer of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Samuel Woodworth doubtless supposed his fame would rest upon his longer, but shallower, productions rather than upon his simple apostrophe to a common bucket. But all the poems mentioned immediately appeal to our gentler and tenderer nature, to memories and affections that are now, in our busy lives, rarely called into play, and each author, too, must have unconsciously sounded the deepest chords of his own life.

Between the years 1855 and 1859 no less than five poems under the title of "Over the River" appeared in New England publications, two of which were much above the average in merit, and one won for its author undying fame. All of these poems bore a family resemblance, yet not sufficient to indicate that the writer of either had ever seen the others or either of them; each differing from the others in rhythm and meter, in thought and treatment, and in mechanical execution. The three referred to were issued some forty years ago, and anonymously, in a broadsheet, by Hon. Clark Jillson, of Worcester, Mass. A few lines of explanation accompanied the poems, but no history was given of either, yet many of the judge's friends believed that he himself composed the earliest of these verses,

which appeared in the Boston *True Flag* of July 7, 1855. We are told that he was given to such things in those days, but it was subsequently learned that the poem was written by Annie Maria Lawrence, of Still River, Mass. The second poem under consideration appeared in the *Trumpet and Universalist Magazine*, Boston, in 1859, and was written by Anna M. Bates, a native of Hooksett, N. H., a charming versifier, who died about twenty years ago. But the poem "Over the River," which won its way to the popular heart entirely on its own merits, also produced in New Hampshire, and suggested by the beautiful scenery, was written by Nancy A. W. Priest, under the *nom de plume* of "Lizzie Lincoln," and originally appeared in the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican*, in August, 1857.

Nancy A. W. Priest Wakefield was born in Royalston, Mass., December 7, 1836, and died at Bartonville, Vt., May 28, 1869, leaving three children, the youngest but twenty-nine days old. Her parents were poor, hard-working people, and unable to give her more than the most meagre advantages of education, a defect which she always deeply regretted, and made strenuous efforts to remedy. That she possessed real genius her writings sufficiently evidence, and she began to write poetry at the age of six years. Although born and inured through all her early days to poverty and toil, yet she was also an heir to

"A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known."

Her early education was only that of a country district school, but her desire for reading was very great and she improved every spare moment for that purpose. It was the oft-repeated story re-enacted, "of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." But while she did not neglect the more valuable sources of information, the natural temper of her mind, and inclinations of her heart, led her to prefer the poets for her companions, and the "sweet witchery of song" brightened many a weary hour. Of her own first

effusions she disliked to speak, or have her parents show them to her friends, apparently doing so with something the feeling of a culprit, who had been guilty of a folly. To illustrate the value which money possessed to her childish mind, she was first induced to part with a copy of her verses to an uncle, for the compensation of a half dime. An epitaph upon a tombstone in Winchendon cemetery, composed by her before she was twelve years old, was probably her first appearance in print.

For three years Miss Priest worked for self-support in a paper mill in Hinsdale, N. H., from daylight to dark. It was while at work there, at the noon hour, on a certain stormy April day, after she had partaken of her simple lunch, that she sat by the open window looking across the Ashuelot river, then swollen and rapid with the rain, whose waters at their brightest are somewhat bronzed, and compared it, in her mind, with the solemn river which separates two worlds. After musing thus for a time, without any previous premeditation or intention, she picked up the piece of brown paper in which her humble meal had been wrapped, from the rough floor, and wrote for the Ages,—

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are lost in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see,—
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another, the household pet;
 Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale,
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.

She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
 We felt it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark ;
 We know she is safe on the further side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail ;
 And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart,
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day,
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere I know on the unseen shore
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit land ;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Carelessly dropping this wonderful poetic gem into the pocket of the dress she wore, Miss Priest returned to her arduous labors. It is said that her mother, when about to wash the garment, felt the crumpled scrap in its hidden corner and, taking it out, with difficulty deciphered the rapidly written but precious lines pencilled thereon. On returning that night from the mill, her daughter acknowledged the authorship of the poem, but hesitated to have it printed, although strongly urged to do so by a ministerial

friend who was greatly struck with the beauty and sweetness of the lines. As before stated it came to light through the columns of the *Springfield Republican*, which then had a poet for an editor. To its purity and simplicity, its great melody and beautiful rhythm, the sympathies and impulses of the public responded instantly. Almost literally she lay down to rest unknown, and awoke to find herself famous. But fame does not bring bread, and so the girl, whom all the papers were praising, toiled on in the paper mill. Everybody who knew her was surprised by the poem, but nobody as much as she. Governor Haile, by whom she was at one time employed, told the late Rev. Silas Ketchum,—to whose printed notes the writer is somewhat indebted,—friends had never before thought her capable of such things. He described her as very retiring, even to shyness, and like Nathaniel Hawthorne, naturally reticent and uncommunicative, having few intimate acquaintances; sober-minded, diligent, self-reliant and trustworthy. "Over the River" was copied by the newspaper press throughout this country and England, and, in fact, the inquiry as to the origin of the famous lines has not yet ceased. The increasing number of appreciative readers treasure it among choice things; young girls in white dresses still recite it on exhibition days to admiring audiences; even ministers enrich with it the oratory of the pulpit. In 1860 Asa B. Hutchinson set the words to music, and the "Family," alas! now reduced to a single member—having themselves gone "Over the River," the Mystic River—sung it to tens of thousands of delighted hearers, who listened with hushed breath and applauded with their tears.

At the age of twenty-two, Nancy Priest struggled against the adventitious circumstances of her position to fit herself for a teacher, and the thousands who had been so greatly touched by the high poetic expression, as well as the marked sweetness and strength of her latest productions, sympathized with her yearnings and gave her sub-

stantial support. Her marriage with Arlington C. Wakefield occurred in 1865. In the spring of 1883 a volume of her poems, entitled, "Over the River, and Other Poems," was published by her mother, Mrs. Sophia B. Priest, of Winchendon, Mass.

It has been truly said that in Nancy Priest's "Over the River" the hopes of many wounded souls have been borne to the ear of Pity, and it was very fitting that in voices burdened with sobs it was chanted at the open grave of the author, as loving hands lowered her remains to that rest among the green hills of Vermont, in that flower-decked and quiet church-yard, that "shall know no waking till the heavens be no more."

To Lake Asquam

By WALTER S. PEASLEE

Ægean seas are wondrous fair,
 And Como's waters clear;
 Killarney's lakes, far-famed in song,
 To Irish hearts are dear.
 But girted round by northern hills,
 The fairest waters play
 That e'er a summer sunset tinged
 With gold at close of day.

I sit beside thee on the shore;
 The wind's low monotone
 Among the pine boughs overhead,
 Is mingled with thine own.
 The magic of its gentle art
 Makes youthful fancies spring,
 And now once more, as when a child,
 I hear the fairies sing.

The unseen locust's shrill refrain,
 The air's dull, hazy hue,
 The fleecy clouds that lightly float
 In thy cerulean blue,
 The graceful waterfowl that sail
 Upon thy sparkling breast,
 All make a rhythmic pastoral
 That lulls my soul to rest.

TO LAKE ASQUAM

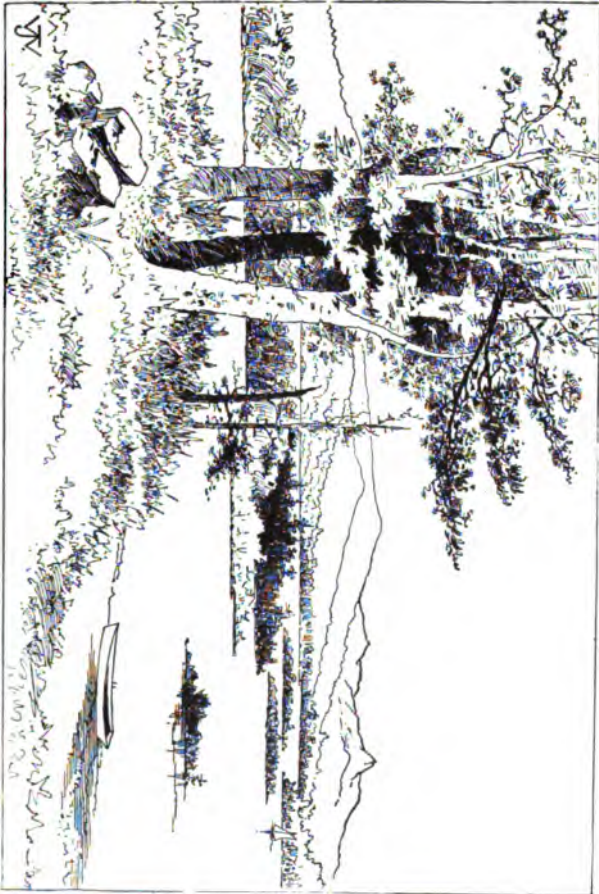
I close mine eyes, the weary years
 Roll backward and away,
 To bring instead the old-time scenes,
 The meadows and the May;
 The fragrance of the early flowers,
 The bird-songs by the brooks,
 Come floating back to me again
 From out thy shady nooks.

The cottage where I used to dwell,
 The lattice and the vines,
 Where bloomed in happy summer-time
 The rose and columbines.
 The little schoolhouse by the road,
 The willows and the pool,
 The mysteries of the woodland glades,
 The shadows dim and cool.

I wonder if to one dear friend
 Those shadows seem the same
 As when upon the gnarled old beech
 I rudely carved her name!
 I hear the music of her voice,
 Her face and form I see,
 I feel her light touch on my arm,—
 Has she forgotten me?

O comrades of the distant past,
 Beloved in days of yore,
 When of the pages in life's book
 So few were written o'er!
 I live with thee again to-day,
 By shore and shimmering wave,
 And hear thy voices mingled with
 The water's lap and lave.

Fair Asquam, nestling in thy vale,
 Where all is peace and rest,
 Whose islands on thy bosom sleep
 As on a mother's breast!
 I dream by thee till evening shades
 Upon thy waves I see,
 Then turn from thy beatitudes
 To leave my peace with thee.



Drawn by J. WARREN THYNG.

LAKE ASQUAM





The Merrimack River

Story of Its First Survey

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE



FEW years since a most interesting document was found among the old papers of Essex county, which is undoubtedly the oldest map or plan of the Merrimack valley in existence.

It is inscribed as follows :

“Plat of Meremack River from ye See up to Wenepe-soce Pond, also the Corses from Dunstable to Penny-cook. Jno. Gardner.”

While without date or explanatory papers, it is evidently the plan of the first survey of the Merrimack River from the sea to its source. This survey was probably made in 1638, as May 22, 1639, we find the court allowing one Woodward the sum of three pounds “for his journey to discover the running of the Merrimack,” while four others who went with him were allowed “5s. a day apiece.” The Governor and his deputies, evidently thinking the principal in the affair had been insufficiently paid, ordered him ten shillings more. This is in accordance with an order of the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, made in July, 1638, which authorized the above-mentioned Woodward, with three others besides an Indian guide, “to lay out the line three miles northward of the most northermost part of Merrimack.”

The name of John Gardner does not appear in either order, but the identity of the surveyor and his important connection with the expedition is clearly shown by the local records. He was the son of Thomas Gardner, who was born in 1592, and whose ancestral home was evidently in

Dorsetshire, Eng., though it has been claimed that he came to this country from Scotland.

For further particulars of the connection of these families see Dr. Gardner's valuable article published by the Salem Institute, Historical Collection, Vol. XXXVII, entitled, "Thomas Gardner, Planter, and Some of His Descendants."

He had connected himself with a body of men in Dorchester, known afterward as "The Cape Ann Planters," but styled then as "The Dorchester Company," who had organized to settle a colony on Cape Ann. This company landed in 1624, on the west side of what is now known as Gloucester harbor, but it proved that the soil and the advantages of the place were unequal to forming a successful plantation. The leaders of the company, who were still in England, discredited the unpopular report, and secured in Roger Conant a new manager for the colony.

But he soon came to dislike the place as much as the others, and in 1626 our Thomas Gardner obtained permission to remove the little disheartened colony to the mouth of Naumkeag river. Some of the most discouraged returned in their disappointment to their native land, but the boldest and most sanguine, under the efficient leadership of Thomas Gardner, entered upon their new venture with earnest purpose, and this hardy little band became the founders of Salem. As has been aptly remarked, scant credit has been bestowed upon them by the historians of early New England. In his capacity as overseer of the plantation at Cape Ann, Thomas Gardner was in truth the first man in authority within that territory, since widely known as "The Massachusetts Bay Colony." He was one of the original members of the first church in Salem; he was made a free man in 1637, and also elected a deputy to the General Court. For many years prominent in the affairs of the growing commonwealth, he died in 1674, leaving an estate of several hundred acres of land, considerable of it obtained from grants received for public services.

His wife is supposed to have been a sister of the famous Puritan divine, Rev. John White.

John Gardner, the surveyor and justice, was born in 1624, of this parentage, in the year of the landing of the Cape Ann Planters in the new country. This was four years before the coming of Endicott. The first mention of his name was made in the records of the General Court at Boston, in 1639, when "The treasurer was ordered to pay John Gardner 20s for witness charge & carrying Goodman Woodward his instruments to Ipswich." It will thus be seen that he early became acquainted with that work he so often undertook later in life. This, it will be observed, was the year following the survey of the Merrimack, and it is quite certain that young Gardner was a chain bearer for Surveyor Woodward, upon that first survey of the Merrimack, though his name is not mentioned. This does not destroy the evidence, however, as the names of Woodward's companions are not all given in the records. If one were omitted it would be most likely that of the boy of the expedition, though that same lad was to become afterwards the means of perpetuating the results of that undertaking.

In the following years the name of John Gardner appears quite frequently in the records of those times as surveyor, juror, selectman and as justice of the peace for a long period. He lived for many years in a house standing on what is now Essex street, well down toward the water. He married Priscilla Grafton, daughter of Joseph Grafton of Salem, and a prominent family in Colonial days. She was the mother of six daughters and one son, dying, it is believed, in 1717.

John Gardner died in 1706, full of years and honors, and was buried in the burial ground on "Forefather's Hill," near the present pumping station. According to Dr. Gardner's article, already referred to, "the original gravestone is still in existence, but is kept at present in the old Coffin house known as the 'horse-shoe house.'" This stone, which had marked the spot for seventy-five years, was removed for

preservation in 1881, and was replaced by a substantial granite stone with the following inscription, a copy of the original: "Here lyes buried ye body of John Gardner, Esq., aged 82 who died May, 1706."

Having said so much of the actors in the affairs, let us glance at the situation and the causes which led to the survey. Endicott, already selected by the London Company to be Governor of the colony, arrived in 1628. The General Court of London had anticipated the permanent organization of the colonists by declaring: "That thirteen of such as shall be reputed the most wyse, honest, expert and discreet persons, residents upon the Plantaceon, shall have the sole managing and ordering of the government and our affairs there, who to the best of their judgment are to endeavor to settle the same as they may make most for the Glory of God, the furtherance and advancement of this hopeful Plantaceon, the comfort, encouragement and future benefit of us and others, the beginners and promoters of this so laudable worke."

Unfortunately the records of those early years are lost, but future events show conclusively that the colonists lived fully up to the demands and expectations of the promoters of the settlement. The choice of John Endicott for governor proved a happy one, and no doubt insured much toward the ultimate success of the enterprise. It has been well said that "possessing positive traits of character, unflinching firmness united with great executive ability, he overcame difficulties that beset him on every side, and succeeded in the accomplishment of the most important trust ever entrusted to any one person, the laying of the foundation and shaping the institutions of the New World."

As paradoxical as it may seem at this day, in the course of a decade the colonists represented themselves as "straightened for the want of land." Hubbard, the historian of those times, says that Ipswich was so overrun with people that they swarmed to other places. Out of the demand for "further farms" came the order by the courts in

1638 to explore the valley of the Merrimack river to the limits of the northern boundary supposed to have been fixed by charter granted to the Massachusetts Bay Company. According to the records of the company this was as follows:

“Bounds of that part of New England, in America, which lies and extends between a great river there commonly called ‘Monoack’ alias ‘Meremack’ & a certain other river there called Charles river, being in the bottom of a certain bay here commonly called Massachusetts bay & also all and singular those lands and here diaments whatsoever lying within the space of three English miles on the south part of said Charles River, &c.

“And also all singular the lands and pereditaments whatsoever which lie, & be within the space of three English miles to the Northward of said river Called ‘Monomack,’ alias ‘Merrymack,’ or to the northward of any and every part thereof: And all lands &c. lying within the limit aforesaid, &c., &c.”

As yet the colonists could have had only the most vague conceptions concerning the course of the river which had been selected to become the continuous guide by which to establish the northern boundary. That it was necessary to carry out such a survey is evident, and the inhabitants of Naumkeag were especially anxious to further this exploration, as well as the survey of the unknown regions beyond them. That it was an undertaking fraught with danger did not for a moment cause those adventurous spirits to hesitate. Already had new plantations been established as far as Agawam, now Springfield, on the west, and Casco Bay settlement on the east. The only thing to hinder them from laying out new plantations in the desirable territory of the Merrimack valley was the settlement of the line. Accordingly, in answer to a petition from them, the General Court at Boston, on July 6, 1638, voted that “Goodman Woodward, Mr. John Stretton, with an Indian and two others appointed by the Magistrates of Ipswich, are to lay

out the line 3 miles northward of the most Northernmost part of Merrimack, for which they are to have 5s a day a piece."

The survey, which occupied about two weeks of time, was doubtless performed early in the fall of the same year, but unfortunately no special account of the journey through the trackless wilderness has been handed down. That it was filled with arduous labor and accomplished to the satisfaction of the court there is no doubt. The brave little party penetrated so far north that the shore of Lake Winnepesaukee is marked in the plan or plot, the earliest drawing of the Merrimack, with its tributaries.

From this plan the committee selected to pass upon the settlement of the matter fixed the northern line at a big pine tree standing three miles north of the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset rivers. This tree became known as Endicott's Tree, and as late as 1737, during the vexatious trial at the noted court at Salisbury, August 8, the conclusions of the evidence rested upon "a certain tree commonly known for more than seventy years past by the name of Endicott's Tree, standing three miles northward of the parting of the Merrimack river," to establish the boundary. Notwithstanding this no one ever seemed to be able to tell just where it stood, and as a matter of fact it was of little if any account as a bound.

Even allowing this to be the case, it does not diminish the value of this survey, for upon this was based the calculations leading to the better known and more permanent work performed by men composing the expedition of 1652, when it became necessary to repeat this survey by the four whose names have been handed down to history as the successful operators of an undertaking not removed from danger and difficulty at this date. No doubt at this the Woodward survey was reviewed and the old plan brought forth from its pigeon hole. Some claim the plot now in existence is a copy of the original made as late as 1668 or 1669, but does it not seem probable that it was made at this time,

granting it is a copy? It being done by John Gardner shows that he must have been familiar with the subject, and it does not seem at all reasonable that he accompanied the party, as young as he was at this time, a boy about fifteen. It is certain that he had already been an assistant to Goodman Woodward, and whom would the latter be more likely to take as a companion and helper on this trip than the nimble, brave-hearted lad that we know John Gardner to have been? Be it as it may, the work of a boy or a man, it shows commendable accuracy and completeness of detail.

A reference map shows that the first tributary is that of "Samon Brook." I follow the original spelling and capitalization, while what is known as Nashua river is given as "Canister river." The next stream marked is Naticook in Merrimack, which is spelled here "pennychok," while a little above the Souhegan is indicated under its correct orthography. One of the several minor tributaries coming from Litchfield is here set down under the name of "Naycancoke," which today is called Messenteau. Above this is "Cakusek," which can be made to stand for Cohas, while the Massabesic pond is indicated in the distance. This, as far as I know, is the first official mention of the name as applied to this body of water. The Piscataquog is very well traced under the name of "Perscataquay." Two conical shapes in the distance mark the "occonanauch" mountains, which may or may not be construed to read Uncanoonuc mountains. The falls of the Merrimack is noted under the name of "Amuskeeg," and a little above is Black brook. Above this is traced a small stream without a name, while beyond the latter the bold escarpment at the present town of Hooksett, now known as the "lookout," was indicated by a name difficult to decipher, but which may have been intended to mean "Lone Hawk Hill." A little above this, on the right, Suncook river is marked unmistakably under the spelling of "Sunckeok." Then, again on the right, is given the small stream rising in Turtle pond, East Concord, the source of this brook being marked. On the

left, a little above this, is given the small stream that connects Horse Shoe pond with the Merrimack. Just above the junction of another small stream, which was evidently that forming the outlet of Penacook pond, is found the word "Penychook," which may have been intended to denote the site of the old ancient Indian settlement in this vicinity, of the brook. Then comes under the spelling of "Pacuneshu," "Contoocook River," traced to two sources, one of these being marked simply "mountains," and the other on the north designated as "Carasaga mountain." This last no doubt meant what is now meant as Kearsarge mountain, and from this word is now claimed to have come the present name. A place that might apply to the plains of Boscawen is dignified with the designation of "brave land," a spot so associated with the memory of the ancient Amerinds for some especial reason. A few miles above this place the Winnepesaukee and Pemigewasset rivers is marked, the last traced for some distance, while the former, designated as "Winepisocke River," is followed to the great lake, here set down as "Winp. Pond."

These constitute the configurations of the outline map, there being no white man's hamlet to note on the entire distance, but only an unbroken wilderness and its primeval features. Such in brief comprises the accounts of the first survey of the Merrimack. All calculations in regard to the country must have been based upon this survey, until on May 31, 1652, the court ordered Captains Willard and Johnson to undertake their work in establishing the northern line of the Massachusetts jurisdiction.



Origin of River Names in Berlin

By BAILEY K. DAVIS



THE first stream above Berlin Falls has never been known by any other name than the Bean brook, probably from the fact that about that time Benjamin Bean commenced a farm in the township of Success, and lived there many years. This brook crossing his farm received the name of the first settler. If there ever was an Indian name it has been forgotten. The next stream is now locally known as the Horne brook. It takes its rise in and east of the township of Success. It crosses the first farm ever settled in the town of Berlin, which was settled by William Sessions in 1824, and is now known as the Tompson farm owned by the Berlin Mills Company. Tradition says the name of this brook is Molloket. Before this country was settled by white men the Androscoggin river was the great thoroughfare of the Indians from Canada to the seacoast. As long ago as 1800 to 1810 an aged Indian woman, by the name of Molly Ackett, used to make frequent pilgrimages from the seacoast to Canada. As she was the last of her race to hunt up and down this river, the probability is that the early white hunters and trappers gave her name to this brook.

The next stream above, in Milan and known as the Chandler brook, takes its rise in the mountains east of Milan, and its Indian name was Nulliekunjewa, which tradition says means "great fishing brook." At any rate this brook has always been remarkable as a wonderful place for trout. It will hardly be credited at the present time that forty or fifty years ago it was no uncommon thing for two boys to catch from four to six hundred beautiful trout in a day.

About the year 1823 or 1824, one Isaac Stearns built a saw-mill on this brook, near where the carriage road now

crosses it, and for a number of years supplied Milan with lumber. Later a grist-mill was added and for many years this stream was known as the Stearns brook. Still later the mill was purchased and operated by Henry Paine and was known as the Paine brook.

About the year 1850 Hazen Chandler and others purchased the township of Success, through which this stream runs, and erected a saw-mill and later a larger mill, doing quite an extensive business in lumber, since which time this brook has been locally known as Chandler brook.

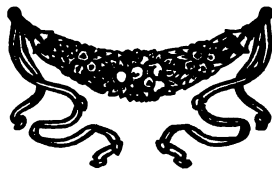
The next stream, known as the Leavitt stream, takes its name from the following sad affair, which occurred in the winter of 1818:

There were then no settlements in Milan or Berlin, but Moses Robbins had commenced a farm on Milan Hill, east of Cedar pond, coming in by way of the Connecticut river, as there was no road on the Androscoggin north of Shelburne. Two boys, William Horne and Edmund Leavitt, started to run away from their home in Stark. Their plan was to come through the woods to the Androscoggin, then follow down to the settlements in Shelburne. On account of the depth of snow they were much longer in getting to the river than they had anticipated. Night overtook them before they reached the river, and when they did they found about eight inches of water on the ice. They wore shoes and their feet were very cold, but they followed on down the river till they began to hear the roar of the falls. This frightened them so much that they concluded to retrace their steps and endeavor to reach home if possible. Some loggers, whose camp was on the Chandler brook not more than half a mile from the Androscoggin, thought they heard some one halloo, returned an answering shout and one of the men took an axe and began to chop, well knowing that the sound of an axe can be heard as far as the human voice. Hearing nothing more the lumbermen concluded they were mistaken. This crew were the only human beings on the river nearer than Shelburne, fifteen

miles away, and the boys having no knowledge of them lost their only chance of safety. On reaching the mouth of the Leavitt stream, Edmund Leavitt was completely exhausted and could go no farther, but sat down in the snow. After several unsuccessful attempts to get him started again, the Horne boy left him, thinking to secure help and send for him. At length he succeeded, after many trials, in reaching the Robbins place and telling the sad tale. Mr. Robbins and others immediately started to the rescue, but, alas! too late to save the boy's life, for when found he was frozen stiff. Since that time the brook has been known as the Leavitt stream, If there ever was an Indian name it has been lost.

There is still another brook or stream emptying its waters into the Androscoggin river in Milan, known by its Indian name Chickwoloppy. Late writers spell it Chichwolneppy, but all the people of the first part of this century spelled it Chickwoloppy as first given, and it was said to mean "frog-water," this being the only stream in the vicinity which takes its rise in a pond.

This pond is now popularly known as Success pond or Silver lake, formerly remarkable for its trout, many having been caught in past years weighing from four to six pounds each. It was also the site of the largest beaver dam ever found in this northern country. The outlines of this remarkable structure can still be plainly traced after a lapse of nearly eighty years since it was first seen by white men. It is a beautiful sheet of water one mile long by three-fourths of a mile wide and surrounded by wild mountain scenery hardly equalled by any of our northern lakes.



The Editor's Window

In connection with Professor Thyng's valuable article upon "The Harvest of the Orchard," the following account of the native countries of the different apples growing in our orchards seems of special interest: Gravenstein has come to us from the groves of Old Holstein; the Sops of Wine, from the banks of the storied Rhine; the Red Astrachan, from the frozen tundras of Northern Russia; and the hardy Tetofsky, farther yet, from the snowy steppes of Siberia. The Pearmain is a native of Old England, and one of its ancestors may have been the tree under which King Edward sought rest from the fatigue of one of his long marches; the Bellflower reigned as queen over the fruits of the picturesque Channel Islands; the famous Fameuse once brightened the orchards of William the Conqueror, said to have been brought hither from the land of Odin as the fruit of the gods. Among our native apples are to be mentioned the Northern Spy, of Rochester, N. Y.; the King, an offering from the Genesee valley, where in the days of aboriginal supremacy the lordly Iroquois cultivated their great orchards and vast fields of golden grain; the Ben Davis is a native of the Sunny South; the Greening from the state of Roger Williams; the Golden Russet, of Roxbury, Mass.; the Nonesuch, of Hubbardston, Mass.; the Baldwin, of Woburn, Mass.; the Red Russet, of Hampton Falls, N. H.

* * *

It is related that in the days gone by, when slavery existed in this state, a certain minister had a faithful slave named Pompey, who always attended church. One sultry Sunday, as the minister was in the midst of his sermon, he noticed occasionally some missiles, apparently thrown by some one, strike several sleepers, who were thereby awakened. On watching closely he saw they were thrown by Pompey who, on being discovered, shouted out: "You 'tend to yo' preaching, Massa, and I'll keep 'em awake."

11



GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

The Swiss "Good-Night"

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

It was fitting, perhaps, that our gifted poet should have found inspiration at the fountain of Swiss simplicity and patriotism for his immortal tribute to the sweet hour of sunset. New Hampshire has been frequently styled "The Switzerland of America," and while this comparison may seem more poetical than truthful to many, there is, I think, a closer affinity linking the hearts of their widely separated people than that which suggests the similarity of those ragged mountains, the trade-marks of liberty. Our esteemed contributor has endeared himself to all lovers of the picturesque scenery of the Granite State, and few poems have received wider recognition or beauty in thought and expression than the following magnetic verses, which have become household words in the homes of many lands.—*Editor.*

Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy-crowned summits lift far overhead!

'Tis the sweet "Alpine hour," when the night is descending
To brood o'er the homes where the cottagers dwell;
And the sweet *Rans des Vaches* no longer is blending
With silence—'tis evening, the time of farewell.

And yet once again the huntsman is taking
His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the door.
Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking—
"Praise the Lord, God, evermore! evermore!"



AMOSKEAG FALLS IN WINTER

Photo by A. H. SANBORN

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The Snow-Shoe Men

By EZRA S. STEARNS, A. M.



QUEEN Anne's War, in the annals of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, was an era of Indian raids upon the frontiers and a continued story of massacre, captivity and carnage. It was a war of innovation. For the first time the Indians were well armed and were guided by a superior intelligence. In 1702 England declared war with France, and instantly the frontier settlements of New England were menaced by the French in Canada. At best the Indians were bad neighbors and a treacherous foe, but when instigated, armed and disciplined in the arts of war by a cruel and cunning ally they assailed the feeble settlements in greater numbers and with renewed ferocity. The history of New Hampshire in Queen Anne's War has not been fully written. The chapters and stories of carnage and suffering found in many historical publications collectively do not constitute a completed narrative of this gloomy period of New Hampshire annals.

The details of many incidents, the exact date of many events and the names of the persons involved are still slumbering in the records and files of the archives of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. This chapter will present a brief account and attempt to discover the names of the men of a single company engaged in the early part of Queen Anne's War. Nominally it was a Massachusetts company, but many of the men became identified with New Hampshire affairs. The original township of Dunstable,

including the area of several of the present towns of New Hampshire and Massachusetts previous to the adjustment of the province line in 1741, was a part of Middlesex county and under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts. It was one of the towns of the Upper or North Middlesex Regiment, many years commanded by Col. Jonathan Tyng.

Early in 1703 William Tyng, a son of Col. Jonathan Tyng, was a lieutenant and in command of a squad of men in one of the fortified houses of Dunstable. The Indians were becoming more active and troublesome in the winter season, and in the autumn and early winter marching companies were fitted out in New Hampshire and Massachusetts for service upon the snow in the winter season. On account of the use of snow shoes, the soldiers in the records are often called "snow-shoe men." The first company of snow-shoe men was organized at Dunstable and commanded by William Tyng, who was promoted to captain. It was a Massachusetts company. It has been claimed by many writers that New Hampshire sent out the first snow-shoe companies, but in such allegation the dates and order of events are overlooked. An original pay-roll of Capt. William Tyng's company is not preserved, but the record of the payment in a gross sum is found in Massachusetts Council Records, Vol. IV, page 20, which gives the date and duration of service. "A Muster Roll [the roll missing] of the Foot Company under command of Capt. W^m Tyng, containing account of wages for services from Dec. 28 to Jan'y 25. 1703-4 four weeks, £71.—11s. including 25s to Jonathan Prescott Jun^r Chyrurgion for looking after one of the men that came home sick."

The New Hampshire companies commanded by Major Hilton and Captains Davis, Chesley and Gilman were paid May 25, 1704, and all of the commanders reported to the Council January 27, 1704, that they would not be prepared to march until after several days. See manuscript Council Records, Vol. II, pages 103 and 104, or see printed Provincial Papers, Vol. II, page 419.

Hon. Charles J. Fox, in his excellent history of Dunstable, referring to the bounty offered by Massachusetts for every Indian slain and quoting from Penhallow says, "Capt. Tyng was the first who embraced the tender. He went in the depth of winter [1703-4] to their headquarters [Pequaw-kett] and got five [scalps] for which he received two hundred pounds." In a footnote Fox erroneously asserts that this was John Tyng, eldest son of Col. Jonathan Tyng. Other writers following Penhallow have called the commander of the first snow-shoe company Captain Tyng, without other designation, while one of good reputation finding evidence of the service of William Tyng and noting Fox's mention of John Tyng, has written that Capt. William and Capt. John Tyng both commanded companies in the early progress of Queen Anne's War.

Col. Jonathan Tyng had three sons who grew to manhood:

First, John, born in 1673, graduated from Harvard University in 1691, and immediately went to England where he soon died.

Second, William, born April 22, 1679, was in the service almost continuously from 1703 until his death. He married Lucy Clark, a daughter of Rev. Thomas Clark, and settled in Chelmsford. He was a representative to the General Court from that town in 1707, and in the service was promoted, 1709, to major. In the summer of 1710, while in command of a battalion between Groton and Lan-easter, he was mortally wounded by the Indians. He was carried to Concord for medical attendance, and there died a few days later. This date is confirmed by probate records, and in the will of the father, Col. Jonathan Tyng, written a few years later, he makes mention of his deceased sons, John and William.

Third, Eleazer, born April 30, 1690, graduated from Harvard University in 1712 and was commissioned colonel in 1724. He was an influential and honored citizen of Dunstable.

Judge John Tyng, of honored memory, who by division of the town lived in Tyngsborough, Mass., was a son of Major William Tyng.

Massachusetts, then claiming jurisdiction over a large part of New Hampshire, fortified the claim by the grant of many townships within the disputed territory, and to promote the growth and development of the colony an equal number of towns were granted within the area of Massachusetts. These grants were made in rapid succession about 1735. The Canada townships were granted to the soldiers in the expedition to Canada in 1690; the Narragansett Townships, to the soldiers in the Narragansett or King's Philips War and the two Lovewell townships, Pembroke, N. H., and Petersham, Mass., to the soldiers who served in one or more of the three expeditions commanded by Capt. John Lovewell. As a part of these proceedings, and on the petition of John Shepley and Ephraim Hildreth, a township was granted, in 1735, to the soldiers of the first snow-shoe company under Capt. William Tyng. The General Court provided that there should be sixty grantees or proprietors and three public rights or shares, so that each of the sixty grantees should own one undivided sixty-third part of the township. The General Court appointed a committee, consisting of William Dudley of the Council and Col. Benjamin Prescott and William Tompson of the House, to determine who should be admitted as grantees. The committee was instructed to admit forty-six men in Tyng's Company, six men who served in one or more of the three expeditions under Capt. John Lovewell, and who had been omitted in the grants of Pembroke and Petersham, and also to admit a few of the soldiers in the Fort Fight or Long March of the Narragansett War, to make the number of sixty grantees. The township on the east bank of the Merrimack river was promptly surveyed and was called Tyngstown or Tyng's Township, and included the greater part of the area of present Manchester. By the adjustment of the province line in 1741 the charter became void

and, to compensate the grantees, Massachusetts gave them the township now Wilton, Me. The history of Tyngstown during a few years of activity is one of exceeding interest, but it is not within the province of this chapter.

In the admission of grantees the committee of the General Court first prepared and admitted "A List of the Souldiers that went out under the Command of Capt. W^m Tyng to Winepiscocheag the year 1703." The list of forty-four soldiers who became proprietors is found in the Tyngstown Record Book in the office of the city clerk of Manchester. In all, the committee admitted sixty grantees, including themselves.

In the following abbreviated notices of the sixty grantees or proprietors of Tyngstown, the first forty-four were soldiers in the first snow-shoe company commanded by Capt. William Tyng. No. 45, Judge John Tyng, undoubtedly was admitted on account of the service of his father. The credentials of the admission of several other grantees are stated.

PERSONAL SKETCHES.

1. John Shepley, son of John, was born in Chelmsford, Mass., in 1677. A few years later the family removed to Groton, Mass., where the father, mother and all the children except John were killed by the Indians, July 27, 1694. John, then seventeen years of age, was carried into captivity where he remained three and one-half years, when he returned to Groton. In memory of the massacre of his kindred, undoubtedly he was a willing recruit in Captain Tyng's company. Subsequently he was prominent in the town and church affairs of Groton. He was a representative nine years. He died September 14, 1736. Among his descendants is the late Ether Shepley, a former United States Senator and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Maine.

2. Joseph Parker, Groton, son of Capt. Joseph and Margaret Parker, was born in Chelmsford March 30, 1653.

The family removed to Dunstable in 1675, where Joseph, Sr., was a constable seven years. Joseph, Jr., had considerable experience in Indian warfare. He removed from Dunstable to Groton and there died about 1725, leaving a large estate.

3. Richard Warner, Groton, son of Samuel and Mercy (Swan) Warner, was born in Ipswich August 13, 1676. He lived in Groton many years.

4. Nathaniel Woods, Groton, son of Samuel and Alice (Rushton) Woods, was born in Groton March 25, 1668. He lived in Groton, where he died June 20, 1738. Gen. Henry Woods of Pepperell, born September 4, 1733, was a grandson. He was a brother of No. 30, Samuel Woods.

5. Joseph Blanchard, Dunstable, son of Deacon John and Hannah Blanchard, was born in 1669. He was a prominent citizen of Dunstable, where he died in 1727. His son, Hon. Joseph Blanchard, born February 11, 1704, was one of the Royal Council of New Hampshire, agent of the Masonian Proprietors and a colonel of the French and Indian War.

6. John Cummings, Dunstable, son of John and Elizabeth (Kinsley) Cummings, was born July 7, 1682. His father, John Cummings, was a sergeant when his house was assaulted and his wife was killed by the Indians July 3, 1706. John, the son, lived in Dunstable and later in Westford, where he died April 27, 1759.

7. Thomas Lund, Dunstable, son of Thomas Lund, one of the earliest settlers of Dunstable, was born there September 9, 1682. He was slain by the Indians, with seven others, at Naticook September 5, 1724.

8. William Whitney, Groton, son of Joshua and Abigail (Tarbell) Whitney, was born in Groton February 28, 1677-8. He lived in Groton until about 1720, when he removed to Plainfield, Conn., where he died in 1754.

9. John Longley, Groton, son of William and Deliverance (Pease) Longley, was born —. At the memorable attack upon Groton, July 27, 1694, the father and mother

and five of their eight children were slain. John and two sisters were carried into captivity. John returned to Groton in 1698. See John Shepley, No. 1. John Longley lived an honored citizen of Groton, where he died May 25, 1750.

10. Joseph Perham, Groton, son of John and Lydia (Shepley) Perham, was born in Chelmsford December 22, 1669. He lived in Dunstable and, by revision of town lines, in Nottingham West, now Hudson. At the time of his service in Captain Tyng's company he was a resident of Groton.

11. Joseph Butterfield, Dunstable, son of Joseph and Lydia (Ballard) Butterfield, was born in Chelmsford June 6, 1680. He removed early in life to Dunstable, living in the section of the town now Tyngsborough, where he died in 1757. His daughter, Deborah, was the wife of Col. Samuel Moor of Litchfield.

12. John Spalding, Chelmsford, son of Andrew and Hannah (Jefts) Spalding, was born August 20, 1682. He lived through life in Chelmsford. He died March 7, 1760.

13. John Spalding, Jr., Chelmsford, son of John and Hannah (Hale) Spalding, was born in Chelmsford February 15, 1659. Late in life he removed to Plainfield, Conn. His son, Samuel, born August 5, 1686, represented his father's interests in Tyngstown.

14. Henry Spalding, Chelmsford, son of Andrew and Hannah (Jefts) Spalding, was born November 2, 1680. He was a brother of No. 12. He married a daughter of Thomas Lund, Sr.

15. William Longley, Groton, son of John and Hannah Longley, was born March 12, 1669.

16. Ebenezer Spalding, Chelmsford, son of Lieut. Edward and Margaret (Barrett) Spalding, was born January 13, 1683. He lived in Chelmsford and later in Nottingham West, now Hudson.

17. Samuel Davis, Groton, son of Samuel and Mary Davis, was born in Groton January 8, 1669-70. He re-

moved from Groton to Chelmsford in 1707. Many of his descendants have resided in New Hampshire.

18. Joseph Lakin, Groton, was the son of Ensign John and Mary Lakin. He was town clerk and selectman of Groton, where he died April 1, 1747.

19. Nathaniel Blood, Groton, son of Nathaniel and Anna (Parker) Blood, was born in Groton, Mass., January 16, 1679. He resided in Groton and there his nine children were born. His oldest son, William, died in the service in 1759, and his youngest son was a lieutenant in the Revolution.

20. John Holden, Groton, son of Stephen and Hannah Holden, was born in 1683. He was captured by the Indians at Groton in 1697 and remained in captivity nearly two years. His father and a brother were captured at the same time. John Holden lived in Groton, where he died December 27, 1753.

21. Jonathan Page, Groton, son of John and Faith (Dunster) Page, was born in Watertown June 24, 1677. His father lived many years in Groton, of which town he was a prominent citizen, where he died October 10, 1751. His brother, Samuel Page, was the first settler of Lunenburg, Mass., and the ancestor of Gov. John Page of New Hampshire.

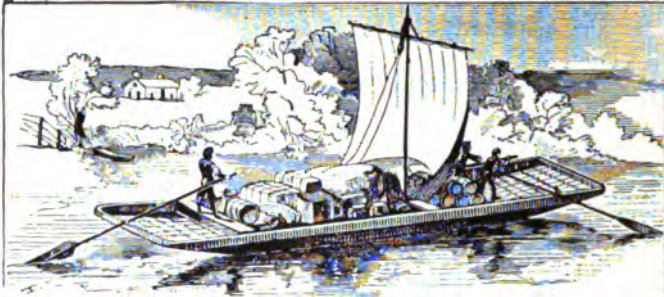
22. Nathaniel Butterfield, Chelmsford, son of Nathaniel and Deborah (Underwood) Butterfield, was born about 1676. He lived in Chelmsford, where he died in 1749.

23. Jonathan Butterfield, Chelmsford, was probably a son of Nathaniel and Deborah (Underwood) Butterfield, and a brother of No. 24.

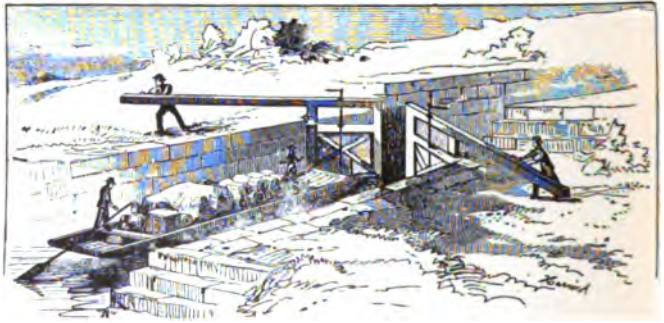
24. John Hunt, Billerica, son of Samuel and Ruth (Todd) Hunt was born in Billerica in 1680. He lived in the part of Billerica now Tewksbury, where he died January 22, 1740-41.

(To be continued in the May number)

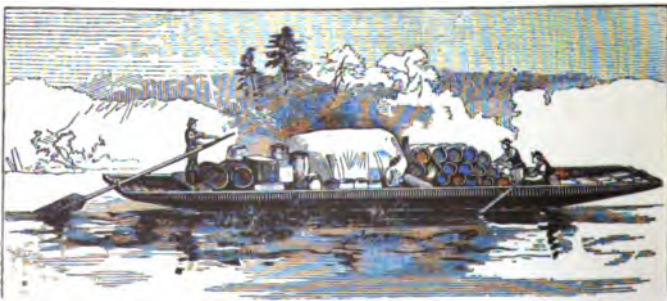




WITH WIND AND CURRENT



BOAT ENTERING LOCKS



MOVING UP THE RIVER

The Merrimack River

Boating Days and River Men

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE



TO PERIOD in the history of the busy Merrimack from the morning of July 17, 1605, when it was discovered by De Champlain, to the present date, is fraught with more exciting interest than the boating days of the first half of this century and immediately preceding the appearance on its banks of the iron horse, which was to bring such a revolution in the methods of traffic. Boston had already become a promising metropolis of twenty thousand inhabitants, while all along the northward course, as far north as Concord, N. H., thriving villages had come into existence, demanding increased business facilities and better and cheaper means of transportation than were afforded by the slow-moving ox trains, or the desultory rafting on the river practiced to uncertain extents at occasional intervals. But before the stream could be successfully utilized as an inland maritime highway, the passage of its falls must be rendered feasible by locks, and the rocky shallows and devious windings escaped by artificial waterways.

The first step in this direction was the building of the Middlesex canal, which was projected by Hon. James Sullivan and begun in 1794, to be completed in 1803. This waterway stopped at what is now known as Middlesex village, about two miles above Lowell, and was twenty-seven miles in length. Immediately upon its completion other companies and individuals, aided more or less by the Middlesex corporation, undertook to continue the work of making the river navigable by building locks, dams and canals where needed, until a point two miles north of Concord was

reached—fifty-two miles in length—Judge Samuel Blodget fitly completing the great scheme of engineering by his canal of Amoskeag, which was formally opened on May Day, 1807. That part of the system below Amoskeag, comprising the dams and locks at Merrill's Falls, near Granite bridge, and Griffin's Falls below, was done by the Union Lock and Canal Company, superintended by Isaac Riddle of Bedford.

To Superintendent Riddle belongs the credit, in association with Major Caleb Stark of Dunbarton, of constructing the first canal boat that ever plied on the Merrimack. The work was done at Bedford Center, and the boat was so different from anything the people had seen as to call forth numerous expressions of surprise and often of ridicule. The nearest approach to its style of construction that we have now is the flat-bottomed scow used to bring brick down the river from Hooksett. This odd craft, when completed, was drawn to Basswood Landing on the Piscataquog, near the bridge, by forty yoke of oxen, and launched amid the tremendous cheering of a large crowd of curious spectators. This boat, appropriately named the "Experiment," was promptly loaded with lumber and started on its pioneer trip to Boston, where it was hailed with greater demonstration than at its starting point, the firing of cannon mingling with the shouts of the spectators. The newspaper of the day, the *Boston Centinel and Federalist*, had the following notice concerning the arrival of Captain Riddle's boat:

"Arrived from Bedford, N. H., Canal Boat Experiment, Isaac Riddle, Captain, via Merrimack River and Middlesex Canal."

This was in the fall of 1812, and Captain Riddle immediately found himself beset with orders for the shipment of large contracts of lumber and merchandise. His business increased so rapidly that in 1816 a store and boat house was built at Piscataquog bridge, and two years later locks were built just above the island at the mouth of the river.

While I haven't the data at hand to describe the incident, I am well assured that a boat was built and launched at Nashua at about the same time, possibly a little earlier than Captain Riddle launched his "Experiment." Even before his boat had made its initial trip, the Merrimack Boating Company had been organized in Boston to transport freight from that place to Concord and way stations through Middlesex canal and Merrimack river. The first boat belonging to this corporation was taken up the river in October, 1814, and commenced on regular trips the following June. From the beginning of operations by this company thirty years of uninterrupted and successful boating followed on the Merrimack. It is true passengers had to depend, as before, on the stage coaches, but all the products of the country were taken to market, and such merchandise as was needed brought up on the return trip to the places along the route. The granite in Quincy market building was transported from Concord by these boats.

In 1817 steam power was unsuccessfully applied and the project abandoned after one trial. But later a steamer called the "Herald" was built above Pawtucket Falls, launched in 1834, and made regular trips between Lowell and Nashua, when Lowell had but fourteen thousand inhabitants and Nashua only a few hundred. In 1838 she was lengthened to ninety feet, and would carry five hundred passengers. In 1840 she was floated over the falls to Newburyport and thence taken to New York, where she was run as a ferry boat between New York city and Brooklyn.*

The boating season opened as soon as the river was clear of ice in the spring and continued until cold weather. Five days were consumed in the upward trip and four days in going down the river. Twenty tons were considered an average load as far as Lowell, and fifteen tons above that point, except during low water, when not more than half that burden could be carried. At the beginning, \$13.50

*G. B. Griffith.

was the charge for up freight to the extreme landing in Concord, and \$8.50 for down transportation; but these prices were gradually reduced, until in 1838 only \$5 and \$4 were the respective charges. The total amount of business done during the years 1816-1842 was \$468,756, going upward, and \$220,940 downward. Before the boating began \$20 a ton was charged by teams for the entire route.

The Merrimack Boating Company was succeeded by the Concord Boating Company in 1823, and that in turn gave up business in 1844. The largest number of boats believed to be on the river at any one time was twenty. These boats, built to meet the peculiar requirements of river navigation, were not less than forty-five or over seventy-five feet in length, and from nine to nine and one-half feet in width at the middle. Those on the Merrimack were generally of the greatest length, nine feet wide at midway, but a little narrower toward the ends, flat-bottomed across the center but rounded up at bow and stern, so that while they were three feet deep at mid-length the sides were barely a foot high at the extremities. Two-inch pine planks were used in their construction, these being fastened to three-by-four-inch cross joints and side knees of oak, with cross timbers of the same wood at the ends. The seams were calked with oakum and pitched. No cross thwarts were needed, but a stout plank nailed across from side to side about a foot forward of midway served the double purpose of strengthening the boat and affording support to a mast raised to carry a square sail attached to a cross-yard, and which under favorable circumstances could be made to assist in the propulsion of the heavily loaded boat. These spars varied somewhat in length, being from twenty to twenty-four feet long and six inches in diameter at the foot. A rope running through a single block at the top enabled the boatman to hoist or lower the sail at will.

The main means of propulsion against the current were the setting poles in the hands of two strong bowmen, who were assisted, at such times as his attention was not

occupied in steering the unweildy craft, by the skipper in the stern. These poles, commonly called pike poles, were fifteen feet long, two inches in diameter and made round and smooth out of the best ash wood, with the lower end armed with an iron point. At intervals, between the canals, when a favoring breeze made it practical, the sail was run up and gave material aid ; but after all it was the muscle of the brawny pike men that carried the heavily laden barge onward and upward toward its destination.

The peculiar method of propulsion is thus described by one who was familiar with the work : "To propel the boat by poling, a bowman stood on either side of the bow, with his face toward the stern, and thrusting the pike end of his pole down beside the boat in a slanting direction toward the stern until it struck the bottom of the river, he placed his shoulder against the top of the pole, and, with his feet braced against the cross timbers in the bottom of the boat, he exerted the strength of his body and legs to push the boat forward. As it moved, he stepped along the bottom of the boat, still bracing his shoulder firmly against the pole, until he had walked in this manner to the mast board—or, rather, until the movement of the boat had brought the mast board to him. He then turned around and walked to the bow, trailing the pole in the water, thrust it again to the bottom of the river and repeated the pushing movement." It must be understood that the cargo was piled along the middle of the boat so as to allow of a narrow passageway on each side.

The passage down the stream was of course easier and more rapid, the men relying principally on scull oars for means of propulsion, these oars being about the same length as the poles, with six-inch blades on the lower portion. The oarsmen stood close to either side of the boat, and about six feet from the bow, each working his oar against a thole pin fastened on the opposite gunwale, and, the oar handles crossing, it was necessary that they be worked together, which moved the craft evenly on its way.

The steering oar was nearly twenty feet long, and secured at the middle to a pivot on the stern cross timber. The blade was about twenty inches in width, and this like the others was made of the toughest and strongest ash. The steersman at his post in the stern had his pike pole and sculling oar at hand to lend such assistance as he could to the bowmen, whenever he was not occupied in guiding the boat along the laborious course.

The agent at Concord lower landing hired the men making up the crews of the company, from \$16 to \$26 a month being paid. A large proportion of these boatmen were from Manchester and Litchfield. Brought up in the knowledge and experience of fishing at the Falls and rafting lumber down the river, they were superior boatmen. Among them was Joseph M. Rowell, who had been a raftsman, and of whom it is related as a specimen of what might be required of a man in that capacity, that he rafted in one day two lots of lumber from Curtis eddy, nearly opposite No. 5 Amoskeag Mill, to Litchfield, nine miles, and walked back each time with a forty-pound scull oar on his shoulder. For this day's double work he got three dollars. Despite the hardships of his earlier life, Mr. Rowell lived to a good old age.

Among the best known of the river men was Capt. Israel Merrill, who had the distinction of being pilot of the steamer that made its "experimental" trip up the river in 1817. He was a tall, powerful man, of whom many reminiscences of bravery and hardihood are still related. He received a gold medal for saving two men from drowning in the river, at the imminent risk of losing his own life. John McCutchens, afloat on a raft of lumber above Eel Falls, and finding it getting beyond his control, leaped into the water to attempt to swim to the bank. Unable to do this he was carried over the dam built just above the falls, but managed to catch upon a wooden pin on the top of the planking. Captain Merrill, seeing his perilous situation, swam down to the place and pulled him to a rock, from

which they were rescued soon after by some men in a boat. Matthew McCurdy fell into Pulpit stream and was swept down against a jam of logs, where he clung until Captain Merrill swam to his assistance. It was the same redoubtable captain who made the long-talked-of race with another boatman from Concord to Boston, coming in at the end of this eighty-one-mile stubbornly contested trial a boat's length ahead of his rival, who paid for his folly by the loss of his life from over-exertion.

The quickest trip of which there is record was made in 1833 by Samuel Hall, John Ray, and Joseph M. Rowell, who started with a boatload of men from the mouth of Piscataquog river at eight o'clock on the morning of June 30, went to Medford, into Medford river, back into Middlesex canal and into Boston, got a load of goods and reached home on the evening of July 3, having been only four days on the trip and return. The last boat on the Middlesex canal made its final trip in 1851.

As a rule travel was suspended at sunset, the men planning so as to be near one of the convenient stopping-places along the route at nightfall. The passage of the Middlesex canal consumed one day; another enabled them to reach Cromwell's Falls, fifteen miles this side; the third took them through Amoskeag locks; and the fourth, everything proving exceptionally favorable, found them at their destination. The rendezvous at Amoskeag was the old Blodget house, kept respectively by Samuel P. Kidder, "Jim" Griffin, and Frederick G. Stark.

Samuel P. Kidder was the first agent appointed by the boating company to superintend the Union canals and collect tolls, continuing until his death in 1822, when he was succeeded by Frederick G. Stark, who held the position to 1837. The books kept by both these agents are now in the possession of Frederick G. Stark, of Manchester, a nephew of the first named. Through his courtesy the writer has examined the several volumes, and gives the fol-

lowing extract to illustrate the methods and amount of business :

"No. 97	Daniel Jones	18 Shows.
	" July 8, 1829	
" Bow Canal	103M Pine Lumber and Timber at 34	35.02
	" 62M Shingles at 03	1.86
		<u>36.88</u>
' Hooksett Canal	103M Pine Lumber and Timber	
	at 18	18.54
	" 62M Shingles at 2	1.24
		<u>19.78</u>
" Amoskeag Canal	103M Pine Lumber and Timber	
	at 50	51.50
	" 62M Shingles at 6	3.72
		<u>55.22</u>
		<u>\$111.88</u>

" Paid July 28th."

The amount of business for the month of October, 1821, was \$759.80; while for the same month in 1831 it was \$1,598.65, having more than doubled in the decade.

Accidents were less common than might have been expected. One boat capsized at Goffe's Falls, and Edward Killicut was killed. Another was carried over Amoskeag Falls, a yoke of oxen attached to it being saved from the same fate by the presence of mind of Joseph M. Rowell, who rushed into the water and cut the rope that held them.

In the midst of the bustle and hard-earned success of these stalwart sons of old-time progress came the announcement of that new power which was to rob them of their means of livelihood. Naturally this aroused bitter opposition on their part, and as an illustration of the reluctance of the spirit of the times to accept the new way for the old, the *Boston Transcript* of September 1, 1830, said: "It is not astonishing that so much reluctance exists against plunging into doubtful speculation. The public is itself divided as to the practicability of the railroad." A member of the Massachusetts legislature was on record as saying: "Railroads, Mr. Speaker, may do well enough in the old countries, but will never be the thing for so young a coun-

try as this. When you can make the rivers run back it will be time enough to make railways." The waters of the Merrimack continued to run according to the laws of gravitation, but the railroad, in spite of all human opposition, came, and, like an avenging Nemesis, followed almost identically in the tracks of the skeleton of departed greatness,—the canals, which had made its coming possible.

There is no doubt that the adventurous lives led by the boatmen tended to bring out the rougher element of their natures, and a considerable number drank, gambled and entered zealously into the more boisterous sports ; but they were always faithful to duty, kind-hearted to a fellow-being in distress, and many of them carried beneath their coarse jackets more than an average allowance of real manhood. They belonged to a very necessary class of citizens in their day, but which in the evolution of the swiftly following years has been supplanted by another, and only a memory of their usefulness remains. The shriek of the car whistle ended the boatman's song, while his inspiring watchword, as he toiled laboriously toward the upper waters of old Amoskeag, "One more stroke for old Derryfield," found its death knell in the heartless snort of the iron horse, which threw at once those hardy men out of the only employment they knew. Here and there some shattered landmark dimly remains to remind us of them and their gigantic work, but the wooden dams and locks have long since crumbled away, the canals have been filled and their banks leveled, while the icy floods of spring have played such sad havoc with the granite abutments that even they fail to stand as their monument.

The King

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

The sturdy king of toil is wisest,
The crown of good deeds best—
He who most deserves our homage—
The king of honor blest.

Oldtime Sketches

Memories of the Fireplace

By THE NESTOR OF THE FARMS

How dear is all it shines upon,
That firelight of the past.

—*Meredith.*



I AM about to relate what is the imagery of history, mellowed by the memories of three generations. The hearthstone was the family altar in the days of the pioneers. The bright-hued angel that presided here was the unconscious medium drawing the family together with an ideality of result that no modern radiator or furnace affords. In the silent language of invisible forces it formed that sacred circle of loved ones, and taught them obedience and good manners with a deeper conviction than any work on etiquette that was ever written. "If you pass before me, you cast your shadow upon another: Therefore, be careful how you move; know your place," were the constant admonitions spoken by the tongues of flame. It was an example of unselfishness, the root of civility and good behavior. I remember of hearing an old pastor remarking: "The cheerful spirit of the oldtime fireplace was more helpful in the family than a minister," and he had preached the love of Christ for more than forty years.

The fireplace was the natural outcome of the campfire of the aborigine. If it lost something of the spirit of freedom and exhilaration given the other by the invisible walls of space, it brought the refining sense of closer communion of life and thought, a deeper concentration of love and duty. The open fire of the pioneer's humble home was in keeping with the hearty, generous, rugged nature of the

men of those trying times. Think of a cabin home heated by some such an iron box as the modern stove! I am always struck by the inconsistency of things upon seeing a lumberman's camp heated by a little seven by nine stove. Such poor contrivances are sadly out of place in the wilderness.

Some of the olden fireplaces were built upon such startling dimensions that they were wide enough to let a yoke of oxen, with their load of well-seasoned oak, pass between the jambs. I have heard grandfather tell of lying on his back in the chimney corner and watching the Great Dipper as it swung around the axis of the sky. In the summer time it became the sooty route of myriads of mosquitoes swarming into the dwelling, until the occupants were forced to beat a hasty retreat into the open air, or make a desperate defense by building a fire to rout the enemy. Remove the wide-mouthed stone fireplace, reaching nearly across the side of one of the rough-hewn log cabins of our ancestors, and you have robbed it of its star feature.

Builded upon a prodigious plan, it had a hunger for huge green backlogs and well-seasoned foresticks, and how many cords of ash trees, oak, chestnut and maple, felled in the prime of life, found here their crematory! What an amount of insufferable heat was wasted upon its shivering victims, while it afforded a passage for cold air that defied the ingenuity of man to circumvent.

"The fireplace broad let down the cold,
And an outlet gave for hot air, too."

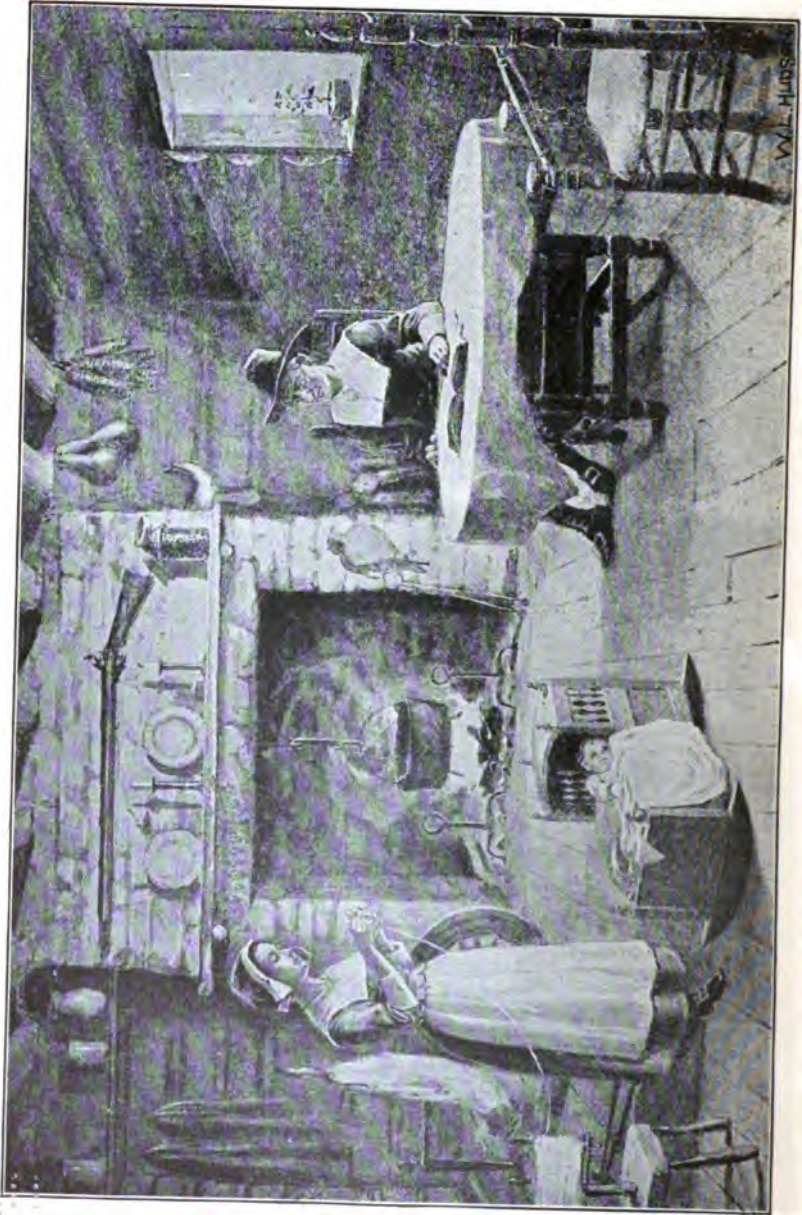
Its drawing powers were remarkable, viewed in the light of science. "Drawing powers?" questioned Uncle Life Story, who was gifted with a very vivid imagination, not to say sight, "your Franconia stoves ain't nowhere compared to it. My father's house had one of 'em old-fashioned fireplaces, and I remember when I was a littlester of laying in front of it, munching chestnuts atween my teeth, and watching the draught pulling slivers of wood

across the hearthstone. It had just drawn into the fire one as big as my thumb, when I see the old cat dozing on her favorite rug in front of the fire begin to move. She didn't seem to be awake, and pretty soon I see she was going rug and all! I didn't think of any hurt to the old cat, so I sot to and watched the rug while it was pulled nearer and nearer the fire, with Tabby sleeping as peaceful as ever. It was a tremendous windy night, and the old fireplace seemed on the rampage, and the closer that cat and rug got to the fire the faster they moved. I was getting afraid Tab would get her fur scorched, and was going to pull the rug back, when there came a mighty blast of wind, so the old chimney fairly rocked. In the midst of it there was a terrible commotion. The ashes flew all about, the fire sputtered and the cat screamed, but in spite of her claws and clawing, she was carried up that chimney like a streak of blue lightning! Before any of us could speak, another tremendous pull from that old fireplace wrenched off the button from the door, which flew in with a crash, and the howling wind charged upon us with all the fury of Taylor's booted cavalry storming the guns of Monterey; what is is and it can't be argified."

Sometimes the opposite from what Uncle Life pictured so picturesquely was the result, when the fireplace was more obdurate than a balky mule. In case it did not draw well, the upper part of the opening was covered by a "chimney cloth," to keep the smoke from filling the room.

If a dragon in its hunger for the offerings of the forest, wood was a small item in those days; and if its intense heat blistered the face, while cold chills played at hide and seek up and down the back, these old-fashioned fireplaces were the scenes of many hours of quiet happiness, and upon their hearthstones were laid the plans and drafts in rough of that form of government which is both our boast and our blessing to-day. Here the tyranny of a king was escaped, and liberty grew into tangible shape. In lieu of the songs of motherland, "Chevy Chase," "Hearts of Win-





AN OLD-TIME KITCHEN

W. L. HUBBS

sor," and other oldtime favorites, were sung the ballads of Lovewell's deadly fight on the meadows of the Saco, and Hiiton's Indian raids. In place of the bloody massacres of Glencoe and Londonderry, or the battle of Hastings, were related the massacre of the Bradleys at Penacook, Kilburn's gallant defense of his home, or the story retold of some nameless march into the northern wilderness in quest of hapless loved ones borne away to a fate worse than death by some merciless foe.

As the backlog burned low, and the smouldering embers cast weird figures on the rough walls, stories of witchcraft awoke the sleepy listeners, until the vivid imagination peopled the blackened background with the grotesque figures of an uncanny race.

The fireplace was the origin of the first lamp of New England, the pitch-pine torch, whose bright blaze won for it the name of "the candle-wood." In time these came to be stuck in iron holders fixed in niches at the corners of the fireplace. These were in use by the poorer class as late as 1820 or 1830. Not only did these flickering lights afford opportunity for the busy housewife to ply her shuttle or industrious needles, but by them many a lesson was conned o'er by the diligent youth seeking after knowledge in the days when education meant more than it does even in this age of enlightenment, when nearly every person has the opportunity to acquire an education. By these lamps the signers of the Declaration of American Independence obtained the rudiments of their meagre store of knowledge. Stretched at full length upon the hearthstones our Clays, our Wilsons, our Lincolns imbibed that spirit of intelligent freedom which stood them in such stead during the crucial periods of our government. The hearthstone is, indeed, the foundation of liberty in every land. By its immortal torch the Northman made his vow of conquest for human rights; by its light the hunted Siberian pledged himself anew to the battles of his snowy realm; by its glimmer the "sons of oak," who were the first to herald the coming freedom

of Gaul, joined hand in hand, while they sang their oaths of freedom in the misty days when history made a blurred and faded page.

If the fireplace was the scene of many a serious phase of life, so it was the witness of many hours made lightsome by fun and frolic of a more sedate sort than often reigns to-day, for people in those trying times naturally took life more seriously than at present. The child never dared to answer back the parent by even a look of rebellion, much more a word. The slightest move of the mother's finger was law, while the frown of a father's face was sure to drive the youngster into exile, or into a corner of silence. Still human nature was something what it is to-day, and sentiment was prone to assert its presence, though courting among the young people was closely watched by the elders, and even the fireplace showed little if any sympathy for the love-lit heart. It was too wide to allow very close positions, and usually the lovers were compelled to sit one at either side, with ten feet or more of hearth between them. But here, while the older members talked of the trials of the day just past or planned for the work of the morrow, and the youngsters played upon the floor building air castles of dreams, the lovers had only to telegraph by eye and hand the sentiments that stirred their bosoms, or it might be they obtained some coveted position with only a table separating the hearts that beat only for each other. If custom was rigid in her rule, love's young dream, which has laughed at locksmiths, here burst the bonds of silence by bringing into use that primitive telephone, the "courting stick." This was a hollow tube half an inch or more in diameter, and of a length sufficient, as you may believe, to span the width of a table or reach across the widest fireplace. Then, while the fire, as if laughing at love's victory, crackled loudly and the sterner members of the group became absorbed in their trying problems, as yet undreamed of by the happy twain, they repeated their vows of constancy and happiness.

“While the rest could see the sight
But could not hear the sound.”

In the days of the courting stick the loving swain was expected to say his farewell by nine o'clock, and the parting followed immediately the tall clock in the corner tolled forth, as if in sorrow for what it was doing, the curfew hour. There is ample evidence to show, though the old fireplace never betrayed the secret, that sometimes lovers more ardent than prudent managed to break this rule, only to suffer the consequence if found out. It is related that a pair of these lovers, having excited the suspicions of their elders, were watched one night and were caught sitting “side by side, he haveing his arm around here waist, and shee, oh shame, had hers about his neck.” Then they were seen to kiss, and so loud was the smack that the watchers heard it plainly. At least they so swore in court that “He kist ye mayden once and she kist him.” What the punishment was the records do not show, but I trust it was not heavy for I am sure the tender sentiment was not overestimated in those puritanical days.

In due course of time the old fireplace came to witness a revolution even in love-making, and the lovers were given opportunity to lay aside the courting stick, and while the old folks properly retired from the scene they were enabled to sit in closer commuion, while they told o'er and o'er again the same old sweet story which has lightened human lives since time immemorial.

The chimneys and fireplaces gradually grew smaller, as the years crept on with their changes. Then “the chimney of our fathers,” as Franklin styled it, disappeared and, to the grief of many an old, kind-hearted grandmother or grandfather, the “stove” came in to take its place. As early as 1700 there were so-called “stoves” used in Boston, though these were really a sort of open grate brought over from London. The first stove that I know of used in this state was made at Franconia from the ore of a mine now within the limits of Lisbon, and first made about 1800.

This was a heavy, unsatisfactory affair, and was succeeded by the James stove, made in New York, some ten or fifteen years later.

In due course of time, following the rude log cabin of the pioneer, came the old-styled cottage, one specimen of which is very vividly pictured in my mind. Its single story was low, its roof broad, and the huge chimney lifting its mighty top through the middle of the roof stopped short a little above the ridge-pole, as if ashamed of its size. Even if stunted at the top, enough brick, and they had been drawn over thirty miles, had been put into that chimney to build an ordinary house to-day. But it was not an altogether unwise provision, for three of its sides were utilized to afford those capacious openings by which as many rooms were heated during the long, severe New Hampshire winters. These apartments consisted of the big summer kitchen, usually unoccupied during the cold weather, the front or "living room," and the west or "spare room." What an opening did that old fireplace present in the kitchen! It was at least four feet in height, and as many or more—I think it must have been six—feet in breadth, with a stone hearth built out into the floor for at least a yard. This was fitted up for all the conveniences of cooking. From the brick wall on the left hand hung the sooty iron arm called the "crane," which swung from two hinges fixed in the brick work. From this four or five sliding hooks, of varying lengths, were suspended to support the kettles and iron pots used by the housewife. Long, heavy andirons to hold up the larger logs stood half-buried in the ashes, while there were fire-dogs or creepers to support the smaller sticks. Then there were cob-irons, with sharp-pointed hooks to hold the spit.

I remember with what pride Aunt Jenny used to bring out on company days an old brass kettle, which had been a family heirloom for two or three generations. Few in their station could afford more than an iron kettle, hence our hostess' pride, and she was proud if poor.





THE COURTING STICK

On the right of the fireplace was a big, brick oven, used as regularly on every Saturday as the well-thumbed prayer book on the Sabbath morning. Another receptacle of importance was the ash bin, shut in by a big, flat rock. I do not think, as I recall it now, there was ever a door, but the stone was held firmly in its position by a rod of iron braced from a notch cut in the stone floor, and another chipped into the slab itself. Behind this was a chamber large enough to hold several barrels of ashes, which were kept here until soap-making time in the spring.

His corn-cob pipe lighted and drawing well, Uncle Jeems, the host, was generally very talkative, and many an hour have I sat as a boy listening to his quaint stories of days "fringed with the curtain of memory." The following seems too good to be lost, and I only regret that I have not the gift to reproduce his hearty chuckle with which he always ended it.

"Seems like only yesterday," he would begin, "and it was nigh sixty year ago. We youngsters were all living at home then, and Sally, the oldest of the seven of us, was old enough to have a beau. I was young enough to wonder how late Ben staid—Ben was her feller—and what they did during the long hours they sot by the open fire. I told my wonderment to Jim, my oldest brother, and he laughed and said, kind of joking like: 'Easy enough to find out when Ben goes home. You notice he always takes off his big cowhide boots and puts on dad's low-cut shoes, for comfort I suppose. Now you just get a whopping lot of lard, and grease 'em soles and all. Then when he puts 'em on, they'll be so slippery he will tumble over like a bumble bee on a bald head. Greased leather is awful slewy when it's cold. Then we can all hear when he goes.'

"I caught onto the idee, and a small boy with an idee in his head is worse 'n a hornet with a new stinger. I knew it was Ben's night to come—for that matter any night was—and so I got a good stock of lard from the cellar, which I did up in a paper, and laid in wait for Ben. He come and

pulled off his boots, to set 'em up by the fireplace to keep 'em warm when he should want 'em. He put on father's slippers, and from the hum of their voices—I was in the pantry—they were having a good time. I was beginning to wonder how I should get a chance to put the lard on Ben's boots, when fortin favored me by sending him and Sally to the cellar for some of their favorite apples, and a mug of cider for Ben. The minnit I heerd their footsteps on the cellar stairs I scooted out and begun to rub the lard over 'em boots for all I was worth. But the boots were big, and for an amazement Ben and Sally got 'em apples uncommon spry. Anyway, I hadn't got the first boot greased afore I heerd 'em comin'! They were opening the door, and I hadn't time to dodge back into the pantry, so I just crammed that package of lard into the top of my big cap, and I slipped behind the great arm of the fireplace which father had made out of sheet iron and put up so he could put the tongs, shovel and other utensils behind, out of sight.

“I got out of sight in season to save myself, but I pretty soon found I had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire! If I had bolted from the room, with my job upon the boots half done, it would have been better for me. But now I had got there I was bound to stay until the play was over. Ben and Sally seated themselves afore the fire and begun to eat apples and talk. How they chattered and laughed, and me growing more uncomfortable every minnit. By'm-by Ben put on more wood, and by the time that got to burning they had to move back to the old sofey, but I had to grin and bear it.

“After a time it got so hot in my narrow corner that the sweat stood out all over me and, putting my hand to my face to wipe it off, I made an astounding diskivery. The lard was melting and running down over my face in great streams, as it seemed to me! I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. But there I was, and there were Ben and Sally, talking and larfing as if they were enjoying it. I must have

stood there an hour, and growing more uncomfortable every minnit, when I heerd Sally say :

“ ‘ What’s that running over the floor, Ben ? ’

“ ‘ Mebbe it’s water sot there in a pail by your father. The pail has sprung aleak. I will carry it out.’

“ When Ben started towards me I knew my time was up. So, leaving a streak of melted lard behind me, I bolted for the chamber door, and just as Sally was saying ‘ Oh, my ! ’ and Ben was trying to ketch me, I got out of sight. But mind you, I didn’t get out’n memory for a good long time. The boys guyed me, and Ben pestered me, and Sally larfed at me till I got sick of it all. And that’s the way I didn’t larn how late Ben courted our Sally.”

He concluded his story with an inimitable chuckle, which showed how well he enjoyed the joke himself.

Reminiscences of the fireplace are being forgotten, while its story is becoming merged into tradition. But even we can realize somewhat the pleasure of sitting by an open fire watching the dying embers, now bright with the rose of morning, anon glittering with the white heat of noon, and then, the white ash encircling them, taking on the gray of eventide, the changing coal holding to its size and form until the last.

Little Jim

By SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN

Of all my boys, I took less stock in Jim, I’m bound to say ;
 He wasn’t bright, like the other three, was slow to learn, some way,
 So when he was a little chap I sort of passed him by,
 Not thinkin’ he’d amount to much, however hard he’d try.

Even his clothes were not so good as the rest of those three boys,
 And he used to have to play with Tom’s and Harry’s cast-off toys
 Why, I hardly can remember once of buyin’ things for him ;
 Somehow we all, each one of us, looked down on little Jim.

Did I say all? I'll take it back. He had one faithful friend—
His mother. Over that small boy we often would contend.
"You ain't a-doin' fair by Jim," she always used to say.
"Just wait and see my words come true. They will some happy day."

But I just laughed, contemptuous like, thinkin' of Harry's wit,
Of Jack's good Latin, and the way he'd mastered all of it,
And the kind of books that Thomas read, to indicate his brain—
Why, I only laughed, and never thought of little Jim again.

I never cared what Jim would do when he became a man,
But for the rest—ah, many a night I've staid awake to plan
What Tom and Jack and Harry'd be, how fast they'd climb and far—
Oh, I was sure their "wagon would be hitched to some bright star."

Well, those three boys were sent to school, and Jim he stayed with us,
A-doin' all we asked, and more, without a bit of fuss,
And lightened, too, his mother's cares, but still I wouldn't see
That Jim had any good in him,—blind, sir, as I could be.

For all my pride and future hopes on those lads seemed to stay.
We pinched and saved and aided 'em in every blessed way,
Till we mortgaged—yes, we really did—the place where they were born,
With its dear old apple orchard and its fields of wavin' corn.

Well, the boys came home, and drifted soon into the world. They sought
To make a name in history. With a father's pride I thought
Those handsome boys so smart and quick, so full of life and vim,
I couldn't praise 'em half enough, ignorin' little Jim.

How did they do, you ask of me? I'm most ashamed to tell,
But we had to send 'em money for a long and tiresome spell;
And Tom, for all his love of books, don't seem to get along,
And Harry, too, is poorer yet, while Jack is far from strong.

A handsome place you say this is? Yes. On a summer's day
I love to sit on this old porch and pass the time away.
What's that you say? Oh, what became of little, ornery Jim?
Why, bless your heart, we're livin' now, his ma and I, with him!

Branite State Rooftrees

Historic Houses of Warner

By FREDERICK MYRON COLBY



THE town of Warner lies very nearly in the center of Merrimack county and about eighteen miles westerly of Concord, the state capital. It is not by any means an old town, for the township was not incorporated in honor of the vice-regal Warners of Portsmouth, until the autumn of 1774, and its permanent settlement dates back only twelve years earlier than that event. Nor, on the other hand, is it a young town, as towns go; many of its houses have a venerable age and could, if vocal utterance were allowed them, speak of a storied past as interesting, perhaps, as that of houses of a wider notoriety in the older towns of the State. It is of three or four of these oldtime mansions that I am going to tell to-day.

One of these, the oldest house in town, was the home of the first settled minister. At a meeting of the proprietors in November, 1771, it was voted to lay out a forty-acre lot "for the first ordained minister," near the meeting-house, and also a forty-acre parsonage lot. A society was soon organized and Rev. William Kelley of Newbury, Mass., who had already preached in town for a year, was ordained as the minister of the infant church. Mr. Kelley was a young man of twenty-eight, a graduate of Harvard, and recently married. He built at first a small one-story log house on his lot. Two or three years later he erected a two-story frame house, using the smaller building for an L. It was the first two-story house built in town, and was his home for many years.

It was a hospitable, cheery home when Elder Kelley and his excellent wife, Madam Kelley, dispensed their good

cheer in this old mansion. How the table groaned with the bounteous feast, and how the laugh and joke went round as the boys and girls came home from school and college and sat down at the well-filled board. It would be worth a fortune to be able to go back a century and be one of the family in this home of the first minister. Attic wit mingling with Baconian philosophy flowed around that circle, for Mr. Kelley was a learned man and the muses were cultivated in that early home. An aged lady, long since deceased, once told the writer that she never knew a household where greater refinement or greater culture prevailed than in the home of Elder Kelley. The minister and his family set an example for intelligence and propriety that exercised a beneficent and elevating influence upon the society of Warner at that early time and is not wholly forgotten even to this day.

Mr. Kelley remained in his pastorate till the year 1802, and for several years after that preached occasionally. He was a small, active man, intensely alive, and was a much beloved clergyman. Two of his sons were prominent in Warner for many years,—Capt. M. B. Kelley, who kept a store and hotel at the lower village nearly up to the 30's, and was a selectman and representative of the town; and Esquire Abner B. Kelley, who was one of the early post-masters and also town clerk for many years, as well as state treasurer for a time. Another son, John Kelley, was a lawyer and fine scholar, and for many years was editor of the *Exeter News-Letter*.

The old house was taken down some time in the 40's, and moved from its sightly location on Kelley Hill and put up on a new site at the lower village, where it now stands, bearing the same outward resemblance that it did when it was the home of the first minister. Only a few of those who pass it by realize what an ancient landmark it is. Yet it has witnessed more of the events of the town than any other building in Warner. In its rooms have assembled many times the leading citizens of the town to consult with Mr. Kelley

on matters of both ecclesiastical and civil import. Its windows looked down upon the annual meeting of the old militia companies that met to train on the old Parade, and it witnessed the departure of the brave patriots who hastened at the call of Freedom when the echoes of the "shot heard round the world" reverberated among the hills of Warner. It is a house with a history, and like a human being bears upon its countenance something of the vicissitudes of that history.

The second oldest house in town is at Davisville, a lively little hamlet in the southeast part of the town. This dwelling was built a year or two after the Kelley house, a vast, roomy old structure that is one of the historic mansions of Warner. Its builder was a man of note and influence in his day and generation, Capt. Francis Davis, an early pioneer and Warner's first representative to the General Court. He was a man of means and substance and the father of a numerous family. The mills at Davisville were built by him and are still operated by his descendants. He was farmer, miller and taverner, for this great house of his was a licensed tavern. It stood on the old stage route from Boston to Windsor, Vt., and before its doors used to draw up the six-horse stagecoach and the great horse teams that passed up and down this highway.

Captain Francis was succeeded in the ownership of this house by his still more famous son, Gen. Aquilla Davis, one of the most distinguished men whose home was ever in Warner. General Davis served both in the Revolution and the War of 1812. He was prominent in the state militia and was brigadier-general of the Fourth Brigade for several years. He was repeatedly the representative of the town at the General Court. He owned one of the largest estates in town and had valuable property in Sharon, Me. The General died while on a journey to the latter place in the winter of 1835. He was buried beside his father, the Pioneer, in the cemetery at Davisville.

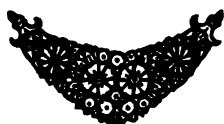
His old mansion, with its great L and outstanding buildings, still remain unchanged and in excellent condition, and seems good for another hundred years. The kitchen fireplace, usable yet, is of the kind that takes in wood of the cord length and roomy enough to do the roasting for a regiment. The dancing hall in the wing remains as it was in the old time, when the belles and beaux of the neighborhood assembled there on a Thanksgiving or New Year's night to trip the "light fantastic toe." There is no other of those halls in town with a raised platform at one end for the musicians, and the seats on each side running the length of the room where the dancers waited till the summons came to "form on." The house is still owned by the family, the present owner being a grandson of General Aquilla, Henry C. Davis, a prominent manufacturer and the representative of Warner at the General Court in this year of grace.

For two years before Gen. Aquilla Davis died he busied himself in erecting a fine brick residence on a beautiful elevation within a few rods of his house. It was finished late in the fall, and everything was made ready for him to move into it, but the General declared that the house was too tight and that if he undertook to reside in it he would not live till spring. He never inhabited it. One of his sons, Charles Davis, occupied it through his life, and it is now the home of a niece of the latter. Whether we take into consideration the beauty of its site or the elegance of the residence, it is by far the most desirable stand in that part of the town.

As one drives through the lower village of Warner, he will observe a stately two-story house, painted white, with a huge chimney at each end, standing at a dignified distance from the street and overshadowed by a row of noble maples. The house has the unmistakable look of one to the "manor born," and was formerly one of the grand residences of the town. One hundred years ago it was the home of Hon. Henry B. Chase. The village lawyer, the first postmaster of the town, representative and state senator, for forty

years "Squire Chase" was the leading man in Warner, and he was well known about the State. He was clerk of the senate, speaker of the house in 1817, and when Merrimack county was organized, in 1823, he was the first register of probate for the county. For several years Warner was one of four places at which the probate court was holden in the new county, and on the first Wednesday of March and the third Wednesday of September the sessions were held in the little brick law office of the register, which is still standing near by.

Squire Chase was a native of Cornish, and belonged to the family of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase. He was a man of fine appearance, large and portly, with a Websterian head. His wife was a daughter of Nathaniel Bean, a prominent citizen of the town. He came to Warner in 1804, and the next year he married and brought his wife into this new house, which was one of the finest of its day. The paper on its parlor walls was brought from Portsmouth and was bought purposely for this room, costing one hundred dollars in silver money. It is very thick, almost like strawboard and is fancifully illustrated with all sorts of pictures—landscapes, marine views, court scenes and other pageants. It will afford the visitor infinite amusement to study the various figures. Probably there are not more than two or three rooms in the State with paper of this costly kind. The parlor of the Governor Pierce mansion at Hillsborough, the parlor of the Governor Badger homestead at Belmont and the Squire Chase parlor are the only ones I know of, and they were probably decorated at nearly the same time. In each instance the paper looks as bright and fresh as if laid on but yesterday.



Castles of Youth

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

The castles of youth, fairy temples of glory,
In column on column and story on story,
With portico, turret and dome far above
The throne of ambition, the court of our love,
How clearly, how dearly each outline appears,
As seen through the vista of vanishing years,
The rainbow of promise, with colors untold,
O'er-arching in splendor the walls that are gold!

Now golden with promise, now silver'd with fears,
Our castles are shadows, our temples are tears,
The toiler may carp and the idler may dream,
Till sunlight and shadow be not what they seem!
The winners are those who are true to each trust,
And losers the sloths of a vanishing day;
While over revolving wheels gather no dust,
The motionless car hastens on to decay.

The castles of youth, the ambitions of childhood,
Like th' silver of sunset, the dew on the wildwood,
Resolve themselves into the glimmer of tears,
As seen through the mistfall of memory's years.
Forever is truth trampled down by the throng,
And ever is justice outweighed by the wrong;
Forever is grandeur an honor to come,
And fame but the echo of voices now dumb!

Those eyrie-like temples, our castles of youth,
Behold in their splendor the dying of truth!
Are sought in the magic of a meaningless name
The grandeur of genius, the glory of fame!
O boast not of manhood that never has seen,
Nor dreamed of the gulf that is lying between
The pathway of honor where heroes have led,
The ways of ambition where honor lies dead.

Majestic in promise, of splendors soon worn,
Of turrets and spires and ornament shorn,
Remembered in joy and forgotten in sorrow,
Forgotten to-day but remembered to-morrow,
Though castles are mortal and temples are air,
And builders awake to a dreamer's despair,
They are, through the rainfall, in spite of the tears,
The sun of our childhood, the sunlight of years.

The Battle of Chelsea Creek

By FRED W. LANE



UPON the alarm of April 19, 1775, the patriots, as is well known, began to pour into Cambridge, Mass., from all the surrounding country. Among the patriot leaders who were the first to arrive was John Stark, from Derryfield, now Manchester, N. H. He was followed by a large number of his friends and neighbors from all over the southern part of New Hampshire. With these men he soon organized a regiment and was stationed at Medford, Mass.

The headquarters of the British army, under General Gage, was located in Boston, Mass., and British troops were distributed at various points from Roxbury Neck to the foot of Hanover street in Boston. A detached force of some three hundred men was about this time stationed at an outpost on Noddles Island (now East Boston), and formed the extreme right of the line.

To keep up the enthusiasm of the patriots there were several expeditions projected by the leaders to seize the supplies of live stock and hay which had been gathered on the islands in Boston Harbor by the British. One of these, and the most important, the never half-known battle of Chelsea Creek, occurred on the 27th of May, 1775, at which time quite an engagement was fought and won by the patriots.

Colonel Stark was ordered by the Committee of Safety to take a detachment of some three hundred men and drive the cattle and sheep from Hogg and Noddles islands across Chelsea Creek, which could be forded at low water.

Accordingly, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th of May, he started on his errand.

The sheep on Breed's Hill, Winthrop (then Hogg's Island), were removed successfully, but when it came to crossing to East Boston (Noddles Island) for the cattle there, the outposts of British regulars, some fifty in number, which were later reinforced, stood their ground and opened fire by platoons, briskly, upon the embattled Yankees on the Chelsea side of the creek.

The British Admiral, Samuel Graves, immediately sent a schooner and a sloop towing barges filled with soldiers up Chelsea Creek, intending to cut off the return of the patriots to the mainland from Hogg's Island. The schooner was armed with four six-pounder cannon and the barges were provided with twelve swivels, but with all their banging away at the green hillsides of Chelsea (where round iron balls have been found quite frequently) none of the patriots were killed, while on the deck of the armed schooner ran blood until it dripped out of the scuppers, according to a British letter home about the affair.

A force of grenadiers was also sent to aid the British marine guard on Noddle's Island, as stated before, and Colonel Stark was finally obliged to withdraw to Hogg's Island, and then to the mainland, taking advantage of the ditches cut through the marshes, at the same time returning a hot fire, inflicting a heavy loss of killed and wounded on the enemy. He succeeded, however, in carrying off the greater part of the live stock.

The schooner continued to fire at the Americans after they had reached Chelsea Neck, but General Putnam, who fortunately came up with reinforcements, among whom was Joseph Warren, serving as a volunteer, opened a brisk fire in return. For the first time in the American Revolution, artillery rumbled between Chelsea's hedgerows, along with the marching hosts, or rather two little four-pounders commanded by Capt. Gideon (?) Foster. The Provincials now numbered in all about one thousand men, according to Hon. A. D. Bosson of Chelsea, Mass.

All the afternoon the popping at the redcoats lasted, and at nine o'clock at night the impetuous Putnam began the work for a finish. Mounting his two cannon on a knoll near the river edge, backed by his whole force, as the becalmed British vessels approached that point on their retreat, towed by the sailors and marines in the barges, all fair and near shots from the shore, Putnam and his men waded out waist deep into the water and poured a fierce fire to kill into the vessels and boats with demands for surrender. It was too hot for the regulars. At eleven o'clock at night, abandoning their vessels, they sought safety in flight in the boats, and the enemy's schooner was burned by pulling her ashore at the ferries and burying her up in heaps of hay, after removing from her decks four cannon, the sails from her masts and clothes and money from her cabin. In this way the schooner fell into the hands of the patriots with all her supplies, stores and equipments.

As the Americans were all trained marksmen, the casualties among the British were many. The action at this point lasted from nine to eleven. The Americans had three or four wounded, but none killed. The British loss was greatly exaggerated at the time. General Gage stated in his official report that "two men were killed and a few wounded." The *New Hampshire Gazette* of June 2, 1775, said that "'Tis said between two and three hundred marines and regulars were killed and wounded, and that a place was dug in Boston twenty-five feet square to bury their dead." One man stated that he saw sixty-four dead men landed at Long Wharf from one boat. Edwin M. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages in New England" in an account of this engagement, says that "the Americans had four men wounded, while the British had twenty men killed and fifty wounded."

Gordon, in his "History of the American Revolution," states that "at least two hundred British were either killed or wounded."

"Putnam," Bacon says, "got the credit for this fight"; and it is stated that the conduct of this affair influenced the

vote in the Continental Congress to make him a major-general. The schooner was named the "Diana," and was commanded by Lieut. John Graves, a nephew of Admiral Samuel Graves.

In the battle of Chelsea Creek, which opened so redly, our men fighting in the water with the shore rising behind them in the darkness, or standing or lying on the higher land, could be but dimly seen, while themselves firing at figures clearly cut out against the surface of the water.

Judge Bosson (of Chelsea), in his address delivered to the old Suffolk Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, two years ago, expresses his conviction that between two and three hundred of the British were killed and wounded. There is very little to be found on record of this engagement in print, which should be accorded a place as the second battle of the Revolution, Lexington and Concord being the first actual clash of arms between the British and American troops.

Because of You

By CLARIBEL EGBERT

What have you done for me, dear one,
With your eyes so true?
This grim old world looks golden bright—
Because of you.

What have you done for me, dear heart,
With your lips so true?
The words of others kindly seem—
Because of you.

What have you done for me, my own,
With your hand so true?
The clasp of others heart-felt feels—
Because of you.

Queen of my heart and queen of queens,
With your love so true—
The years would drag with leaden feet,
Wert not for you.

The Editor's Window

About 1830 Major James Osgood of Fryeburg, Me., and Potter Smith of Shelburne, N. H., erected a saw-mill with shingle and clapboard machines, about one and one-half miles from the Androscoggin, which they operated for a number of years. They sold clear pine boards, some more than two feet wide, for five dollars per thousand and other lumber in proportion. They hauled clapboards with teams to Harrison, Me., thence by canal to Portland, the distance being about one hundred miles. Later they sold the property to Philip Pettingill, who carried on the business for many years.

All about this pond and stream pine timber grew in great abundance. Some enterprising men from Shelburne built a dam at the outlet for driving purposes, and many million feet of pine logs were driven down this stream to the Androscoggin and thence to Brunswick, Me., the nearest manufacturing place on the Androscoggin river.

A large part of the timber growing in Berlin, Success, Milan, Dummer and Cambridge found a market at the same place, and for many years the principal business in this vicinity was the cutting and hauling of pine timber.

* * *

"Before the Revolution," says the *Patriotic Review*, "there were three kinds of government established in our British-American colonies. The first was a charter government, by which the powers of legislation were vested in a governor, council and assembly chosen by the people. Of this kind were the governments of Connecticut and Rhode Island. The second was a proprietors' government, in which the proprietor of the province was governor; although he generally resided abroad and administered the

government by a deputy of his own appointment, the assembly only being chosen by the people. Such were the governments of Pennsylvania and Maryland and, originally, of New Jersey and Carolina. The third kind was that of royal government, where the governor and council were appointed by the Crown and the assembly by the people. Of this kind were the governments of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey; after the year 1702, Virginia; the Carolinas, after the resignation of the proprietors of 1728, and Georgia. This variety of governments created different degrees of dependence on the Crown."

* * *

A brace of stories too good to be lost is told of an honest, shiftless, but somewhat vain, colored "gentleman," who once lived in the town of Deerfield, and whose given name was Peter. Just why, it is not certain, but he was frequently called "Jack," a name he disliked. At one time, when a boy, loitering by the roadside, he was accosted by a stranger riding past, who asked: "Is this the road to Hooksett, Jack?" "How in funder did yo' know my name was Jat?" demanded the aroused negro youth. "Guessed it, youngster." "'F yo's so smart 's dat, guess yo' way to Hooksett."

At another time he was one of a crowd who had collected to witness the first appearance of a wagon in that vicinity, and as the carriage bearing its delighted passenger rolled past, Pete burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "What are you laughing at, Pete?" asked a bystander. "Golly, Massa! jess see 'em little wheels hooter to keep out ob de way of de big ones."

* * *

The May number of the GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE, among other features, will contain the completion of Mr. Stearns' admirable sketch of "The Snow-Shoe Men;" the first of a new series; "Diamonds in Granite"; the life-story of "Johnny Appleseed," the fifth article in the series on the Merrimack River; "Indian Pastimes," by George Copway; "The White Night, a Tale of Frontenac's Winter Raids"; and "Auburn, the Town by the Lake," with the usual amount of poetry and miscellany, to say nothing of the illustrations of high grade that the magazine gives.

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Moody Currier

The Old Man of the Mountain

By MOODY CURRIER



THY home is on the mountain's brow,
Where clouds hang thick and tempests blow.
Unnumbered years, with silent tread,
Have passed above thy rocky head;
Whilst round these heights the beating storm
Has worn, with rage, thy deathless form.
And yet thou sit'st, unmoved, alone,
Upon this ancient mountain home.
Long as these towering peaks shall stand,
So wondrous great, so nobly grand,
Serene, on high, that face of thine
Shall mock the wasting hand of time,
Whilst all that live shall pass away,
And all the tribes of earth decay.
Old man, thy face of rock sublime
Looks back, through years, to ancient time,
When first the forming hand divine
Reared up this rocky home of thine,
And from the lowest depths of earth
These mountain forms had first their birth;
When on these shaggy heights imprest,
Thy changeless form was doomed to rest.

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IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE STONE AGE

Granite State Magazine

VOL. I.

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No. 5

The Merrimack River

The Stone Age

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

Dark as the frost-nipped leaves that strew the ground,
The Indian hunter here his shelter found;
Here cut his bow and shaped his arrows true,
Here built his wigwam and his bark canoe,
Speared the quick salmon leaping up the fall,
And slew the deer without the rifle ball;
Here the young squaw her cradling tree would choose,
Singing her chant to hush her swart papoose;
Here stain her quills, and string her trinkets rude,
And weave her warrior's wampum in the wood.

—Brainard.



HOWEVER antiquarians may differ in regard to a settlement of the question, and whatever may have been the origin of the race of people inhabiting North America at the time of the arrival of Europeans, there is evidence to show that the Amerinds presented varying types of humanity. Owing to the utter lack of any fixed boundary, and the occasional intermarriage of members of different tribes, many have been led to believe that they sprang from a common parentage, so it is only on philological grounds that any division can be made. A prominent writer upon this subject (Dr. R. G. Thwaites) makes four branches, with as many distinct languages, subdivided into innumerable dialects, of the races inhabiting the country east of the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic

Ocean, and from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. The most numerous of these, and at one time the most powerful, were the Algonquins, holding the territory from the Gulf of St. Lawrence westward to the Mississippi River, and from the "debatable ground," on the banks of the Ohio River northward to the shore of Hudson Bay. Taken together, or singly, the tribes or families making this great body of aborigines occupy a larger place in our early history than all others. While this fact was due largely to their situation, which brought them first into combat with the pale-face invaders before the fire and ardor of primitive life had been sapped by contact with the enervating influences of civilization, it was also owing to their warlike disposition. Unlike the "Five Nations" of the Genesee valley, they lacked the unity of strength obtained by confederation, and often the tribes making up their vast numbers were at war with each other. It has been estimated that they numbered, altogether, from fifty to one hundred thousand. Against them all, whether living in the valley of the St. Lawrence or along the smaller streams of New England, the fiery Iroquois were arrayed for many generations.*

With the above declaration it is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the Indians of the Merrimack valley belonged to this numerous clan. If, as a whole, the tribes of New England failed to unite in any sort of a confederacy, four families living in the Merrimack valley and adjacent formed a tribal union. These comprised the Nashuas, dwelling along the river which perpetuates their name; the Squam-

* The Iroquois league numbering over ten thousand persons and two thousand warriors, consisted originally of a confederacy of five kindred tribes, the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca, in what is now the state of New York. To these were added the cognate Tuscarora after their expulsion from Carolina, about 1715. The name Iroquois, by which they were known to the French, is supposed to be a derivative from some Indian term. To the English they were known as the Five, afterwards the Six, Nations. They called themselves by a name commonly spelled Hodenosaunee, and interpreted "People of the Long House." Of this symbolic long house the Mohawk guarded the eastern door, while the Seneca protected the western, according to "American Ethnology," Vol. IX. From their position it will be seen that it was natural that the Mohawks, the most warlike of all these clans, should become the invaders of New England.—*Editor.*

scotts, a small inland family located where is now Exeter; the Newichawannocks, on the Piscataqua River, and the Penacooks, living in the valley of the Merrimack and numbering about three thousand, being the ruling tribe. Their most noted chief or sagamore was Passaconaway.

This small confederacy of wildwood hunters and warriors maintained a certain form of government for a longer period than there is even tradition to show, and were in truth the pioneers of aboriginal progress. Occupying one of the most favorable regions for fishing and hunting, and located upon the debatable ground between the fiery Micmacs of the East and the lordly Mohawks of the West, they were frequently called upon to brave the battle against powerful foes. Here was sounded the wild *alarum* of conquest from enemies that never slept; here, from the highlands of the River of Broken Waters to the Isles of Mona, was borne aloft the tocsin of war; here wound the wartrails of dusky nations that fought, bled and perished in the same cause which has wrung tears from the old earth since it was young. This was in truth the Thessaly of olden New England.

From out of the misty background of tradition rise the stalwart figures of that period not inaptly styled the Stone Age of the Merrimack. Among them appears the stately Kenewa, mustering his dusky legion, to lead it forth to anticipated conquest, only to be swallowed up by the hungry wilderness as was Varus and his Romans in the old Germanic forest. Then the valiant Winnemet rallied around him his gallant followers in his desperate endeavor to stem the tide of his Waterloo upon the Brave Lands of Penacook, falling at last encircled by the slain of his "old guard" of the Penacooks. Now the magnanimous Passaconaway, reading in the signs of the times the destiny in store for his people, taught them it was better to condone the wrongs of a stronger race than to combat a hopeless fate. Here, the curtain fallen on the closing scene of pagan warfare, Wannalancet, the last great sachem of the

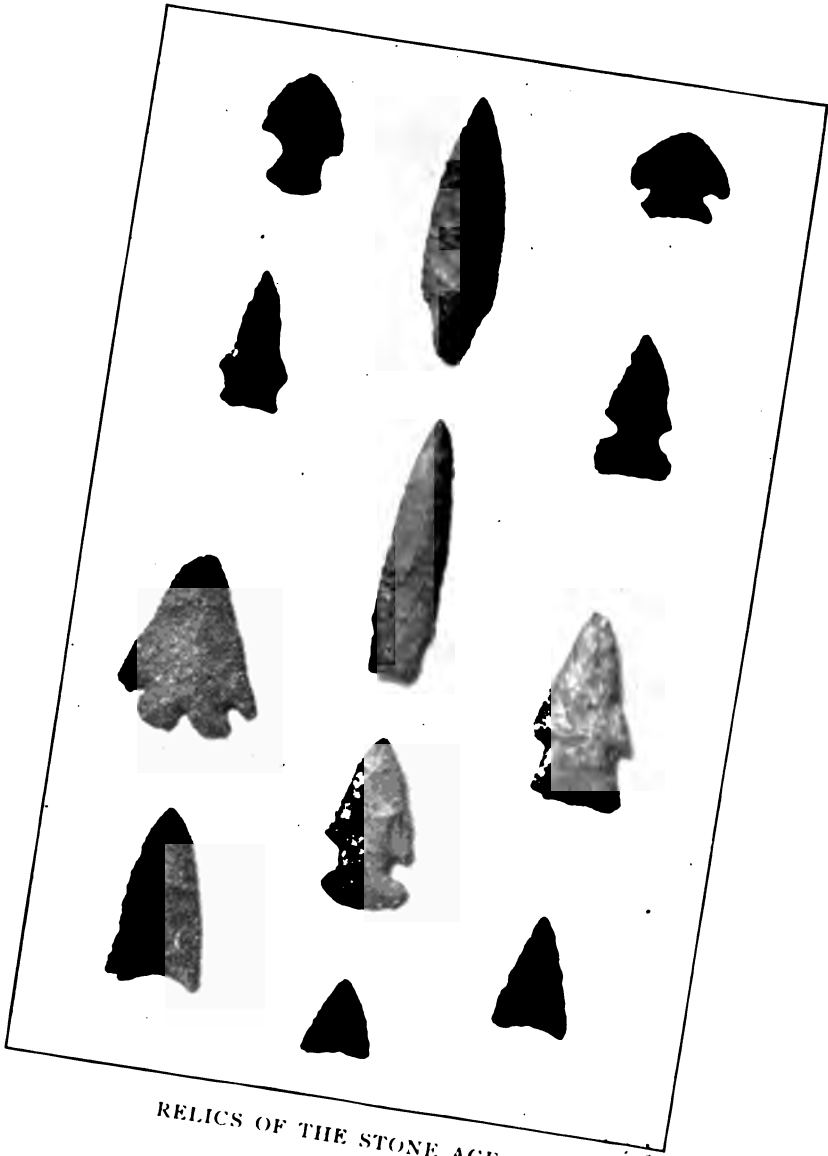
Stone Age, called about him his few scattered followers, to lead them to that rendezvous under the French protection upon the bank of the St. Lawrence, returning a few years later that his dust might mingle with the ashes of his father. Here, sacrificing every hope and ambition for his race, brave Merruwacomet fought and fell in the interest of an alien people, his heroic deeds unsung. Here, too, in the gloaming of that long day, came the lonely Christo, to consecrate with the tears of a warrior the graves of his sires, the ashes of his race, No mean knights of chivalry these, sons of the Stone Age, every hero of them worthy to stand shoulder to shoulder with the best of the Old World champions.

This is no place to discuss the rights or wrongs of the races, though there can be no harm in reminding the conqueror that not so very many geneaations ago his own ancestors lurked sullenly in the caverns of the earth, and came forth clad in the skins of wild beasts. It was related by one of the pioneers of the Merrimack valley that, while abroad one night upon the river bank, he discovered an Indian approaching upon his hands and knees. A friendly motion of the hand of the dusky scout caused the white man to wait his approach. With his fingers upon his lips to enjoin silence, the latter whispered:

“Me watch to see the deer kneel.”

Then it occurred to the narrator that it was Christmas Eve, and he realized that in the simplicity of his new-found belief the red man was expecting at that sacred hour to see the deer come forth from the forest to fall upon their knees in silent adoration of the Great Spirit. Truly that race cannot be lost to Omnipotent justice who, in its honesty of faith, looks through Nature's eyes up to God.

The glory of the Stone Age was at its zenith in the early reign of Passaconaway. It had begun its decline a little prior to the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, when a terrible epidemic swept over the tribes of New England, in many cases reducing populous communities to



RELICS OF THE STONE AGE





little bands of forlorn survivors. But the people of the Stone Age in all probability would have recovered from this calamity, in the due course of time, as they had rallied from other disasters. From the fell power of the enervating influences of the white man there was no hope. So the period begins beyond the twilight of tradition and ends with the rising of the sun of civilization. While it makes a dark page on the historic scroll of the ages, it was not wholly lost to light and intelligence; while primitive in its results as compared to the present, it was almost as far from primeval effort as the age which had preceded it. If the research of the philologist has not been in vain, they but followed an inferior race, as they were succeeded by one superior, and if passing from the scene monumentless, yet they did leave behind them traces and names which shall live as long as the American Republic may stand, while that other aborigine left not even an arrow head to show to coming races how dim are the footsteps of human progress.

Personally, the sons of the Stone Age were men of tall, straight figure, dusky-hued skin, coal-black hair, beardless faces, high cheek bones, a nose long and prominent, eyes small but dark and piercing, capable of watching the eagle's flight under the glare of the midday sun without flinching. They moved silently and swiftly along the dim aisles of the forest archways, by placing one foot directly in front of the other, swerving neither to the right nor left. Their costumes consisted mainly of deer skin leggins, skin robes or hunting shirts in winter, and moccasins, also of deer skin, the primitive garb made more picturesque by fringes along the seams and ornaments painted in bright hues upon the garments. Their principal weapon was a long stout bow of hornbeam or some equally strong wood, which sent an arrow with flint or stone head a great distance, and in their hands with unerring accuracy. For closer attack and defense they made a spear or lance, with shaft of stout wood finished at the end with a sharp rock-point. If the engagement became hand-to-hand they were armed with

the tomahawk made of a small flat stone, attached to a stout handle of wood. These weapons, with a knife of stone, sometimes of bone or flint, comprised their principal weapons and utensils of war and chase. But along with these came many other implements and instruments of manufacture and invention worthy of description.

For their own protection, if not from social motives, and there is no proof to show that the American Indians were not a social people, the inhabitants of the Merrimack valley in the period of the Stone Age lived mainly in groups or lodgments along the banks of their cherished river. By this it must not be supposed that, at some time or other, every section of the state was not penetrated by these people, and the finding of relics of their use in the most remote parts of the state shows that they dwelt there for a time of greater or less extent.

Living in villages or towns, as we should know it, these warriors became banded together, had their regular leaders and a rude form of government. Their towns were usually built with regard to a favorable position for fishing, hunting, clearings for agriculture and where they could be best protected from an enemy, which was likely to sweep down upon them at any hour. There were few if any days when scouts were not on the lookout for the appearance of strangers who might be looked upon with distrust.

Their dwellings, called wigwams, derived from *wig-was*, meaning "bark dwelling," were built by setting small saplings or branches of trees in the ground in a circular form, the tops bent so as to meet and form a conical wall. This rough framework was then covered with bark or mats of skins, except at the crest, where a small aperture was left for the smoke of the fire within to escape through. The doorway, a skin answering the purpose of a door, was an opening upon the sunny side of this primitive structure, usually an opening on the opposite side being made so that in case the wind blew from the other course it might be opened and this one closed.

As among the men of to-day, there seem to have been different grades of dwellings, and the sachem usually dwelt in a more pretentious abode. Skins of greater value adorned his couch, and linings of mats hung upon the walls of his house. These were also ornamented with cunning devices wrought by the deft fingers of his squaw, as well as the fruits of many a chase or wartrail. The capital or chief village of the confederation of the Merrimack valley was near the "Brave Lands" of the Penacooks, until they were routed there by the fiery Mohawks, their long-time enemies, and forced to move lower down the river.

The roads of the sons of the Stone Age were concealed paths, denominated trails, rather than open high-ways, for these would prove of advantage to those enemies around them. They always sought, when they could, some waterway leading in that direction. Thus their light skiff, usually made of birch bark, and which has become known as the "canoe," was their favorite means of travel. These canoes were made of bark taken from the birch, and sometimes, but seldom, from the elm, and were often made with a delicate mechanism that a white man would be puzzled to imitate. They were as light as an egg shell and as airy as a feather. Despite this fact they unhesitatingly set forth upon long and perilous journeys, stemming the rapids of some turbulent stream or daring the dangers of an inland sea.

In winter the Indians resorted to a cunning device, claimed to have been invented by a woman, and which has been given the name of snow shoes. By means of these they were enabled to thread the dim old forest with ease in the midst of winter snows. In fact, it was then, when the undergrowth and broken-down trees were banked under the snow, that they were able to make their longest journeys.

Continued in the June number.

The Uncanoonuc Mountains

By SAM WALTER FOSS

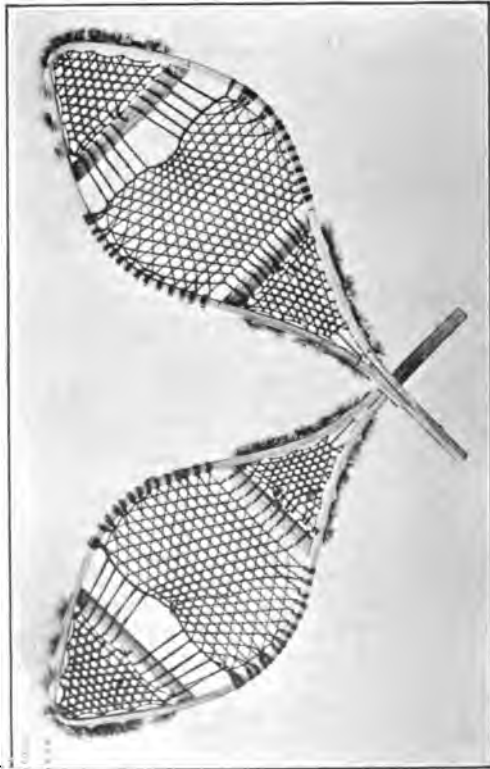
They stood there in the distance, mysterious and lone,
Each with a hazy vapor above its towering dome;
They stood like barriers between the unknown and the known,
The Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home.
And far beyond the mountains, I was told, the world was wide,
And in fancy on the thither side it was my wont to roam;
I saw the glories of the world upon the other side
Of the Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home.

On this side the Uncanoonuc was an old, familiar scene;
But *they* were burnished pillars on which rainbows used to rest;
On this side the Uncanoonuc all was commonplace and mean;
They were red with sunset splendor at the threshold of the West.
They were Mountains of Enchantment that stood guard at the frontier
Of the Borderland of Mystery; bathed in twilight's crimson foam.
And I longed to reach their summits, and pass on without a fear,
Through the Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home.

I have passed the Uncanoonuc, and have travelled far away
Through the Borderland of Mystery upon an endless quest;
But other Uncanoonucs, glimmering in the twilight gray,
Still lift their hazy summits at the threshold of the West.
One misty mountain overpassed upon the march of time,
Another summit breaks in view, and onward still I roam—
Another mountain in the mist which beckons me to climb,
Like the Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home.

Though beyond the Uncanoonuc all the glories that I seek
Fail to fashion to realities before my wistful eyes,
I still will chase the Vision—see her standing on the peak
Of that other Uncanoonuc towering in the western skies.
I grasp my mountain-climbing staff—there yet is ample time—
For some other Uncanoonuc ever lifts its distant dome—
With my boyhood faith I'll climb it, as I used to long to climb
The Uncanoonuc Mountains which I used to see from home.

10



INDIAN SNOW-SHOES

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11111
11111

The Snow-Shoe Men

By EZRA S. STEARNS, A. M.

(Concluded from the April number)

25. Jonathan Hill, Billerica. There were two of the same name living in Billerica, and nothing is found to determine which of them was a soldier in Captain Tyng's company.

First, Jonathan Hill, son of Jonathan and Mary (Brackett) Hill, was born August 21, 1669, and lived in Billerica, where he died December 15, 1743.

Second, Jonathan Hill, son of Nathaniel and Elizabeth (Homes) Hill, was born in Billerica, June 27, 1674, and died in Chelmsford, March 24, 1711. Both were grandsons of Ralph Hill, of Woburn and Billerica.

26. Jonathan Parker, Chelmsford, son of John and Mary Parker, was born in Chelmsford, January 2, 1683. His right appears to have been improved by Thomas Parker. I do not find that he had a son Thomas but he had a brother of that name.

27. Peter Talbot, Chelmsford, was an emigrant from England. He lived several years in Dorchester, but at the time of his service in the snow-shoe company, under Capt. William Tyng, he was a resident of Chelmsford. At that time he must have been fully fifty years of age. His right in the township was given to his son, George Talbot, who lived several years in Stoughton.

28. Stephen Keyes, Chelmsford. There is no record of his birth and it has been thought that he probably was a son of Elias Keyes of Sudbury. He received land in Chelmsford in the right of Solomon Keyes, and it is possible he was a son of Solomon and Frances (Grant) Keyes. He

was married March 7, 1706, by Jonathan Tyng, Esq., to Anna Robbins. He died in Chelmsford February 6, 1714.

29. Benoni Perham, Chelmsford, lived in Chelmsford. He was living in 1722 and died a short time after that date. His son, Samuel, represented his interest in the grant of Tyngstown.

30. Eleazer Parker, Groton, son of James and Elizabeth (Long) Parker, was born November 9, 1660. He lived in Groton. In the winter of 1704-5 he again served in a company commanded by Capt. William Tyng and died at Norridgewock, leaving a wife and seven children.

31. Thomas Cummings, Dunstable, son of John and Sarah (Howlet) Cummings, was born October 6, 1658. In his youth his father settled in Dunstable. He was an uncle of No. 6. He was a deacon of the church. He died January 20, 1722-3.

32. Josiah Richardson, Chelmsford, son of Capt. Josiah and Remembrance (Underwood) Richardson, was born in Chelmsford May 18, 1665. He was a town clerk and selectman of Chelmsford, where he died October 17, 1711. His wife was a daughter of Deacon John Blanchard.

33. Thomas Tarbell, Groton, son of Thomas and Anna (Longley) Tarbell, was born in Groton July 6, 1667, where he died January 24, 1717. The Thomas Tarbell who was an active proprietor was his son and a prominent citizen of Groton.

34. Jonathan Richardson, Billerica, son of Thomas and Mary (Stimpson) Richardson, was born in Billerica February 14, 1682, where he died August 13, 1720. He had three sons, Jonathan, Thomas and Abiel.

35. James Blanchard, Groton, son of Deacon John and Hannah Blanchard of Dunstable. He was born in Charlestown before his parents removed to Dunstable. He settled in Groton and was the town clerk of that town from March, 1695, to March, 1696, and from December, 1696, until his death. He lived only a few weeks after service in the snow-shoe company and died in February, 1704. He

left a widow, Anna, and four children. He was a brother of No. 5. In Massachusetts Acts and Resolves, 1704, is found: "The petition of Anna Blanchard of Groton, widow, setting forth that her husband, James Blanchard, is lately deceased, his sickness was occasioned by the hardships and difficulties he underwent under Capt. Tyng in his late Expedition. Prays to be eased of charge of his funeral. Granted March 9, 1703-4."

36. Henry Farwell, son of Henry Farwell of Chelmsford, Mass., was born about 1665. He was one of the early settlers of Dunstable. In the later years of Queen Anne's War his house was one of the seven garrisons in Dunstable. His son, Oliver, was one of the victims of the Indian ambush at Naticook, September 5, 1724. His son, Josiah, was a lieutenant in Captain Lovewell's Company, and was killed by the Indians in the fight at Pigwacket, May 8, 1725.

37. Joseph Gilson, Groton, son of Joseph and Mary (Cooper) Gilson, was born in Groton March 8, 1666-7. He lived in Groton many years and probably died there.

38. John Richardson, Chelmsford, son of Capt. Josiah and Remembrance (Underwood) Richardson, was a brother of No. 32. Josiah Richardson was born in Chelmsford February 14, 1669-70, where he died September 13, 1746.

39. Samuel Woods, Groton, son of Samuel and Alice (Rushton) Woods, was born in Cambridge January 3, 1660-61. The family removed from Cambridge to Groton in 1662. Samuel, Jr., married Hannah Farwell of Chelmsford and lived in Groton, where he died in 1712.

40. Ephraim Hildreth, Chelmsford, removed from Chelmsford to Dracut in 1712, and there died September 26, 1740. He was town clerk of Dracut, a major of the militia, and an active man in town and business affairs. He was one of the proprietors of Concord and an influential factor among the proprietors of Tyngstown. At one time he was the owner of the saw-mill.

41. Samuel Chamberlain, Chelmsford, son of Thomas and Sarah (Proctor) Chamberlain, was born in Chelmsford January 11, 1679. He was a prominent citizen and styled Capt. Samuel Chamberlain in Chelmsford records. He died April 12, 1767. There was a Samuel Chamberlain of about the same age, a son of Samuel and Elizabeth Chamberlain, who was styled in Chelmsford records Lieut. Samuel Chamberlain. The Tyngstown proprietors' records call the grantee Capt. Samuel Chamberlain, which makes it reasonably certain that the Samuel first named was the soldier and grantee.

42. Stephen Pierce, Chelmsford, son of Stephen and Tabitha (Parker) Pierce and grandson of Thomas Pierce of Woburn, was born in Chelmsford in 1678. He lived in Chelmsford and was the owner of many acres of land. He died September 9, 1749. This Stephen Pierce was the grandfather of Gov. Benjamin Pierce of Hillsborough, who was the father of President Franklin Pierce.

43. Timothy Spalding, Chelmsford, son of John and Hannah (Hale) Spalding, was born about 1676. He lived in the part of Chelmsford now Westford, where he died April 14, 1763. He was a brother of No. 13.

44. Paul Fletcher, Chelmsford, was the son of Joshua. His father was twice married: First, in 1668, to Gussies Jewell; second, in 1682, to Sarah Willey. I cannot state which of the wives was the mother of Paul. The Fletcher genealogy states that Paul Fletcher was a snow-shoe man in 1724. The date is an error.

45. Judge John Tyng, son of Major William and Lucy (Clarke) Tyng, born in Chelmsford January 28, 1704-5, and graduated from Harvard University in 1725. He lived in Tyngsboro', where he died in 1797, aged ninety-two years. He was a colonel of the militia, a representative of Dunstable, Mass., which then included Tyngsboro', and speaker of the house. He was a delegate to the convention at Boston, in 1768, "for the preservation of the public peace and safety," and a delegate to the Provincial Congress,

which assembled at Cambridge and Watertown in 1775, but he is best known as a judge of the courts of Middlesex county, which office he held many years.

46. Col. Eleazer Tyng, Dunstable, son of Col. Jonathan and Sarah (Usher) Tyng, was born in the part of Dunstable now called Tyngsboro' April 3, 1690, and graduated at Harvard University in 1712. He was a magistrate and a colonel; an active and useful man. He was buried in the Tyng burial ground, about one mile below Tyngsboro' Village. Upon a broad, horizontal tablet is inscribed, "Underneath are entombed the remains of Eleazer Tyng, Esq., who died May 21, 1782, aged 92; Mrs. Sarah Tyng, who died May 23, 1753, aged 59; John Alford Tyng, Esq., who died Sept. 4, 1775, aged 44." John Alford Tyng, Esq., was a son of Colonel Eleazer. Fox's Dunstable is in error in calling him Judge Tyng. The judge, John Tyng, is No. 45.

47. Thomas Colburn, son of Edward Colburn of Chelmsford, was born in 1674. He lived in Dunstable, where he died November 2, 1770. The committee of the General Court were instructed to admit six men who served under Capt. John Lovewell and were omitted in the grants of Pembroke, N. H., and Petersham, Mass. In the same connection there appears in the Massachusetts Archives the petition of Zaccheus Lovewell, Thomas Colburn, Peter Powers, Josiah Cummings, Henry Farwell, Jr., and Nicholas Crosby, alleging that they served against the Indian enemy under Captain Lovewell, either on his first or second march, and that all the other soldiers of Captain Lovewell's companies have been rewarded in grants of land. Thomas Colburn appears to have been the only one of the six petitioners who was made a grantee of Tyngstown.

* 48. John Colburn, Dunstable, son of John and grandson of Edward Colburn, was born in Dunstable. John, the father, died December 1, 1700, and John, the son, was the representative of his grandfather, Edward Colburn of

Chelmsford, who was killed in an ambushade in King Philip's War.

49. Caleb Blodget, son of Samuel and Huldah (Simonds) Blodget, was born in Woburn November 11, 1691. He lived in Woburn, where he died June 17, 1745. He was a captain, an inn-holder and an active citizen. It is probable that he was admitted a proprietor in recognition of his services in obtaining the grant, and on this account he was also paid a sum of money.

Captain Caleb was the father of Samuel Blodget, a resident of Goffstown for several years, and the most conspicuous pioneer in the founding and building of Manchester.

50. Col. William Lawrence, Groton, son of John and Anna (Tarbell) Lawrence, was born in Lexington August 1, 1697. He settled in Groton. His wife was a sister of Col. Benjamin Prescott. He was a representative of Groton seventeen years, and filled many other positions of trust and responsibility. He was a private in the Lovewell War and a colonel in the French and Indian War. He died May 19, 1764.

51. Jonas Clark, Esq., Chelmsford, son of Rev. Thomas Clark of Chelmsford, was born December 20, 1684. He was a colonel and a magistrate. Several meetings of the proprietors of Tyngstown were held at his house in Chelmsford. He died April 8, 1770. His sister, Lucy or Lucia, was the wife of Major William Tyng, and his sister Elizabeth married Rev. John Hancock of Lexington, and was grandmother of Gov. John Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independene.

52. Hon. Andrew Belcher, son of Andrew and Elizabeth (Danforth) Belcher, was born in Cambridge January 1, 1646-7. In early life he was a mariner and commanded the vessel which opportunely arrived with provisions at Smith's Garrison on the evening after the Fort Fight in King Philip's War, December, 1676. Later he was the most prominent merchant of New England and was employed in many public stations. He was a councillor from 1702 to

1717. He died October 31, 1717. In accordance with the conditions of the grant, Andrew Belcher's heirs became grantees on account of his prompt action in supplying the army with provisions.

53. Thomas Parker and William Reed. In a description of lands belonging to this right, the first name is written "Rev. Mr. Thomas Parker." He was a son of Josiah Parker of Groton, Woburn and Cambridge, and he was born in Cambridge December 7, 1700. He graduated from Harvard University in 1718. At nineteen years of age he was ordained and installed over the church in Dracut early in 1720, and there labored and preached until his death, March 18, 1765. He attended several of the meetings of the proprietors, and was moderator of one or more meetings.

William Read, the joint owner of this right, without doubt, was William Read of Chelmsford, son of Thomas Read, and was born about 1688. He married Hannah Bates and lived in Chelmsford. Among his children were Robert Read of Amherst and Col. William Read of Litchfield, in whose honor Reed's Ferry was named. This family generally wrote the name Read, while the ferry is written Reed's Ferry.

54. Jonathan Shepley and Zachariah Hildreth. Jonathan Shepley was the son of John Shepley, No. 1, and Zachariah Hildreth probably was a son of Ephraim Hildreth, No. 40. Shepley and Hildreth were the petitioners for the grant, and the admission of the sons probably was a complimentary act.

55. Thomas Tarbell, Associate. The word associate at this early date was closely allied with the present definition of partner. He was the same as No. 33, but there is no explanation of the interests he represented.

56. John Chandler. This grantee did not attend the meetings of the grantees and the records of the proprietors afford no added information of the man. There were several men of the same name and of a possible age any

one of whom might have been a proprietor. In the absence of positive information, we could assume that John Chandler, grantee of Tyngstown, was the John Chandler, son of John and Mary (Raymond) Chandler, born October 18, 1693, and who lived in Worcester, Mass., after about 1730. He was a representative, sheriff and judge. He died August 7, 1762.

57. Jonathan Hartwell, Chelmsford, son of John and Elizabeth (Wright) Hartwell, was born in Concord February 15, 1691-2. He lived several years in Chelmsford and, by division of the town, in Westford. He died in Littleton October 18, 1778. The father, John, and his brother, William, were soldiers in King Philip's War. The heirs of William were grantees of Templeton, Mass. Jonathan Hartwell probably was admitted a grantee on account of the service of his father. See the clause in the grant relative to soldiers "at the Fort Fight or Long March in the Narragansett War."

58. Hon. William Dudley, Roxbury, son of Gov. Joseph and Rebecca (Tyng) Dudley, was born in 1686. His mother was a sister of Col. Jonathan Tyng. He graduated from Harvard University in 1704, and by profession was a lawyer. He was a representative of Roxbury many years and was speaker of the house and a member of the council from 1729 to 1740. He was also a judge of the court of common pleas of Suffolk county, and by Washburn is said to have been the first educated lawyer on the bench of the inferior court. He died August 10, 1743. He was the member of the committee representing the council to ascertain the names of the soldiers in Capt. William Tyng's company of snow-shoe men and to admit the sixty grantees of Tyngstown. His associates on the committee were Benjamin Prescott and Benjamin Tompson of the house of representatives, and each of the committee became a grantee.

59. Col. Benjamin Prescott, son of Jonas and Mary (Loker) Prescott, was born in Groton January 4, 1695-6.

He was a representative of Groton in 1723, 1724, 1727, 1734 to 1738, and died in office. He was a special justice of both the inferior and superior courts, and at all times a prominent man of his time. Being a member of the house in 1735, he was appointed one of the committee to determine who were entitled to admission as grantees of Tyngstown. While he lived he was an active factor in the affairs of the proprietors. He died August 3, 1738.

60. William Tompson, Billerica, son of Capt. Joseph and Mary (Denison) Tompson, grandson of Rev. William Tompson of Braintree, was born in Billerica February 7, 1685-6. He was an influential citizen of Billerica, town clerk, selectman, representative from 1731 to 1738 and in later years. While a member of the house in 1735, he was appointed one of the committee to admit grantees to the township. He died October 28, 1753.

Kearsarge in Midwinter

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH

Like a pilot's booth on a grand ship's deck,
Whose top the driving hailstones fleck,
I see the lone house far away
That crowns Kearsarge's crest to-day.

And memory recalls the craft
That left her sinking foe abaft,
Named for this mountain famed for aye,
There in its grandeur stern and gray.

Author of "Mary's Little Lamb"

Story of the Famous Poem

By GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH



NO FEW of the stories that are believed so implicitly in childhood are left us that it is pleasant to find even one that is true. The little idyl of "Mary's Lamb," undoubtedly the most popular poem ever written for children in any language, was composed by a New Hampshire girl; and Newport, in Sullivan county, one of the most beautiful towns in the Granite State, was the scene of this famous nursery rhyme.

As many are aware, there are few poems of which there has been so much question as to the real author as of this. "Mary Had a Little Lamb" has been claimed by some to be of English origin, and by others to be of Massachusetts production, but the lasting praise for giving it to the world belongs to Sarah J. Buell Hale, a daughter of the late Gordon Buell, who was born on the so-called "Dr. Sanborn farm," in the hamlet of Guild, about two miles from the center of Newport village.

The Bay State version would have us believe that the first three verses of the poem were written by John Rowles, who, after the fashion of a century ago, prepared for college with the minister at Sterling and died during his first year at Harvard. It is claimed that he composed them to commemorate the lamb's affection for its mistress, who was Miss Mary E. Sawyer, and afterward Mrs. Columbus Tyler, for many years matron of the McLean Asylum for the Insane at Somerville. It is said that Miss Sawyer's lamb grew to be a sheep and lived for many years, and when at last it died Mary grieved so much that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and

knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling.

But the building now owned by George Fairbanks, Esq., formerly a schoolhouse at Guild, is the place directly connected with this deathless poem, and here, almost one hundred years ago, Sarah J. Buell used to come with her playmates from the Sanborn farm, and frequently one of her pet lambs followed demurely behind, lingering in the vicinity until the session was over, to accompany her home or enjoy a frisky ramble elsewhere. "Many are the tongues which have spoken of this same humble structure, and many are the childish minds which have pondered on the story about incidents which happened here."

I am indebted to Mr. F. E. Joy, of Claremont, N. H., for some of the facts herein presented, and for the following letters published in connection with an article from his pen in the *Inter-State Journal*, which serve to show the reason for faith in the Newport origin of the rhyme. The first letter is from Mrs. Hale's son, Horatio, author of several works of great labor and research, and distinguished as an ethnologist. He says :

"I am asked for a statement of the facts relating to the authorship and the first publication of the well-known poem, 'Mary's Lamb.' The poem was written sixty-nine years ago, by my mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Buell Hale. It was first published in 1830 by the well-known firm of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, in my mother's little book, entitled 'Poems for Our Children.' This book, which is now before me, comprises only twenty-four duodecimo pages, in a stiff paper cover. It is not a compilation, but an original work, composed throughout by Mrs. Hale. This fact is stated as clearly as words can express it in the introductory prefix to the poems:

"*To All Good Children in the United States:*

"DEAR CHILDREN,—I wrote this book for you, to please and instruct you. I know little children love to read rhymes and any little verses, but they often read silly

rhymes; such manner of their time is not good. I intended when I began to write this book to furnish you with a few pretty songs and poems which would teach you truth and, I hope, to induce you to love truth and goodness. Children who love their parents and their home can soon teach their hearts to love God and their country. I offer this, the first of "Poems for Our Children." If you like these, I shall soon write the second part, and perhaps I shall make a large book.'

"With regard to the story of Mr. Tyler and young John Rowistone," Mr. Hale continues, "it is certain that Mrs. Hale knew nothing of it until many years after her poem had been published.

"On this point I may add some letters (one of which we give below in addition to the one from Mr. Hale) written at my mother's request in the year 1878, the year preceding that of her death. In October of the former year a letter was received by her at her home in Philadelphia, from a lady in Boston, connected with a popular periodical, informing her of an impression existing in that city that the first three quatrains of 'Mary's Lamb' were written by a Mr. Rowlstone, about the year 1817, and asking for the real facts. One of my mother's children, at her request, replied in the following terms:

"Your courteous letter, addressed to my mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, relative to the authoress of the poem, "Mary's Lamb," was duly received, but my mother has not been well enough to reply to it. In her behalf I beg to say the poem in question first appeared in a book of twenty-four pages, published in Boston in 1830 by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, entitled "Poems for Our Children," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. My mother states that every poem in this book was of her own composition. What can have given rise to the impression that some part of this particular poem was written by another person, she does not know. There is no foundation for it whatever.'"

For comparison, "Mary's Lamb" is here given as it first appeared. It is frequently printed in an imperfect form.

THE ORIGINAL POEM

Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was as white as snow,
 And everywhere that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go;
 He followed her to school one day,
 That was against the rule;
 It made the children laugh and play
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about,
 Till Mary did appear;
 And then he ran to her, and laid
 His head upon her arm,
 As if he said—"I'm not afraid;
 You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
 The eager children cry;
 "O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
 The teacher did reply;
 "And you each gentle animal
 In confidence may bind;
 And make them follow at your call,
 If you were always kind."

Mrs. Hale was born October 24, 1795, and published her first literary efforts in the local paper of her native village. Hon. Cyrus Barton and Hon. Edmund Burke, both eminent in their day as legal lights, have been editors of this sheet, which is still flourishing. Her education was principally directed by her mother and a brother in college, and by her husband, David Hale, a distinguished lawyer. On his death, in 1822, she was left dependent upon her own exertions for her support and that of her five children, the eldest of whom was but seven years of age, and as a resource she hopefully turned to literature. After publishing several volumes both in prose and verse, she was called to Boston to take charge of the newly established *Ladies' Magazine* which she ably conducted for nine years. While she was in Boston she engaged actively in philanthropic and

educational work, and originated in that city the Seaman's Aid Society, which was the parent of many similar organizations in various ports.

Later, Mrs. Hale removed to Philadelphia, where she edited *Godey's Lady's Book* for forty years. She was the author of "Woman's Record," a large biographical and critical work, perhaps her most important. Her novel, "Northwood," appeared in two volumes, and secured popular praise. She also edited cookery books of standard value, annuals, and the letters of Madam de Sevigne and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It was through her advocacy that the idea was practically adopted of educating women for medical and missionary service in foreign lands, and she was the most prominent of those who formed the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society in Philadelphia. Subsequently the Woman's Union Missionary Society for heathen lands was formed in New York, with its chief branch in Philadelphia, where Mrs. Hale was president for several years. The fair that was organized by which the women of New England carried out the plan of raising fifty thousand dollars to complete the Bunker Hill Monument was first suggested and advocated by Mrs. Hale in her Boston magazine, and here also, according to a valuable paper contributed to the *Boston Globe*, her plan for the simultaneous and national celebration of Thanksgiving Day was first proposed.

So, while reading her fugitive poems, many of which have become widely familiar, as well as the most famous of all, "Mary's Lamb," let us remember that it was at her suggestion that Thanksgiving Day became a national festival, to be held on the same day throughout the country, and the suggestion was adopted by President Lincoln in 1864.

A busy, most useful Christian career ended on earth when, upon April 30, 1879, New Hampshire's gifted daughter, Sarah Josepha (Buell) Hale, passed away.

Diamonds in Granite

Johnny Appleseed and His Mission

By AN OLD-TIMER



NOT infrequently some rude and unlettered person, in an humble way, has accomplished a mission worthy of a wider and more lasting recognition than the traditions of village gossipers. New Hampshire has furnished her share of these diamonds in granite, if you please, whose unkempt features would blush at the thought of having their names mentioned by future generations.

Apropos of the interesting article in the March number of GRANITE STATE MAGAZINE, by Professor Thyng, upon "The Harvest of the Orchard," the singular life-story of him whom he speaks of as "Johnny Appleseed" seems worthy of relating, inasmuch as there is good reason to believe that this kind-hearted missionary was a native of this state, though some writers have claimed somewhat indefinitely that he was born near Boston. His birthplace was undoubtedly Seabrook, and his parents, in humble circumstances, were named Chapman. He was distinguished from the rest of the family by that good, old American name of Jonathan. Coming upon the stage of action just before the breaking out of the War of Independence, a few years after its close, having barely reached his majority, he drifted to Western Pennsylvania where, in its wild frontier life his mania for planting apple seeds was first discovered. Tired of the rapid settlement of that wilderness, he soon pushed out for the West. In 1801 he visited Ohio with a horse load of apple seeds, which he had gathered from the cider presses of western Pennsylvania. He planted his seeds on the fertile spots, on the banks of the

Licking Creek. In 1806 he was seen by a settler drifting down the Ohio River with two canoes lashed together and loaded with apple seeds, destined for the western border of the white settlement. He often planted as much as a bushel of seeds in one locality, then inclosed the spot with a slight fence or guard of brush, when he would leave the place till the trees had in a measure grown. Planting one stock of seeds, he returned to Pennsylvania for another, which he gathered from the cider presses in different places. He first carried the seeds in linen bags, but the dense underbrush, hostile with thorns and briers, made leathern bags the only safe ones for his purpose. Sometimes the bags found transportation on the back of an old, broken-down horse, but more often on his own sturdy shoulders. He was a man of vigorous muscle and great endurance or he could not have stood the long, weary journeys through the lonely and trackless wilderness for so many years, journeys in which he was loaded like a mule ascending the Andes. He always planted his seeds in some remote, picturesque spot, and there let them grow to be claimed by the settlers, whose homes sprung up in the isolated clearings. In this way the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose, and the foundation was laid for that immense growth of fruit trees whose yield to-day forms so important a part of the annual products of the great state of Ohio.

When the trees were large enough for sale, Johnny either sold them or left them to be sold by some settler for him. In this business he was as methodical as a merchant. The really poor got trees for nothing; of others more able he took old clothing, some meal, or anything he could use, in exchange. Of those able to pay he demanded money, which he was seldom without. He usually took notes payable at some indefinite period. This done, he paid no more attention to the matter. Quite often it was the last time he ever saw the giver of the note. His wants were few and he cared little about money. He used what money he got in buying Swedenborgian books, which he gave to the set-

tlers where he stayed, and he very often helped poor families in need of the necessaries of life.

An old, infirm horse excited his pity. Buying up old, broken-down horses, and leaving them in charge of some one who was pledged to care for them, was another part of this strange man's mission. He had at times quite a drove of aged and maimed horses under the care of some humane farmer. Inflicting pain on a dumb creature was with him an unpardonable sin. This sympathy extended to the smallest animals, even to insects. He put out a fire in the camp in the woods because the wind blew the mosquitoes into the flame, saying as he quenched the blaze: "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort which should be the means of destroying any of His creatures." He once built a fire at the end of a hollow log in which he intended to pass the night, but finding a bear and her cubs occupying it, he removed the fire to the other end and slept in the snow rather than disturb the bears. A snake having bitten him, a friend asked him in regard to it. Johnny drew a long sigh and replied: "Poor fellow! he only just touched me, when I in an ungodly passion put the heel of my scythe in him and went home." While at work in the woods a hornet got underneath his shirt and, although repeatedly stung by the enraged insect, he deliberately took off his shirt and liberated the intruder. His friend laughed at him and asked why he did not kill the little imp, to which Johnny replied: "It would not be right to kill the poor thing, for it did not intend to hurt me."

He lived the roughest life camping out in the woods or, if sleeping in a house, occupying the floor; his dress was an indescribable medley, composed of cast-off clothing he had taken in exchange for apple trees. In later years this second-hand raiment he thought too luxurious, and wore as a principal garment an old coffee sack, in the bottom and sides of which he cut holes to thrust his head and arms through. He thought this a cloak good enough for any man to wear. He seldom wore shoes except in winter. For traveling on

rough roads he wore a pair of rude sandals. He bought no covering for his feet, used old cast-off boots or shoes, generally unmatched, and wore them while they would stick to his feet. He made his own head-gear. For a long time he wore the large tin dipper in which he cooked his mush while traveling. But it failed to shade his face from the sun. Hence he made a hat of pasteboard, with an immense peak in front, and bent down at the sides to protect his face from the heat. He led a blameless and moral life and likened himself to the primitive Christians, literally taking no thought of the morrow. This conviction made him at all times serenely happy. At one time an itinerant minister, holding forth on the public square in Mansfield, was denouncing the sins of this life and pride in dress, and exclaimed inquiringly: "Where now is the barefooted Christian traveling to heaven?" Johnny, who was lying on his back on the ground near by, took the question in its literal sense, raised his bare feet in the air and vociferated, "Here's your primitive Christian!" to the discomfiture of the well-dressed missionary. The physician who was present at his death was heard to inquire what was Johnny Appleseed's religion. He had never seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death, and so ready to enter upon another life.

An Indian Legend

By S. S. GRIFFIN

From the store of mystic legends
Told by Indians ages past,
Handed down for generations,
To the present time at last,

There's a quaint and curious story
That, when man first came to earth,
Twas the summer of the seasons,
Filled with flowers, and all was mirth.

All the long and pleasant summer,
Ate he fruits and berries rare,
Lived in happy, calm contentment,
In his kingdom bright and fair.

Soon, however, the sky was clouded,
And the north wind 'gan to blow;
Then o'er all his wide-spread kingdom
Fell the white and drifting snow.

Then the poor man, sore bewildered,
Wondering what it all could mean,
Wandered o'er the snow-clad mountains,
Through the darksome wild ravine,

Seeking mellow, golden apples,
And for fruits of summer clime,
But alas! they all were covered
By the snows of winter time.

So he chased the deer and bison,
Through the forest far did roam,
Killed them with a club of oak-tree,
Brought them to his cavern home.

But the snows kept falling, falling,
O'er the wide earth day by day,
Till the poor man, almost buried,
Through the drifts could scarce make way.

Then he tried to make a snow-shoe,
Worked from morning until eve;
Made the frames, but, vain endeavor,
Tried the centers then to weave.

Then, discouraged, hungry, weary,
He departs in search of food;
Soon returning thro' the snow banks,
Saw a sight that changed his mood.

As he gazed upon the snow-shoe,
Lo! the work was almost done.
Then said he, "Some kind protector,
On my snow-shoe has begun."

Once again he goes a hunting
Till the shades of evening fall;
Watches for the kind protector,
Sees a bird, and that is all.

So he sets a trap to catch it,
Goes a hunting till the night;
Then, returning to his cavern,
Caught the birdling fair and tight.

Then a wondrous change transpired,
And the stars looked down in awe;
For the bird became a woman,
And was made the red man's squaw.

Then they made the wondrous snow-shoes,
On them walked o'er hill and dale,
Till the snows of winter vanished,
Fringed with verdure was the vale.

Thus they lived in happy freedom
All the joyous summer days.
From them sprang the several nations,
So their shadowy legend says.



Historic Deeds of Many Lands

The Boy Without Fear

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR



TUNDER a republican form of government it often happens that boys rise from lowly stations in life to high positions, sometimes becoming rulers of the country. We have many notable examples of this kind in the history of our republic. In a nation governed by hereditary monarchs we do not look for a ruler of such humble beginning. Still, now and then, we find the exception to this, and nowhere with more striking results than in Japan, whose ancient feudalism was cut in twain by the sword of our hero, who became the most renowned of her great men.

For over two hundred years Dai Nippon, as the natives of the empire of the Far East know their homeland, had been struggling under a dual system of government, utterly lost to human liberty and reeking with the useless sacrifice of lives, when, in 1536, there was born of humble parents, living in the district of Aichi, in Owari, a boy destined to throw open the window of reform so the light of a new day might break upon the long, dark night of feudalism. Small promise could he have given at first of the part he was to play in future events. Besides having parents too poor and ignorant to help him, he was under-sized and so wizened and ill-favored of figure and feature that his playmates called him "the monkey-pine." This did not seem to disturb him, and at this early age he boldly declared that sometime they would not dare to mock him thus.

At the games which they played he generally won, for he was both bold and cunning in his endeavors; in fact,

he earned here another of the many names applied to him during life, that of "the boy without fear." It does not appear that he liked to assist in the work of his people, or else he had an ambition above the drudgery of his brothers and sisters, for when they went out to weed the young plants in the rice field, knee-deep in the mud-pulp, or sought upon the hillsides, with basket and grass-hook in hand, fodder for the horses, he went to mingle with the soldiers camped near the town, exchanging arguments with them or striding some wild horse that they dared not break to the bridle. He was extremely fond of this quadruped, and this love had much to do toward leading him into the pathway of his wonderful fortune.

One day, while a party of soldiers was bantering him concerning his small figure, a loose horse was seen coming down the street at a terrific pace. The men fled either way to escape the heels of the maddened brute, which turned neither to the right nor left at anything in its course. Directly ahead, as the furious creature was plunging on, was a party of pleasure-seekers, a hundred or more in number, and mostly women and children, all unconscious of the peril menacing them.

If the soldiers stood paralyzed with terror, the little boy they had pretended to despise had the presence of mind to realize that something must be done to turn the runaway aside, and some one must have the courage to do it. But instead of running out and trying to frighten the horse, he bounded into its very pathway, regardless of the danger to himself. Expecting he would be killed, some of the soldiers shouted to him to get away. It proved that he had quite another purpose in his little head. As the flying steed, whose open mouth and distended nostrils were wreathed in foam and whose dark sides were dappled with froth and blood, reached him he caught the dangling rein in a firm hold.

Then, nobody could tell how, for he was so small he could barely clutch the bit of strap, he alighted squarely

upon the horse's back. No sooner had he gained this precarious perch, where he clung and looked like a veritable monkey, than he tugged upon the rein with such power that the bewildered animal swerved, stumbled, and fell to the earth. Its young rider went with it, but he was next seen astride its neck.

Some of the spectators now rallied enough to come to the rescue of the plucky little fellow. The runaway horse was quickly secured, and the danger to the women and children averted by the heroic act of the little peasant boy, whom nobody until then had considered worthy of notice, except to deride him.

It happened fortunately for the hero that the greatest general Japan had known, to that day, was a critical observer of the daring feat. He now came forward and asked the boy his name, who, looking the officer in the eye, said :

"Hideyoshi," which means "the sun."

"Bravo, my little man. Some day you will be a soldier."

Now the great commander, whose name was Nobunaga, could not have paid the peasant boy any greater compliment. As a reward for his daring feat he made him his *betto* or groom, a position that pleased Hideyoshi far better than working in the rice field. He was only ten then but, encouraged by his master in that direction, he soon became a soldier.

So from early youth Hideyoshi was associated with the army, and he was so brave and shrewd that Nobunaga rapidly advanced him, until he became one of his most trusted generals, and the remarkable success of the former lay in his wise selection of those whom he called around him to command. Hideyoshi had the rare quality of securing the confidence and admiration of his followers, and so certain did his fame spread that the boldest warriors flocked to the banner of this peasant leader. This banner is worthy of description on account of the strange device it bore, which was at first a single gourd; but, with each new victory,

another one was added, so at last it bore a great cluster of gourds. After awhile a golden model of the original banner was carried at the head of his army, which lost but one battle.

When the gallant Nobunaga met an untimely fate, Hideyoshi speedily avenged his death. Finding then disruptions of the army on every hand, he set about subduing the rival generals, winning victory after victory, until he met him who had been Nobunaga's youngest general, named Iyeyasu. If amazed at this outcome, he showed himself shrewd enough to profit by his defeat as no one else would have done. Seeing in Iyeyasu qualities that might be made useful to him, instead of seeking further opposition, he sought his friendship, promised him his sister in marriage, and the government of a province. Iyeyasu was wise enough to know that he was on the losing side, so he gladly accepted the terms, and from that time on the two worked together as friends and allies.

With this union the warlike career of Hideyoshi ended, and thenceforth we see him in the brighter scenes of his eventful life, the part that reflected the most credit upon his name and afforded the greatest good to his country, though the first stage led to this. He became the prime minister of the government, which gave him the rule of the empire in fact if not in name. So the great advance in progress that Japan made during the following years are properly credited to him.

Realizing that soldiers in times of peace must be kept active in order to promote the welfare of the public, he began to give them employment by setting them to work making improvements in Kyoto, the ancient capital. He deepened the bed of the river Kamo, where it flowed shallow, and paved it with flat stones. He dug so many canals at Osaka that this city deserved to be known as the "Venice of Japan," and the importance of this place in modern times as a commercial center dates from his day. Here he built the great fortress, which was the wonder of his age,

and the ruins of which are still pointed to with pride. At different places he erected castles, towers, pagodas and numerous public buildings. It is claimed he threw across the canals he had originated more than a thousand bridges, and in many other ways added to the prosperity of the empire. Better yet, he united the feudal provinces into a semblance of one grand whole, and promulgated laws and established a government that reflected the highest credit upon his wisdom and unflinching determination to carry out his purpose. The first in high power to ever forgive his enemies and win them over to his support, caring little for rank or family prestige, he became extremely popular with the people, and under him Japan made great strides in reforms and progress.

The reign of "The Taiko," as he was known, was noted for its glory upon sea as well as upon land. Vessels three times the size of the junks hitherto employed in carrying on the sea trade were built, and her bold navigators penetrated into the far-distant seas, going as far as the island of Luzon, where many of their descendants may be found to-day.

Hideyoshi, worn out through his strenuous efforts to give Japan a stable government, when he should have been in the prime of his life, died in 1598, leaving Iyeyasu to carry out the great work he had begun. He was followed to his tomb on the western slopes of the imperial city, and a temple to mark the locality was erected by his wife. This was burned so long ago that no one to-day can point out the spot where rest the remains of the illustrious founder of Japanese modern greatness. But he needs no monument to perpetuate his memory. Against the curtain of the Dark Age of Japanese history three names stand out like glittering stars; in the order of their appearance, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu, but the greatest and brightest of these was the son of a peasant.

'Tis the Giver Who Sweetens the Kiss

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

We borrow from hearts that are meet,
And never we think of the owner ;
We trample love under the feet,
With never a care for the donor ;
Then in sorrow and loneliness wonder
Why our hopes are thus riven asunder !
With the faithful and true the world over
In sunshine and shadow and bliss.
Be it maiden or mother or lover,
'Tis the giver who sweetens the kiss.

We behold not the beauty of flowers,
Till their freshness and fragrance have flown ;
We believe not in love that is ours,
Till the sunshine of hearts we disown ;
Then to wonder in anguish forlorn
Why our hearts are left bleeding and torn !
With the loving and loved the world over,
In sunshine and shadow and bliss,
Be it sister or brother or lover,
'Tis the giver who sweetens the kiss.

We trip lightly o'er cares not our own
In pursuing the pathway of pleasure ;
But forget when our friendship has flown,
And we fail to give mete for our measure.
Then to wonder with all we have borne
Why our joys are so fleeting and shorn.
As an axiom of life the world over,
Tho' we own to none other than this,
Be it father or mother or lover
'Tis the giver who sweetens the kiss.

Origin of Sarsaparilla

An Indian Legend



LIVING close to Nature, the Indian was wont to ascribe to each inanimate object with which he came in contact a personality that was often beautiful and picturesque. According to his belief, nurtured by the legends of his race, the sarsaparilla plant had the following origin :

Two sisters, noted alike for their beauty and wisdom, loved the same warrior, who was equally noted for his success on the hunting path and valor in war. But he treated the rival maids so nearly alike that each despaired of winning him to herself. In this situation one of them became so madly jealous that she induced another brave to kill her rival. Anxious to win the favor of this revengeful beauty, the Indian strangled the innocent maid. Then, the awful deed done, the murderer repented of his act and acknowledged that he had been driven to do it by the other.

Thereupon the sorrowful lover, thus rudely discovering the true character of his sweetheart, scorned the vixen and, abandoning the chase, spent much of his time in the solitude of the spot where slept his loved one under the flowering birch. In due season a strange plant, with long, vine-like roots, sprang up on the little mound of earth, and the warrior knew his loved one lived in a new form of life. One day he fell asleep and dreamed this plant possessed wonderful curative qualities. So he gathered the plant and began to treat the sick, to soon become famed as a healer possessing the divine secret of health over disease. In this way the life of the Indian maid was immortalized and what her lover lost mankind gained.

Jacob Sheafe

By LUCIEN THOMPSON



JACOB SHEAFE was born at Newcastle, October 21, 1715. He married, July 24, for his first wife, Hannah Seavy; his second wife was Mrs. Abigail (Halyburton) Hamilton. He died June 26, 1791. He had eleven children by his first wife, and nine of them lived to an average age of over eighty-one years.

Mr. Sheafe was Commissary of the New Hampshire troops at Louisburg, in 1745, and he was a very successful merchant in Portsmouth. He was a deputy to the provincial legislature from 1767 to 1774, when the provincial government ended.

Many of the old families of Portsmouth owned slaves. Quite a number of slaves were owned in Durham, and the writer has in his possession an old deed or bill of sale of a negro slave named Joseph, which Jacob Sheafe of Portsmouth Merchant, sold to Robert Lapish of Durham, Joiner, June 3, 1777. The bill of sale was made in the form of a deed and witnessed by Mr. Sheafe's son, William, then nineteen years of age.*

Robert Lapish lived near Falls in Durham village, his house being the present barn connected with the parsonage. His grandson, Capt. Andrew Lapish Simpson, built the present Simpson house or parsonage about 1840. His widow, Mrs. Simpson, gave her property to the church and library association.

*Through the courtesy of Mr. Lucien Thompson, we are able to give the following negro bill of sale in the days when slavery existed in New Hampshire. The document, written in a plain hand, is in a good state of preservation, and our reproduction is an exact copy—*Editor*.

A SLAVE BILL OF SALE

Know all Men by these Presents that I Jacob Sheafe of Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire Merchant for and in Consideration of the Sum of Six pounds Lawfull Money to me in hand paid by Robert Lapish of Durham Joiner the Receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged have granted, bargained and sold and by these Presents Do give, grant bargain sell convey and confirm unto him the said Robert Lapish a certain Negro Man named Joseph about Thirty seven Years of Age To have and to hold the said Negro named Joseph to him the said Robert Lapish his Executors Administrators and Assigns to his and their proper Use Benefit & Behoof during the Life of said Negro and I the said Jacob for myself my Executors and Administrators do hereby avouch myself to be the true and lawfull Owner of said Negro till the ensealing and Delivery hereof and shall and will warrant and Defend the same to him the said Robert Lapish his Executors Administrators & Assigns during the Life of said Negro against the lawfull Claims and Demand of any Person or Persons whomsoever In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and Seal the 3d Day of June Anno Domini 1777

JACOB SHEAFE

Signed Sealed and delivered
in the Presence of
WILLIAM SHEAFE

[L. s.]

Blossoms and Fruit

By FRANCES E. FRYATT

Buds on apple boughs are swelling,
Sweetest promise whisper they,
Folded crimson faintly telling
How they'll blossom in sweet May;
Falling down, a scented snow,
When the gentle zephyrs blow.


Softly hinting, one by one,
Of autumn apples in the sun,
Growing russet, red and yellow
Sweet and spicy, tart and mellow,
Dropping 'neath the silver moon,
When the Katy-did 's in tune.

The Lost Mine

A Legend of the Headwaters of the Androscoggin

By BAILEY K. DAVIS

During the long and sanguinary struggle between the English and the Indians that drifted back and forth between Maine and New Hampshire and the French rendezvous in Canada, the latter almost invariably used bullets which contained more than half silver. These remarkable missiles became the wonder of the whites, and the source from whence they were obtained was a mystery. To this day the secret has not been learned, but how near it once came to being known is told by an old resident of Berlin.—*Editor.*

 BEFORE the white men settled any part of Maine or New Hampshire, there was a very powerful tribe of Indians called Penobscots. Their sachem or chief lived on what is now known as Oldtown Island, which is about twelve miles above Bangor, on the Penobscot river. They were in possession of all the country watered by the Penobscot, Kennebec and Androscoggin rivers. There was also another tribe called the St. Francis, living in Canada, and, if tradition saith truly, these two tribes were very friendly, often intermarrying. Their great thoroughfare was the Androscoggin River, and their camping places all up and down the river were plain to be seen by the early settlers, and whenever possible these camping places were located on islands, and often the curiosity seeker would find many things to richly reward his search, perhaps not very valuable as far as dollars and cents are concerned, but valuable as relics, such as arrow-heads, spear-points, tomahawks and, quite frequently, bullets.

These arrow-heads and other things were made of jasper, a stone very hard, and wherever these camping places were one was almost sure to find many pieces of this jasper, evidently chipped from larger pieces. Now it was a

source of wonder where the Indians obtained this jasper, but this was settled by William Sanborn who, some time in the year 1859, found what has been locally known as Jasper Cave, situated on the east side of Dead River Pond, about half way up a high bluff that rises some three or four hundred feet above the level of the pond. This cave is about fourteen feet long, nine feet high and six feet wide. In all probability this entire cave was made by the Indians, to obtain this jasper for the purpose before mentioned. The vein varies in thickness from a few inches to several feet, and as there is no other place on either of the three rivers mentioned before where this jasper has been found it seems certain that this was the place where the red men, with incredible labor, obtained what was to them of far more value than silver or gold; so that when it is remembered that until they obtained firearms, knives, and other utensils of the white men, this hard stone was what they made knives and tomahawks of, besides arrow-heads and spear-points, it will be readily seen that to them this stone was very valuable.

Some years before this town was organized, Mr. Benjamin Russell came through from Newry, Me., on a hunting excursion, as far as what is now called Old Goose-Eye Mountain, but not meeting with the success anticipated he started from that mountain to go back through to Newry, and got lost. It was four or five days before he at last found where he was, but when he did he came out on Bear River, nearly famished with hunger. When wandering around, about to descend a very steep place on the side of the mountain, and finding his hatchet a hindrance, he threw it down the declivity. To his surprise the tool embedded its edge in what looked to him a solid rock. Upon reaching the place he found that it was stuck in a vein of lead, so soft that it could be easily chipped. He stopped to cut out three or four pounds of the ore and, putting it into his pack, resumed his journey, thinking it would be an easy matter to find the isolated spot again. He did succeed in

finding his way out of the wilderness, and soon after he sent some of the ore to Boston to be assayed. It was found to contain more than sixty per cent of silver. It was now evident where the Indians had found their ore for their "silver bullets." Elated over his accidental discovery, Mr. Russell started to find the place again, but after days of anxious search he failed to find any sign which revealed the lost mine. This search he repeated from time to time, but he was never able to find the place, and to this day it remains undiscovered. Without a shadow of doubt, somewhere between Old Goose-Eye and Newry lies a mine which would be a fortune to him who should find it.

There is an ancient story of a white man and an Indian who were at one time hunting on this river, somewhere near what is now Berlin Falls, and, as they got out of bullets, the Indian said, "me get um lead, but white man no follow Indian, white man stay here sure." After some twelve hours, the Indian returned with plenty of lead, but would not tell the white man where it was to be found. In all probability this Indian and others knew of this ore before they ever obtained firearms of the white men. Thus is accounted for the numerous places where this ore had been chopped out, as seen by Mr. Russell. Ore in its natural state cannot be chopped out as this was, for it is too hard, but after it has been melted it can be easily cut. Now in all probability this ore had been melted either by volcanic action or by the lightning, so that this vein had run out, and according to Mr. Russell's report, there was quite an area covered with this melted ore, which proved to be, by actual test, more than half silver.

So this old tradition is given for what it is worth, but it seems very improbable that Mr. Russell should spend years of his life searching to again find the place where he obtained this valuable ore, if there were none. There are many men who have hunted more or less to find this mine, but as yet it has not been discovered, and if it ever is, it is more than probable that it will be by accident.





AUBURN BY THE LAKE

Auburn by the Lake

By A STAFF CONTRIBUTOR



ENVIRONED by hills on three sides, and looking out upon the world through the Indian's "Eyes of the Sky," beautiful Lake Massabesic, lies the pretty town of Auburn, in Rockingham County. If banded by iron rails, the steam horse goes past far enough removed to leave the little hamlet undisturbed by its smoke and clatter. Within an hour's drive of the city of Manchester, it rests by its wooded slopes, green fields and glimmering waters, contented if left alone.

About one hundred years after the landing of the Puritans, or in 1717, we first find the name of Chester, in New Hampshire, and soon after the designation of West Chester appears. The latter term was applied to that portion of the mother town since denominated by that poetical name Auburn, Oliver Goldsmith's "sweetest village of the plain." Auburn was also early known as "Long Meadow," and it was incorporated into a separate township by the legislature of New Hampshire, June 25, 1845. The population in 1900 was 682.

The nationalities of those who made a settlement in the primeval forests on the shores of Lake Massabesic were English, Scotch and Irish. In blending these races, after three generations, scarcely a vestige remains of the general characteristics which marked so strongly either of the races, and in language, manners and customs were merged into the English-Americans.

The patriotism and love of country of the early settlers cannot be doubted. They helped the mother country in the early French and Indian wars, which wrested from

the former their claim to this part of North America. In the War of the American Revolution they took an active part.



THE BROOK AT THE VILLAGE

The early settlers brought with them the spinning wheel, and the cultivation of flax, from which linen was made, became an important industry among the men, while the housewives spun the thread and wove cloth, the surplus

which was not needed in home consumption finding a ready sale in Boston. Scotland's loved poet most aptly expresses the sweet contentment of the lives of these people in his immortal lines to



THE OLD CALEF HOUSE

BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL.

“ O leeze me on my spinning wheel,
O leeze me on the rock and reel ;
Frae tap to tae that clieds me bien,
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en.
I'll set me down and sing and spin,
While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Bless wi' content, and milk and meal—
O leeze me on my spinning wheel.”

One of the first settlers in Auburn was William Graham, who was born in Scotland, in 1712, and who came here in 1733, making his clearing about one mile east of the shore of Lake Massabesic, and near the site of the present



METHODIST CHURCH

Methodist church. From the writings of this sturdy pioneer we learn that, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, one James Horner came from Ireland, with his two sisters, to make a settlement on the land to become known later as the "Deacon Currier farm." Horner's

landed interest seems to have extended beyond this, however, as it is estimated that he owned at one time a thousand acres on the banks of the brook running into the lake,



THE W. H. GRIFFIN HOMESTEAD

where the village is now located. He was a carpenter and millwright by trade, and he built the first saw-mill anywhere in this vicinity about 1720, unless tradition is more partial to him than truthful. He built the first house in town.

Another early comer was John Calef, a clothier from Newbury, Mass., one of the grantees of Chester, who took up land here to offset a deficiency in his grant in the main territory of "Old Chester." He is believed to have been a



COHAS BROOK

descendant of the celebrated Robert Calef, a merchant in Boston, who opposed the witchcraft delusion in 1692. Two of his sons, James and Robert, lived a short distance above the present village, on the homestead of the late George G.

Griffin. They built a dam across the stream, erected a saw-mill about 1741, and soon after a fulling mill, where they dressed cloth for many years. This mill was noted as the only one of its kind between here and Canada, cloth being brought here sometimes over two hundred miles to be dressed. Soon after building their fulling mill they erected for their dwelling, a small, one-story house which is still standing.

Owing to a dispute, carried into court, in regard to the right of flowage, the Calefs lost their mill property which passed into the possession of the Salem Iron Company of Massachusetts. Nathan Griffin, of Weare, bought



SEBASTIAN S. GRIFFIN

some of the company's land in 1810, and lived in the Calef house until his death in 1867. His wife, who was Sally Evans of Springfield, N. H., died seven years later. This house thus became the old home of the Griffin family, and it was here Sebastian S. Griffin, the historian and antiquarian of the town, to whom the writer is indebted for many facts in this article, was born. Here was born and lived George G., the second son of Nathan, and his children, until he built the handsome set of buildings a little east of the site of the old house, and commanding a fine view of the valley, in 1876, where his widow, her son, John P., and family now live.

The old Calef dam disappeared long since, while nothing of the old mill, except the mud-sills, remains to remind us of the activities of these days, when young and energetic men were entering upon the scene to open up a



MRS. SEBASTIAN S. GRIFFIN

new country, with equally energetic young women, who were helpmeets in those family circles about which cluster so much that is inspiring and helpful. They, too, have gone, and their children have taken their places. A generation of pines and maples sprang up where the old mill stood and these have gone the way of earth.

The site of the Horner mill, the first built anywhere in this vicinity, if tradition is to be accepted, was bought by Thomas Shirley, the grandfather of Byron Shirley of Andover, a noted politician in his day. Mr. Shirley built here a grist-mill in 1825, but this was burned almost before it was completed. It is worthy of mention, perhaps, that no fire has occurred since that time within a mile circle. May the historian of fourscore years hence be able to repeat this fact.

Mr. Shirley then sold his interest to Joseph Blanchard, a man of prominence in affairs, and who had married a daughter of Robert Calef. Mr. Blanchard, in connection with Mr. Calef, revived the manufacture of cloth, which he continued until the introduction of cotton goods ruined his industry. The mill was then used for a blacksmith shop,

and later was converted into a nail manufactory, where all kinds of nails were forged by hand. This privilege was bought in 1835 by Jay T. and Flagg T. Underhill, brothers, who began here the manufacture of edge tools, this being



W. H. GRIFFIN AND FAMILY

the most extensive manufactory of the kind in New Hampshire at that time. This business was carried on here by different firms until 1865, when it was discontinued.

This privilege, with its mill, is now the property of Willard H. Griffin, son of George G. Griffin, already men-

tioned. Mr. Griffin also owns and operates the mill near the station of the Concord & Portsmouth branch of the Boston & Maine Railroad. Auburn is well favored with water power, and less than half a century ago no less than seven mills were in operation, during the spring months running day and night. Then hills and valleys were covered largely with heavy timber, which has since disappeared, and been replaced by a young growth. It is perhaps only right to say that one mill with its modern appliances is capable of sawing more lumber than the seven combined, with their old-fashioned, slow-moving devices. Such is one of the ear-marks of progress.

Mr. Griffin, as well as looking after his mill interests, deals in lumber to a considerable extent, and takes an active part in town affairs, being at the present time its treasurer. He is also, in association with Alfred D. Emery and Daniel H. Webster, a trustee of the Griffin Library and Museum. He married Miss Frances A., daughter of Charles N. and Louisa (Simonds) Plumer, of Alexandria, N. H. She has taught school, and been a member of the board of education for twelve years. She is the efficient librarian of the Griffin Library. Their beautiful home stands near the site of the Currier homestead, before mentioned.

Among those who worked for Joseph Blanchard in the old fulling mill on the present Griffin site, and afterwards succeeding him in its ownership, were William and John Folsom, their mother being the second wife of Mr. Blanchard. They carried on the business until 1805, when the last-named, in association with Richard Melvin, built fifteen miles of the Londonderry turnpike, which included the construction of the historic "Deer Neck bridge," spanning the strait between the two bays of the lake. The following year he opened a tavern on the turnpike, which became noted in those days as "Folsom's Tavern." There was a great amount of travel over the new highway, until the building of the railroad up the Merrimack valley in 1842,

and often the house was filled to overflowing. Among the distinguished guests who stopped here was the great orator and statesman, Daniel Webster. Overlooking verdant fields, reaching down to the shore of the beautiful lake, with a distant view of hills and mountains, it was a scene to charm the most critical eye. The old tavern disappeared several years since, and on its site stands a modern farmhouse. A little higher on the hillside, commanding a yet wider view of the surrounding country, Manchester's banker and financier, Mr. Walter M. Parker, has built a beautiful summer residence and arranged attractive grounds. No



ANDREW F. FOX

happier choice could have been made than this noble situation, with its historic associations and magnificent scenery, where a busy man could seek rest and escape from the exacting cares of an earnest life. So, once more, in accordance with the changes wrought by the passing years, the picturesque hillsides, overlooking the west bay, studded with islands, the largest and most conspicuous of which is Brown's Island, reflect the activities of man's handiwork.

A short distance below this sightly residence is the home of one of Auburn's oldest and leading citizens, Mr. Andrew F. Fox. The Fox homestead was cleared at the opening of the turnpike, and the house built by a Mr. Towle. This was bought by the father of Andrew F. seventy-eight years



THE FOX HOMESTEAD

ago last fall, when he was two years old. The building has since been enlarged and improved until it is now a fine farmhouse, over-hung by two stately elms that have stood on duty for nearly fourscore years. Mr. Fox has served his town in many official capacities, and continuously ever since he came to his majority. He was elected a selectman when he was twenty-three, and was chosen representative when he was twenty-seven. He is still hale and hearty, and retains his interest in the affairs of the day,

Another old-time hostelry in Auburn, deserving mention, was the "Shirley Mansion," an imposing structure for its day. Its large front, two stories in height, extension, numerous windows of seven-by-nine glass,



WILLIAM G. BROWN

great chimneys and open fireplaces, huge kitchen and out-buildings, including horse sheds, had the appearance of an old French chateau. These walls, which echoed to many scenes of conviviality and boisterous life, were torn down in 1848, and a new set of buildings erected by John S. Brown, a few feet north of the old site.

Simon Brown, a brother, was for several years editor of the *New England Farmer*, and at one time speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. A nephew, William Graham Brown, still lives in town, his cottage standing a short distance east of the village. He is a direct descendant of William Graham, already men-

tioned as one of the pioneers of Auburn. Mr. Brown served his country in the First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery, Company K. He enlisted a second time, and



MRS. WILLIAM G. BROWN

was appointed corporal, but gave this up to play in the band. He has been a leading citizen, serving on the board of selectmen and school committee; was census taker in 1880, and represented the town in the legislature in 1895-96. He married, first, Mary A. Neal, a most estimable woman; second, Miss Ella F. Hanson, a daughter of Wyman O. and Mary A. (Martin) Hanson. Mrs. Brown was educated in the schools of Manchester, taught school several years before her marriage, and since has served on the board of education eleven years, where she is at the present time a valuable member.

About one mile east of the village, and situated upon one of the most sightly eminences in town, commanding a wide view of the lake as well as the surrounding country, is the old homestead founded by one of the first settlers, James Underhill. This estate eventually passed into possession of Lyman Eaton, who married Miss Lucy Brown of Wellfleet, Mass. Here the worthy couple reared their family of children, who have proved a blessing to the old home. The oldest of these, Benjamin Eaton, a prominent citizen, who served in the Civil War, and has held many positions of usefulness in local affairs, lives in his modern

farmhouse near the site of the old home. Besides doing considerable in the mill and lumber business, he has cultivated his farm, paying some attention to raising peaches, in which line of fruit he has been very successful. He married Miss Sarah Adaline Follansbee, of South Hampton, who taught school for several years. They have had four children, three of whom are living.

This is the birthplace of a son of Auburn who has gained an honorable position in another town, a younger brother of the above, Frank Eaton, M. D., who was a graduate of Dartmouth Medical College, class of 1876, having studied

medicine with the late Dr. Canney, who was at one time an Auburn physician. He settled in Weare, N. H., immediately upon receiving his diploma, and has remained in that town ever since, having acquired an extensive country practice. He married, first, Miss M. Luella Knowlton, and second, Mrs. Lizzie L. (Hoyt) Locke. Dr. Eaton has represented the town in the legislature, besides holding other positions in public affairs, and enjoys the confidence and respect of a wide circle of friends.

The other surviving children are Arthur Eaton, who owns a farm in Weare; Achsah, who married Oliver B. Elliott, and lives in Manchester, and Lucie E., who married Frank Clough, of Weare, her mother finding a home with her.



MRS. LUCY EATON

One of the finest residences in town is the home of Simon G. Prescott and his son, Frank H., who, either in partnership or separately, have kept the village store and



BENJAMIN EATON

postoffice for many years, the latter at the present time being the sole proprietor. The former has represented his town in the legislature, and has long been a leading citizen. The compiler is indebted to the latter for the photographic views that accompany this article. Mr. Prescott has one of the largest collections of first-class photographs to be found in a country town, and he has done much toward advertising in this way the picturesque features of the surrounding country.

Another of the pioneers, who has descendants living here to-day, was John Orr. With Allen Templeton, John McKinley, Robert Craige and others he came into this vicinity in 1736 to settle about forty rods from the lake shore. The Orr family was believed to have been connected with the royal line of Stuarts. Among his descendants are the Pattens and Halls, a family group of the grandchildren by the latter name being given. Three of these grandsons, Albert L., Melvin and Lester, live in town. The latter owns the beautiful summer boarding house standing upon Mount Prospect, which he has re-named Pine Bluff. This site commands one of the finest views in Auburn, from whence the observer not only looks out upon

that gem of waters, Lake Massabesic, with its coves, inlets, bays and islands, but in the distance rises a grand panorama of mountain scenery not easily to be matched in this state. Mr. Hall and his genial wife during the summer season entertain as many as fifty guests at a time, and many are turned away who cannot be accommodated. With its beautiful grove of pines and its well-kept grounds, there is no more desirable spot for the vacationist than this quiet retreat with its happy environments.

Nearby is another of Auburn's attractive summer homes, the Lake Shore Farm, kept by George M. Hunkins.

Following along the road that winds up the hill in the direction of Long Meadow district, the home of another of Auburn's substantial citizens, Alfred D. Emery, is passed. Mr. Emery has been judge of the police court for ten years, selectman for eleven years, and treasurer for eight years, besides holding other offices of trust and activity. He is not a native of the town, having been born in Malden, Mass., in 1845. He married Miss Caroline F. Wood, of Peabody, Mass. They have been blessed with six children, all of whom have obtained their education and begun life for themselves with flattering prospects. Only one, Thomas D., remains in town, and lives at The Elm, where, besides performing the duties of rural free delivery, he and Mrs. Emery are the dispensers of comfort and pleas-



MRS. BENJAMIN EATON

ure to a goodly number of summer boarders at their fine old home. Near the postoffice, church, and within sight and sound of the lake, their house is one of many



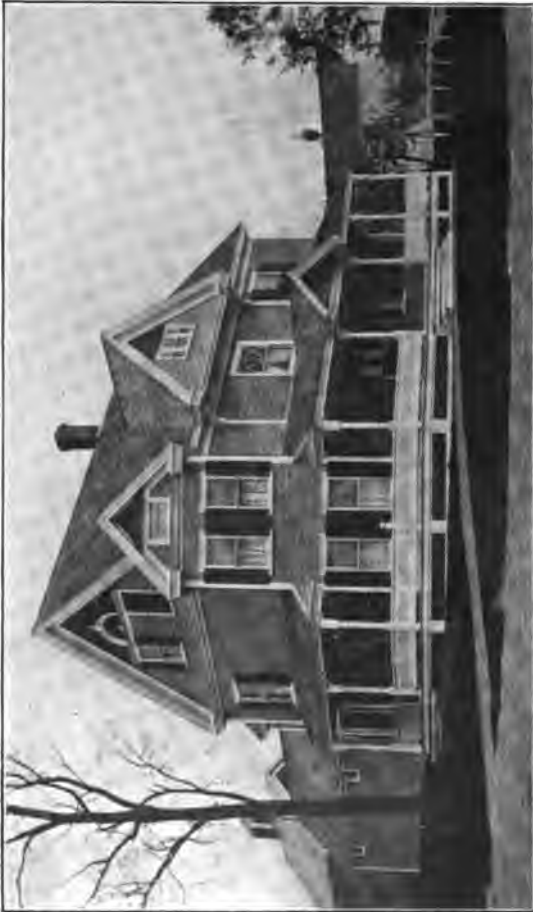
FRANK EATON, M. D.

quiet attractions. In front, Sebago Brook enters the lake and, spreading out amid the reeds and willows, loses its identity and becomes a part of the main body of "untroubled waters."

Near the east bay of Lake Massabesic settled William Leach, in 1738. Captain Leach served in the Continental Army, and was a sergeant in Capt. Joseph Dearborn's Company in the campaign against Canada. The canine instinct is aptly illustrated in the following story told of a dog belonging to Captain Leach. In a fight with a rattlesnake, which were very plenty in this locality in those days, the dog, though victor, was severely bitten by the snake. Immediately the wounded animal bounded away to a plot of lowland, to bury himself in the mud until only the tip of his nose was to be seen. Here he remained until hunger compelled him to leave his retreat. As soon as he had eaten he returned to his hiding place, this time followed by some of the family, and understanding his purpose he was fed here until at last he seemed to feel that the poison had been taken out of his body, when he resumed the even tenor of his life, living several years after this incident, a greater favorite than ever.

Following on past the Leach place, climbing the hill

and coming to a sharp curve in the road is an old cellar, which marks the homestead of another old settler whose descendants are living, Deacon Robert Patten, who settled



THE PRESCOTT HOME

here in 1741. From this home have sprung some of the best and most energetic citizens of our state and other states in the Union. Many of the Pattens who have become useful citizens from this town and Candia were

descendants of this family. The old house was razed to the ground nearly three-fourths of a century ago. A story is told illustrating the native wit and keen insight of the



PINE BLUFF HOUSE

pioneer. A short distance beyond the place is that dismal opening into the earth known as the "Devil's Den," and among others who sought the credited abode of his satanic majesty, out of curiosity either for the place or its occupant,

came two Methodist ministers. Upon coming to the Patten homestead, and seeing the old gentleman sitting on his porch, his chin resting on his cane, one of them asked how much farther they would have to go to reach their destina-



LAKE SHORE FARM

tion. Starting up from his reverie the old man replied: "It's only a wee bit o' space beyont." Thinking to quiz the other the clergyman inquired if he thought it likely they would find his satanic majesty at home then, and if not when he would be the most pleased to receive callers. Fixing his small but piercing eyes, overhung by shaggy brows, on the inquirer, Mr. Patten remarked that if the devil was at home "a wee bit o' buird wouldst fly out to greet 'em." As to any particular time to receive callers, the cave-dweller was always glad to welcome visitors, day or night.

Laughing at the reply, the ministers resumed their journey. Coming within sight of the cave, they hitched their horses and ascended the rough pathway leading to the dark retreat. They had nearly reached the mouth of the cave when, to their surprise, a small bird came out of the place and whirled about their heads in swift flight. The words of Mr. Patten coming quickly back to them, the twain, believing the devil was really within waiting for them,

turned about and fled with swift steps down the declivity. It is said one of them fainted, but be that as it may, the rumble of carriage wheels was soon heard along the high-



THE ELM

way, unbroken until the sound had died away in the distance. There is no evidence to show that either of these frightened good men ever returned for a second visit. Though it may destroy Mr. Patten's reputation as a prophet,

he had known for several years a bird had been in the habit of building its nest near the mouth of the cave. Upon the appearance of visitors the frightened bird was sure to leave



"DEVIL'S DEN," SHOWING PROFILE

its nest and fly forth over the heads of the new-comers.

About forty rods beyond the "Devil's Den," now the scene of a growth of pines and chestnuts, some of the former having reached a girth of six feet, is the ruined cellar of another of the early settlers of Auburn, Master

George Russell, an eccentric but worthy character in his day. He was of Scotch-Irish parentage, enlisted in the British army, was with General Gage upon that memorable attack upon Concord and Lexington, deserted the English



OLD POUND

and afterwards did good service in the cause of the colonists. He married Martha McNeil of Londonderry. They had three children: John, who settled in New Boston; Dawson, who lived in Londonderry, and Mary, who married and went to Galena, Ill. As his title would indicate, Mr. Russell was a teacher, when schoolmasters were venerated almost as much as ministers. In old age Mr. Russell sold his place to Nathan Plummer, and went to live with his son John. Among the anecdotes told of this quaint, but honest, man was that of his practice to flog all of his pupils the

last day of school, so they would remember him over until the next term.

Nathan Plummer, who bought the Russell place, was



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

another Revolutionary patriot, who served his country seven years, being among those under Washington during that memorable winter at Valley Forge, when the fortunes of the colonists were at ebb tide. Mr. Plummer lived upon the Russell homestead until his death, and he sleeps in an honored grave in what is known as the Long Meadow cemetery.

Nathan Plummer, a son of the above, studied medicine with Dr. Robert Bartley, Londonderry, and after practicing in that town a short time came to Long Meadow in 1818.



WELLS C. UNDERHILL

He lived in the Russell house a few years, and then built him a house a short distance above the present Congregational church. This house was burned April 3, 1865, when he bought a farm on the road from the village to "Bunker Hill," and moved there with his family, living there until his death, September 23, 1871, at the age of eighty-four years. He was a sturdy, rugged man, who practiced medicine in Auburn and vicinity for more than fifty years, loved and respected by a wide

circle of friends. He rests in the cemetery at Long Meadow.

Among the eleven children in the family of Dr. Plummer, only one, Albert, followed the profession of his father, and he is now a practicing physician in Hamilton, Minn. Edwin lives upon the home place, a well-to-do farmer. He served a little over three years in the Civil War, and was in ten pitched battles, among them the first and second battles of Bull Run and the fight at Fredericksburg. He was wounded at Williamsburg, and again by a piece of shell at Gettysburg. Returning to his home in 1864, he soon after married Miss Frances Webster, a daughter of Capt. Amos Webster, and a descendant of Major John Webster, a Revolutionary veteran. He has repre

sented his town in the legislature two terms, and has served as selectman several terms. His wife died a few years since.

Another prominent citizen of this retired neighborhood, and living in pleasant comradeship with Mr. Plummer, is Wells C. Underhill. Like all of the Underhills of Auburn and Chester, he is a descendant of Sampson Underhill, a native of England, who came to Ipswich, Mass., about 1625, to take up the trade of clothier there the following year. He removed to Chester a few years later, living until 1735. Wells C., the son of John and Molly (Chase) Underhill, was born October 11, 1836, and lives upon the old homestead. He mar-



MRS. WELLS C. UNDERHILL

ried Miss Martha Taylor, Kennebunk, Me., and they have two children, Edwin T., who lives at home, and Helen, a stenographer with the Rockingham Light and Power Company of Portsmouth. While avoiding rather than seeking political preferment, Mr. Underhill was county commissioner from 1879 to 1885; represented his town in the legislature two years; has served several terms as selectman, and was treasurer and moderator from 1885 to 1895. He is one of the best-informed men in town regarding local history, and his advice and counsel is often sought by those in charge of town affairs.

Another physician noted in Auburn is Dr. James F. Brown, the son of James and Elizabeth (Langford) Brown,

who was born in that part of the town known as "The Neck," September 6, 1838. He studied medicine with Professor Crosby of Dartmouth, and settled in Chester in

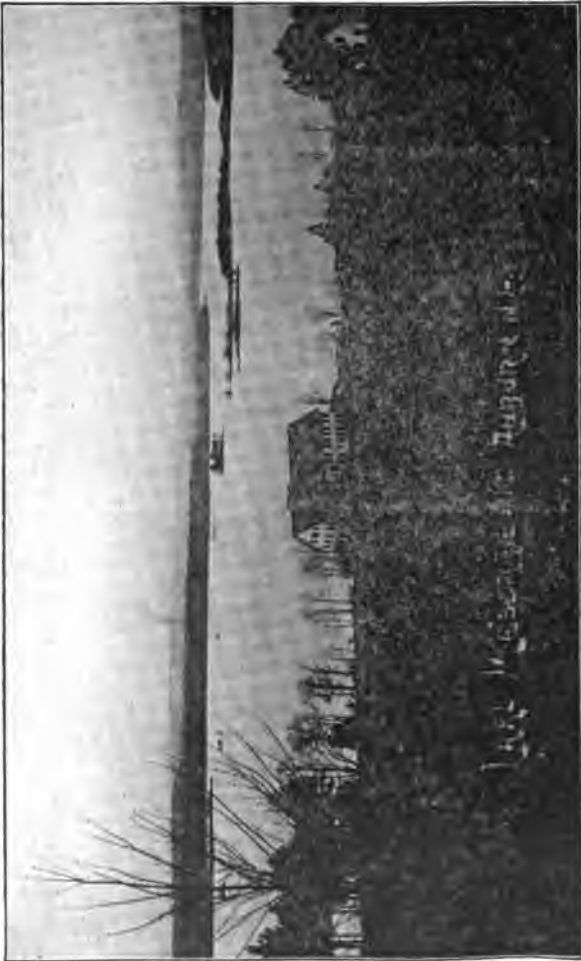


JAMES F. BROWN, M. D.

October, 1864. After twenty years of practice there and in his native town, he removed to Manchester in 1884, where he is still in practice, enjoying a wide patronage and reputation for skill. He married, first, Miss Abbie Scribner of Raymond, who died February 7, 1903; and, second, Mrs. Mary A. Martin, of Orange, Vt. He has a son, James S., who is in active practice with his father in Manchester, having won for himself an honored position in his profession.

There are many other families deserving of mention, and numerous objects of interest that must be overlooked if not forgotten. With its schools, churches, industries and societies, in a sketch like this it is impossible to mention with a degree of credit that they deserve all in town who have filled, or are filling, honorable places in its history. In the midst of the scene of early activity in the settlement of Auburn stands the house that belonged to a time-honored citizen, John Ray, now owned by one outside of the family line. Nearby is the noble old farmhouse of the late Deacon Grant, now owned by his son Irving. Removed from the scenes of the center of the town, this has become a pleasant retreat for many summer visitors, seeking for the quiet of such a

home. In this neighborhood are several other well-to-do farmers, apparently contented and happy. This spirit is



LAKE MASSABESIC.—EAST BAY

typical of the town's people everywhere. In this respect it is fortunate. No great tragedy has ever overshadowed it.

At an early stage in its settlement a movement was made to build a school, and we find as early as 1745 one of the first three houses of this kind erected in "Old Chester"



WAYSIDE CABIN

was located in what is now Auburn, and it is reasonable to suppose that the first of this trio to be completed belonged to the latter town. This was the first schoolhouse anywhere in this vicinity, and it stood near where is now the home

of Charles H. Grant. If built of hewn timber, with all the rudeness of pioneer hands, it stood for one of the noblest traits of humanity,—education. About 1780 another school-



OLD DAM AT SEBAGO

house was built near the shore of the lake, and half a mile southeast of the village. Mr. S. S. Griffin, in speaking of this house, said: "It was sixteen feet square, seven feet posts, the frame of oak and chestnut; all the frame

was hewn, even the studs and braces, while the nails used were of wrought iron, and probably hammered out by hand."

In 1827 a third house was built above Blanchard's, now Griffin's, mill. This was finally taken down, and the lumber used toward building a dwelling house. In 1857 a new house was built on this site, which was moved away thirty years after. Near by stands to-day the little village school-house, where the rudimentary principles of an education are given the young. Close by this stands yet another building of importance and attraction, modest in its appearance, but speaking volumes in more senses than one for its founder. This is the Griffin Public Library and Museum. It contains, besides several hundred books and pamphlets, the collection of Indian relics and curiosities accumulated by the antiquarian and historian, Sebastian S. Griffin, of whom mention has been made. If seldom appreciated by their associates, persons of his temperament accomplish a work for their native place which in the flight of the years proves of inestimable value. This was the case with Mr. Griffin, who, during a long life, collected a large number of Indian relics and other curios. These he gave to the town upon the provision that they should be given suitable care.

No sketch of Auburn would be complete without a description of that source of its varied charms of scenery, river, valley, hillside, rock and cavern, each and all enhanced by the added beauty of one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the Granite State. The red man, who was seldom at fault in appreciating the attractions of a place, and of applying a fitting term both from a practical and picturesque view named it *Massabesic*, "Place of much water." From a more poetical idea he designated it *Tsisekou-Kizous*, that is, "Eyes of the Sky." One of its later admirers* has sweetly said:

* Clara B. Heath.





George W. Lester Martha J. Charles F. Albert L.
Melvin
HALL FAMILY

“Two broad blue bays, that stretch out east and west,
Dotted with fairy isles of living green;
And midway where the waters seem to rest
In narrow bed, two curving shores between,
A time-worn bridge that long has stood the test
Of stormy winds and restless tides is seen.”

The shape of this beautiful lake has not been inaptly compared to a pair of spectacles. Possibly it was this form which suggested to the Indian the more fanciful name. These two bodies, if joined end to end, would extend about seven miles, with a breadth of one mile. The eastern division, with nearly one-half of the other, is within the limitations of Auburn. At low water, miles of white-sanded beach wind around this “buckler of silver,” broken here and there with rocky points jutting out into the water. The surface is dotted with rocky isles, fit haunts for wild birds, and islands teeming with growth and fringed with reeds and lilies. It is easy to picture to the mind's eye, even of to-day, something of the primeval glory attached to these shores, with “wooded slopes running down to the water's edge, luxuriant vines clustering on fine old trees, and the scent of wild grapes perfuming the autumn groves. The bear found here his favorite blueberry in sheltered dells; wild geese rested here in their long flight hither and yon, while great flocks of ducks found free ports of entry in many a safe retreat. Deer browsed in the surrounding forests; the lordly loon trumpeted his defiance in the lee of his chosen islands, or disappeared with lightning celerity at the crack of the hunter's firearm. Acres of flooded marshes furnished feeding grounds for pickerel or perch. Alewives crowded in shoals up the Cohas in the season, and suckers abounded when winter snows moved off.”

This lake is estimated to drain a territory of forty square miles, and to have a circumference of twenty-nine miles. As the red men before them had been drawn hither, so the first white settlers found it their magnet, and some of the earliest and strongest of the honest yeomanry of the

pioneer days of New Hampshire hewed their homes out of the wilderness surrounding its solitary glory. Many of its natural attractions, however, must be left for another article.

A few years since, the lake became a popular resort for summer visitors, and great crowds of people flocked to its hotels and boarding houses; steamers plied upon the water, and the street cars carried vast numbers to and fro between its lively scenes and the city of Manchester. Neat cottages lined the shores, and many found here a short respite from the bustle and worry of business life. But "all things change and we change with them." Manchester obtains its supply of water from this spring-fed fountain of waters, and the city began to look zealously after its interests. Working silently but subtly, it bought up rod after rod of the shore line, until it is estimated that it owns over seventy-five per cent of the adjoining land. A large number of the cottages have been removed and others are destined to follow. Two of the largest hotels have been burned, and the others have been closed. The steamer no longer wakes the solitude with its hoarse whistle and the small boat has vanished from the silvery current that loved it so well. Over all a spirit of restfulness has fallen, and what the outcome will be no prophet has arisen to foretell. Fortunately the natural attractions of Auburn have not suffered by this for those who seek quiet and sweet peacefulness, where sunshine and the benign influence of country life impart new spirit to the summer guest, entertained with the pleasing hospitality of farm life. And so, while the spell of restfulness continues to deepen, year by year increasing numbers come and go, satisfied to have found peace, sweet contentment, and that which is dearer than all else, giving zest to inspiration for work,—health.

The Mountain Maid

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Among the poets of the Granite State, not one has caught with a deeper insight the glory of her hills and valleys, her lakes and rivers, than Miss Proctor, and among her gems of art and nature the following takes high rank. This gifted singer is a native of Henniker, but has lived much of her life in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has traveled in foreign countries extensively, but this has not taken from her that love for native land which abounds in the heart of every true poet.—
Editor.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire!
Her steps are light and free,
Whether she treads the lofty heights
Or follows the brooks to the sea!
Her eyes are clear as the skies that hang
Over her hills of snow,
And her hair is dark as the densest shade
That falls where the fir-trees grow—
The fir-trees, slender and somber,
That climb from the vales below.

Sweet is her voice as the robin's,
In a lull of the wind of March,
 wooing the shy arbutus
At the roots of the budding larch;
And rich as the ravishing echoes
On still Franconia's Lake,
When the boatman winds his magic horn,
And the tongues of the wood awake,
While the huge Stone Face forgets to frown
And the hare peeps out of the brake.

The blasts of dreary December
But brighten the bloom on her cheek,
And the snows rear her statelier temples
Than to goddess were built by the Greek.
She welcomes the fervid summer,
And flies to the sounding shore
Where bleak Boar's Head looks seaward,
Set in the billows' roar,
And dreams of her sailors and fishers
Till cool days come once more.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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Then how fair is the Maiden,
 Crowned with the scarlet leaves,
 And wrapped in the tender, misty veil
 That Indian Summer weaves!
 While the aster blue, and the golden-rod,
 And immortelles, clustering sweet,
 From Canada down to the sea have spread
 A carpet for her feet;
 And the faint witch-hazel buds unfold,
 Her latest smile to greet.

She loves the song of the reapers,
 The ring of the woodman's steel,
 The whirr of the glancing shuttle,
 The rush of the tireless wheel.
 But, if war befalls, her sons she calls
 From mill and forge and lea,
 And bids them uphold her banner
 Till the land from strife is free;
 And she hews her oaks into vengeful ships
 That sweep the foe from the sea.

O the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire!
 For beauty and wit and will
 I'll mate her to-day with the fairest
 That rules over plain and hill!
 New York is a princess in purple,
 By the gems of her cities crowned;
 Illinois with the garland of Ceres
 Her tresses of gold has bound—
 Queen of the limitless prairies,
 Whose great sheaves heap the ground;

And out by the far Pacific,
 Their gay young sisters say,
 "Ours are the mines of the Indies
 And the treasures of broad Cathay";
 And the dames of the South walk proudly,
 Where the fig and the orange fall,
 And, hid in the high magnolias,
 The mocking thrushes call;
 But the Mountain Maid, New Hampshire,
 Is the rarest of them all!





SCRAPERS, KNIVES AND DISH

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The Merrimack River

The Stone Age

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

(Concluded from the May number)



HE artisan of the Stone Age displayed great ingenuity in the manner in which he performed his tasks of making those implements needed by him. Usually the material from which he obtained his object was selected with care in regard to its fitness for his purpose. The hammer, possibly the first tool he designed, was made from a stone not only of a desired shape but of a finer and harder texture than those he would secure to be beaten and polished to answer other ends. The hammer made to his liking, he then fastened a handle to it by means of a narrow strip of deer thong or a small, tough withe, and went on with his work, evolving one after another of those utensils meeting his needs, with the patience and stoicism of his race.

KNIVES

There were several varieties of implements which might be considered under this head, and among them were the scrapers, flakers, celts and fleshers. The most simple of these was the flaker, which was often made by a single blow from a pebble against a rock inclined to split apart. The piece of stone thus obtained, with usually more or less "finishing," became a handy tool for various pur-

poses. It was, in fact, a rude sort of a knife, and so far as it was capable of being used it took the place of the other. A great many knives have been found chipped mostly on one edge until the desired quality of an instrument to cut was secured. These instruments were not often straight along the edge line, but slightly curved from one end to the other. The red men had another knife somewhat resembling the "chopping knife" of our own mothers. These seem to have been made mostly by a rude grinding or scraping against a harder surface. This was no doubt a woman's tool. Sometimes the knife was hafted, and became a very good carving knife for cutting meat and other substances found at the primeval feast.

THE SCRAPER

A writer upon this subject ventures the assertion that "The scraper and its brother, the flaked knife, followed next after the hammer in the tide of evolution. Whether his environment were stone, bone or shell, wherever historic man has left his traces, these most useful of tools are found." The scraper was not only made to separate softer substances, but it was more frequently used as a rasp to smooth and work into shape the object upon which the designer may have been at work. Were it a piece of stone, then he used it as a polisher; if a skin that he was preparing, it became a rubber to soften and make flexible the object, somewhat as we should use a piece of glass to smooth wood, horn or bone. It was also handy with the dusky cook in enabling her to remove the meat from the bone, and otherwise to assist in preparing the food. One face was made flat, while the other was raised, the end pointed like an arrow-head. It was sometimes hafted and became a handy instrument in removing skins from animals, becoming a good separator as well as a tool for cutting. It was used, too, for the purpose of removing arrow-heads from wounds.

DRILLS

Next to the knife in importance among the sons of the Stone Age was the instrument for perforating or drilling. There were two kinds of these drills or augers, the most common form of which was the pointed piece of rock, which, after patient and careful drilling, made a conical perforation in the object. Usually these bores were made from opposite sides of the stone being drilled, the holes meeting at an angle near the center. Sometimes the bore was made entirely from one side.

CELTS

The celt, from *celtis*, a chisel, was one of the most prized tools among the Amerinds, and upon this stone instrument the aboriginal craftsman gave his most cunning skill and painstaking care. He first rough-hewed the stone into something like the shape desired, following which he devoted days of patient work to smoothing and polishing his favorite tool. It was sometimes made oval shape or flat, but usually round, with a sharp blade, formed symetrically from both sides. Occasionally they were grooved, but rarely so. Sometimes a wooden handle carefully fashioned was perforated at one end, and the stone tool, made smaller at that part, was driven into it far enough to become firm in its socket. There seem to have been many uses for this handy tool, such as rubbing down skins, smoothing wood, shaping the bow and arrow, and kindred uses, besides the legitimate calling of a chisel. In this capacity it may have been pushed by the hand, but there is evidence to show that it was often used just as our mechanic pounds his chisel with vigorous blows from his mallet. It has been well said by a writer upon the subject that "Working with no guide but his eye, no tool but a stone hammer, and no measure but his hand, one is amazed to see how perfect some of these objects have been made."

GOUGES

Similar to a certain extent, and next in importance to the red men was the gouge. These of necessity were made of extremely hard stone, and were either grooved or ungrooved, with one face flat and the other rounded, sometimes acutely. They were hollowed out on the flat surface, and brought to almost a semi-circle. It is believed that these tools were used to a considerable extent in hollowing out canoes from trees.

Allied to the gouge was the adze, the last having a helve ingeniously fashioned by two ridges making a raised groove for helving. This handy tool had a sharp edge, the blade curved slightly on the sides.

PESTLE AND MORTAR

That student of Indian life, Schoolcraft, very vividly pictures a Penacook squaw pounding corn in a mortar placed in a position directly under the branch of a tree from which a pestle hung suspended by a stout strip of deer thong. Here, seated upon the ground, this industrious spouse of a red man, while she chants some ditty, possibly a love song, performs her task of grinding the golden grain into a fine flour by the assistance of the tree, the rebound of the limb with each successive blow lifting the primitive crusher to a sufficient height to admit of a smart stroke directed by her right hand. It is possible the historian partook somewhat of the character of a romancer in depicting this scene, but the fact remains that it was not improbable. The American Indian was nothing if not of an inventive turn of mind. The Indian woman was a considerable factor in the manufacture of the implements of the Stone Age, and it may be readily imagined that she made most of those which applied to her use. That the men made certain of the instruments and weapons needed by them in war and chase is obvious, but even in these the cunning hand of woman is evident.



THE INDIAN'S PRIMITIVE MILL





Pestles have been frequently found in the Merrimack Valley, but do not appear to have been made with so much diligence as some of the other utensils. They were seldom polished, except from long use. Sometimes, after having been pecked into fine shape, a hole would be drilled in the lower end and a piece of stone of a harder nature inserted, fitting so nicely into the perforation that years of use failed to loosen it. The mortar was frequently made of hard wood, and perhaps as often of stone scooped out to hold the grain. The pestle and mortar, if a very primitive mill, were important utensils in the simple household of the aborigines.

If other objects might be omitted from the catalogue of implements used by the sons of the Stone Age, the pipe could not be overlooked. Whether a blessing or a curse, it is the one legacy which he left his conquerors that is likely to remain with the memory of him. He beyond doubt looked upon the cloud of tobacco smoke curling lazily above his dusky visage as an incense wafted reverently to his invisible god. When he smoked, he first invoked the divine blessing, in his untutored mind, by sending a whiff of the fragrant vapor to the four points of the compass, and finished by sending a fifth upward toward the throne of the Most High. War between tribes was frequently proclaimed by means of a pipe adorned with red feathers. The struggle over treaties of peace and, it may be, alliance were sealed in solemn compact by the smoking among the contracting parties of the pipe of peace. Seldom, if ever, were these compacts broken. For more than one to smoke a pipe in succession meant terms of brotherhood and social alliance.

Pipes of various patterns have been found in the valley, some of them grotesquely carved with the image of some creature, it may have been a raven or a hideous imp of unknown species. The raven in the traditions of the Algonquin Indians took very much the same position that

the dove does in the Jewish legends of the days of the flood.

In his weapons of offense and defense, living as he did mainly by the chase, and ever haunted by the grim skeleton of war, it was natural the red man should give his best specimens of skill as an artisan to the manufacture of those weapons needed in his most active periods.

THE BOW AND ARROW

The bow and arrow afforded the dusky warrior his most trusted implement of the chase of game or on the war-trail of his enemies. The arrows, though sometimes headed with wood or bone, jasper or flint, were usually tipped with sharp points of stone chipped into the proper shape. In the manufacture of these, a work usually relegated to the women, he showed considerable skill, though it is not certain how he generally performed the task. Owing to the number used it must have called for frequent hours of patient toil. Evidently such material as could be found, often quartz cobbles, was split into thin layers with their stone hammers, assisted by stone wedges. A writer who has made considerable study of this subject says: "Possibly they were heated in pits and split by cooling suddenly with water. Partly made implements were often buried in considerable quantities. It is supposed that these stones were thus softened and rendered more tractable." *Caches* of these finds have been unearthed in several places in the Merrimack Valley. The layers of rock, when not treated in this manner, were slowly chipped into the desired shape and thickness by repeated blows from the stone hammers of small size. The writer already quoted believes that bone or horn was used as a chisel driven in with the hammer to break off little flakes from either side. These implements were designated as arrow flakers, specimens of which have been found. The granite found in New Hampshire no doubt made excellent material for the arrow and

spear-head maker. Archæologists have considered these points, whether notched so as to be hafted, which have been found so plentifully on the banks of the Merrimack, to be arrow tips when under two inches in length, spear heads when of greater length, until reaching a size sufficient for a knife. There is a distinguishing feature about the style or manner in which these are made, as well as in the difference of material between one section of the country and another. Made, perhaps, more for the chase than for war, the Penacooks showed more than common skill in the making of arrow-heads, as they did of nearly everything else. There were also two styles of arrows used even by them. One of these was the war-points, which were made to be inserted into the shaft loosely, so as to remain in the wound of the victim, and thus were not notched or tanged. The arrows of the hunter, on the other hand, were carefully inserted into the shaft and fastened in place by aid of the tang. These could easily be removed from the wounded animal, and the arrow intact made to do duty many times over.

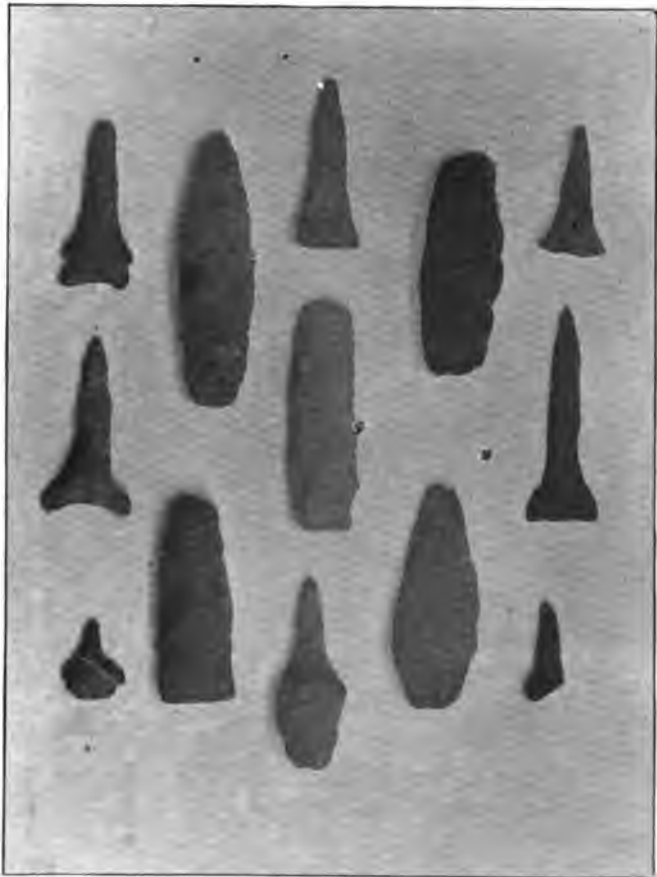
THE SPEAR

Spear-points were made of hard stone, pecked and smoothed by the hammer and chisel until brought to a sharp end. It was tanged for hafting, and was attached to its handle after the manner of the arrow to its shaft. The spear or lance was a handy instrument, and used for various purposes in both war and hunting. Oftentimes the maker exercised his skill to a high degree in its making, and no doubt looked upon this as a favorite instrument of defense or aggression.

Space forbids me from entering into the detail of description of the many and varied articles made by the sons of the Stone Age, or even to give a complete list of them. Besides those briefly mentioned, the Amerinds of the Merrimack made among others, either for ornaments or

industrial purposes, the plummet or sinker, used in fishing, amulets and banner stones worn for personal protection from real or imaginary evil, totems to distinguish his family, polishers to assist him in the manufacture of other instruments, perforators to aid him in piercing stones or other objects, trinkets of almost unending sorts as personal adornment.

I trust sufficient has been said to awaken an interest in a subject that really deserves greater attention than has been given to it. These vestiges of prehistoric man are rapidly disappearing, and it is only seldom now one picks up a find of this nature. But enough have been found and kept to prove to coming generations that they were far removed from savagery, and that even they lived in an age of progression. Not only did they develop a remarkable adeptness in the art of skilled labor, where the word meant more than it expresses to-day, until they left us, their successors, those stone relics, silent yet speaking of centuries of patient progression in a craft which called for more than ordinary capacity to work on and upward, but they became the slow and sure agent by which was evolved from small beginnings certain products of the soil. From the tasteless gourd climbing its rocky bed in the heart of the mountains of the West they developed the savory melon, which was so much prized, not only by them, but by us. From a small berry growing wild they obtained the bean. Through their assiduous cultivation for a period of years they improved the wild apple, until several of the varieties that we raise to-day came down to us from them as heirlooms. Of greater importance than either of these achievements through centuries of cultivation and propagation they developed from a wild, coarse grass known as maize, and growing upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, that golden grain more priceless to us than even the mines of the Garden of the Gods. Civilization has been aided by the destructive forces of air and earth to destroy the vestiges of these people who deserve more of us than we have been willing to



RELICS OF THE STONE AGE

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acknowledge, but let us garner into our storehouses of treasures the best that we find of them. The wigwam has vanished with the smoke of their council fire, the warwhoop long since died out in the valleys, the tocsin of war faded two centuries and more ago from our mountain peaks, but the etymologist traces their boundary lines in the names upon our rivers and hills, their fishing places upon our ponds and lakes, their hunting grounds in the vales and sunny slopes that they loved. The earth-eaten arrow-head and tomahawk, the chisel and gouge, with the humbler instruments of their domestic affairs point to the patient finder the site of their long-lost habitations. Not always are the deeds of the most worthy perpetuated in song and story; the bards of Greece sang the praises of a race no doubt inferior to many others whose triumphs have been lost because there was no fitting poet to immortalize them upon the tablets of time. And though no claim is put forth to place those of this period among the illustrious heirs of history, yet when we think of primitive man as having no language, no shelter but the rocks and caverns of earth, no food save what nature provided in its simple state, no implements of work or skill, we find that the sons of the Stone Age of the Merrimack were far removed from such a stage. Above all was exhibited that trait which we should revere as a part of our own nature, freedom, of which the poet, Charles Sprague, has so aptly said :


“I venerate the Pilgrim’s cause,
Yet for the red man dare to plead.
We bow to Heaven’s recorded laws,
He turned to Nature for a creed;
Beneath the pillared dome,
We seek our God in prayer;
Through boundless woods he loved to roam,
And the Great Spirit worshipped there.
But one, one fellow throb with us he felt;
To one divinity with us he knelt;
Freedom, the self-same freedom we adore,
Bade him defend his violated shore.”

Granite State Rooftrees

III

The Romance of "Ocean Mary"

By J. WARREN THYNG

REVIOUS to 1720, the year in which the principal events of this narrative occurred, many families of Scotch peasantry crossed the North Channel and found, for a time, homes in the larger towns on or near the coast of Ireland. Thus Londonderry became the residence of a large number of Scotch yeomanry.

In those old times of slow ships and many perils of the sea, it was a far cry from Londonderry in Ireland to Londonderry in the Granite State; still Scotland and the Emerald Isle had already sent sturdy pioneers to the new world on the Merrimack.

Tradition, often the truer part of history, has failed to save from oblivion the name of the ship which sailed from Londonderry for Boston in July, 1720, but she is said to have been in many respects vastly superior to others of her class in those times. At any rate, long before she dropped anchor off the picturesque coast, many well-to-do families had prepared for the long voyage. Of those who from the deck of the departing ship watched the green shores of Ireland fade from view, a large proportion were not only strong of limb, but thrifty and provident.

Out through Lough Foye, past Inishowen Head and far beyond Giant's Causeway, with favoring winds, sailed the fated ship.

Among the passengers were James Wilson and his young wife. A year before Wilson married Elizabeth Fulton, and they were now on their way to Londonderry, N. H.,

where land had been laid out to James Wilson as one of the grantees of that town.

In the small valley settlement to which Wilson and his wife were traveling were friends under whose hands profitable harvests were sure, and a generation was springing up whose influence was to be felt long years after.

Concerning the earlier part of the voyage of the emigrant ship, tradition is nearly silent, although certain fragmentary accounts hint of a protracted calm and following storm of such violence that the vessel was driven from her course. However that may be, it is reasonably certain that the passage was about one third accomplished when events transpired that made the voyage memorable in the lives of all on board.

One sultry evening the lookout saw on the horizon a sail standing like a gray silhouette against the early rising moon. All through the hot summer night the strange craft wore nearer and nearer, and when morning came her low hull could be seen like a black shadow under her full set of canvas.

The pirate was within gunshot of the emigrant ship. To fight or run away was not to be thought of. The slow ship had not a dozen muskets. They simply waited. They had not long to wait, for boats were soon alongside and, swarming upon the deck, the robbers fell to work as men who knew how to plunder and kill. Crew and passengers were bound, and some were left lying where they were captured, and some were rolled into corners, just as suited a momentary freak of the invaders.

None were killed. Valuables were gathered into parcels convenient to be transferred to the pirate ship. The robber captain, going below to search the officers' quarters, threw open the after-cabin door with a rough hand, but seeing a woman lying in the berth, stopped.

"Why are you there?" demanded the ruffian.

"See." The terrified woman uncovered a baby's face. Then the pirate drew near. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"A girl."

"Have you named her?"

"No."

The pirate went to the cabin door and commanded that no man stir until further orders. Then, returning, he went close to the berth where the woman lay, and said gently, "If I may name that baby, that little girl, I will unbind your men and leave your ship unharmed. May I name the girl?"

"Yes."

Then the rough old robber came nearer still and took up the tiny, unresisting hand of the baby. "Mary," was the name the woman heard him speak. There were other words, but spoken so low she could not hear. Only his Maker and his own heart knew, but when the child drew its hand away the mother saw a tear on the pink fingers.

There have been other knights than Bayard. Here was one.

As good as his word, the pirate captain ordered all captives unbound, and goods and valuables restored to the places from which they had been taken; then with his crew he left the ship and pulled to his own vessel. But the emigrant ship had scarcely got under way when a new alarm came to them. The pirate was returning.

If they were dismayed at his reappearance, they were surprised to see him come on board alone and go directly below to the cabin. There he took from a parcel a piece of brocaded silk of marvelous fineness of texture and beauty of design. Seen at a little distance, the effect of the pattern is as of a plaid, combining in wonderfully harmonized tones nameless hues of red and green, softened with lines of what evidently was once white.

Time has, perhaps, somewhat mellowed its color tone, but the richness of its quality is as the richness of pearls.

"Let Mary wear this on her wedding day," the pirate said as he laid the silk on the berth.



Drawn for the *Giant* State Magazine by Miss JANE CUTLER

HOME OF "OCEAN MARY"



The pirate left the ship and was seen no more. In the fullness of time the emigrant ship reached Boston without further incident. There James Wilson died soon after landing. Elizabeth Wilson, with Mary, soon after went to live in Londonderry, where friends were waiting for them. Here the widow married James Clark, great-great-grandparent of Horace Greeley.

* * * * *

For years the people of the little hamlet religiously kept July 28, in thanksgiving for the deliverance of their friends from the hands of pirates.

Some time early in the year 1738, Thomas Wallace emigrated to America and settled in Londonderry, where, on December 18 of the same year, he was married to Ocean Mary by Rev. Mr. Davidson of that town. Her wedding gown was the pirate's silk.

A granddaughter and a great-granddaughter have also worn the same dress on like occasions.

Four sons were born to Mary Wallace, three of whom removed to Henniker. There, on a sightly hill, Robert built the house which in his day was far and away the grandest mansion in all the country around. He was a man of large hospitality and intelligent strength of character.

Here Ocean Mary lived many years, and died in 1814 at the age of ninety-four years. Her grave is in the Center burying ground, about half way down the middle walk, a bowshot distant from the railroad station. The curious visitor may, if he choose, read the inscription on the slate: "In Memory of Widow Mary Wallace, who died Feb'y 13, A. D., 1814, in the 94th year of her age."

The likeness tradition has left of Ocean Mary is that of a woman symmetrically tall, with light hair, blue eyes and florid complexion, together with a touch of the aristocracy of nature and a fine repose of manner in her energetic, determined and kindly ways.

The house is four miles from Henniker village and about the same distance from Hillsborough. The visitor, if he have an eye for the picturesque, though he regret the decay that has overtaken the old manse, can but be charmed by the beauty of the landscape in the midst of which it is set.

Calling the Cows

A Memory of the Old Home in Shelburne

By EUGENE J. HALL

The western sky was all aglow
 With clouds o' red an' gray:
 The crickets in the grassy fields
 Were chirpin' merrily;
 When up the lane an' o'er the hill,
 I saw a maiden roam,
 Who went her way at close o' day
 To call the cattle home:

“ Co boss, co boss,
 Co boss, co boss,
 Come home, come home.”

The echo o' her charmin' voice
 Resounded thro' the vale;
 It lingered on the evenin' air,
 It floated on the gale,
 'Twas borne along the mountain side,
 It drifted thro' the glen,
 It died away among the hills
 Far from the haunts o' men:

“Co boss, co boss,
Co boss, co boss,
Come home, come home.”

Her face was flushed with hues o' health,
Her arms and feet were bare,
See hed a lithe and active form,
A wealth o' ebon hair.
Beyond the hills she passed from sight,
Ez sinks an evenin' star,
Until her voice wus faintly heard
Still callin' from afar :

“Co boss, co boss,
Co boss, co boss,
Come home, come home.”

Soon o'er the grassy knoll appeared
The cattle, red an' brown,
An' from the pastur' to the lane
Came quickly trottin' down.
With sparklin' eyes, an' cheeks aglow,
Returned the maiden gay,
Who waved her arms an shouted low :
“Whay boss! whay boss! O whay!

“Whay boss! whay boss!
Whay boss! whay boss!
O whay! O whay!”



Queen of the Months

By GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

The sun soars high an azure zone,
And softened glows the lambent air ;
Nor wild flowers fear the frosts that fret,
Nor chill winds sigh thro' tree-tops bare,
For queenly June has come again,
When Nature smiles on hill and plain.

The cuckoo's notes awake the dell ;
His happy song the martin trills ;
While on the ambient breeze is borne
The murmuring of the rippling rills ;
'Tis now the merry-making June,
When Nature sings her sweetest rune.

From meadows gemmed with buttercups,
Sweet scented with the breath of clover,
The soft winds kiss the blushing rose.
And gently woo the laughing poplar ;
For June's the reign of lover's arts—
The trysting-time for happy hearts.

So weave your garland of arbutus,
And crown your queen, capricious May ;
Or praise October's golden beauty,
And to her splendor homage pay ;
My queen comes crowned with roses blest—
Fair June, whom Nature loves the best !



QUEEN OF THE MONTHS 

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Heroic Deeds of Many Lands

II

The Young Peace-Makers

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR



ANNUALLY, for many, many years, on a certain summer day, the even tenor of old Hamburg was relieved of the monotony of its daily life by a holiday known far and wide as "The Feast of Cherries." I think this happy occasion, with all the national pride of our Fourth of July, but without its noise and glamor of torches, was something like our Children's Day. Be that as it may, it was wholly a children's festival, and at the conclusion of church services held, in commemoration of the event which this day had been set apart to keep alive in the minds and hearts of the inhabitants, as many of the children as were large enough to do so were dressed in snow-white garments and, carrying over their heads branches of cherry trees loaded with ripened fruit, marched proudly through the streets. Then men grown gray in wars, and civilians of the town in whatever station, uncovered their heads, while women waved their kerchiefs and sang the national songs, as the gay procession passed.

In the homes of the people that evening the absorbing theme of conversation was sure to be that other day when the children of olden times, with their cherry wands, marched in their spotless robes to save the city from an enemy that had never shown mercy. The eye of the narrator, as he retold the simple story, was certain to kindle with the fire of patriotism, while the recital filled the hearts of the listeners with new-found love for home and native land that brought them nearer unto God.

Rising from a frontier blockhouse or castle on the Slavonic border of Germany, and founded by Charles the Great, Hamburg has been described as one of the most remarkable cities of Europe. It stands a little less than a hundred miles from the sea, on the right bank of the Elbe, where that river is joined by the Alster. The older portion of the city lies to the east of the last-named river, and still retains the ancient name of Alstadt. This district lies low and is crossed by many canals or "fleets," as they are called by its inhabitants. Subject to the ebb and flow of the Elbe, a part of the time they are quite dry, while at others they are filled to over-flowing. Often the tide rises to fifteen or twenty feet above its ordinary height, in which case an alarm is quickly sounded by a lookout stationed to warn the people of their danger. Three shots are fired if the river shows unusual height, and if the rise threatens to become extraordinary three shots more are fired, when the aroused populace hastily escape to the surrounding suburbs that stand on more elevated grounds. So, while the old town looks exceedingly sleepy, it is a sleep "with one eye kept open," and one never knows just when to look for the peril that comes on the crest of the tide.

A great fire in 1842 nearly destroyed the older portion of the city, and where before stood the quaint, odd-looking buildings of another era of architecture, more modern structures have been erected. But if it lost its olden prestige it received the honor of having opened for public worship in 1863 the second highest building in the world, whose tower rises to the great height of 473 feet. The building is of the rich Gothic style of the thirteenth century, and is adorned with beautiful sculptures. Though it cost over a million dollars, it was mostly paid for by weekly shilling subscriptions from the common people. It was thirty years in building. Of the churches of the day of which I write, only two, St. Catherine's and St. James', remain as monuments of the stormy period when Ham-

burg was a frequent sufferer from the attacks of the Danes and the Slavonians.

The story is of long ago, when it was a peaceful city, shunning war and its accompanying horrors; in the gray days of Germanic poetry, legend and romance, long ere her modern generals and statesmen, her William, Bismarck and Von Moltke, transformed with will of iron, cannon of conquest and baptism of blood her ancient castles and feudal states into the great military and political power of the present German Empire. Still it is well to remember that, if weaker as a grand whole, the Germanic realm of that period was greater in extent of territory than is that of to-day—a Germany that embraced in its sway Norway, Sweden, Denmark, England, the present dominions of the empire of Germany, the Baltic provinces of Russia, Austria, Holland, the Germanic cantons of Switzerland, and the Lowlands of Old Scotia, now known as Scotland. These countries not only belonged to one kindred, but they were bound together by ties stronger than those welded by political coercion, the holy ties of a people speaking the same language and bowing to one religion.

In the midst of its tranquility there came an hour when heralds brought to this sleepy old town the startling tidings that an army was marching to pillage it, and carry off its people or put them to death. Anxiety and excitement quickly reigned, while all possible preparations were made for a defense.

As there were no soldiers among them these civilians had to place in command a merchant named Wolff. But he managed affairs so well and adroitly that they succeeded in holding at bay the enemy for more than a week. Yet so poorly had they been prepared to sustain a long siege that by this time their provisions had become exhausted. The close of another day, at the most, must find them face to face with a new foe—starvation! Captain Wolff knew too well the reputation for lack of pity of their enemy to think of appealing to him for mercy. He had vowed that he

would destroy the town, let the consequence be what it might.

The following afternoon found the beleaguered people hollow-eyed and hopeless. Their defense and loss of life had been all in vain. Now it was unanimously decided that it would be better to meet a speedy death at the hands of the foe than to suffer the pangs of hunger longer. Before flinging open the gates Captain Wolff, in desperation rather than in hope, asked for the privilege of consulting with their enemy, even if he had never been known to display any leniency toward those whom he had overpowered.

Captain Wolff was on his way toward the city's outer gate when, as he afterwards said, he felt a desire which he could not overcome to see his home once more. So it was no chance movement, but the guiding influence of a benign Providence which led him to the scenes he loved so well. Taking a farewell look at his garden, which had been his pride in the happy days gone by, he saw through his tears that his cherry trees were heavily laden with ripe fruit. Upon seeing these cherries, large, luscious, and so refreshing to the palate, a new idea came into his mind, which must have been an inspiration from heaven. He had learned that, while they were suffering for food, their enemies were almost equally in want of water, it being then in the midst of a summer's drought. What would they not give for this juicy fruit, which would be such a soothing balm for their parched throats?

His plan of action came to him spontaneously, and without delay he sent for three hundred children, all to be dressed in white and to be marched to his garden. If some parents felt a hesitation about adopting the suggestion, their children were excused from performing a part, but before the train was completed those who at first shrank from the duty, asked to be accepted. As fast as the little ones came in their spotless garments, Captain Wolff and his assistants gave each one a cherry branch loaded with the fruit. With these tiny globes nodding together over their heads, like so

many dancing fairies in red and crimson frocks, the wondering children were marshaled to the city's gate. Then the kind-hearted commander, with a huskiness in his voice he could not clear, instructed them how to proceed; a prayer was offered for their safety, and the little messengers were sent forth on their strange and hazardous mission, while fond mothers bowed their heads in anguish, and stout-hearted fathers turned aside to conceal their emotions.

With what amazement the commander of the besieging army saw the gates of the city flung wide open and the little white-robed figures, half hidden by the cherry branches, come marching out with the orderliness of trained soldiers, may be imagined but cannot be described. He knew the town's people were in sore distress, and he was expecting an offer of capitulation, but this action he believed was some stratagem to outwit him. Thus the look of exultation on his dark, stern features gave way to one of fierce determination, and he resolved to order the swift annihilation of the innocent train. Still the beautiful sight fascinated him. He gazed upon it spellbound, while the children, unmindful of their great danger, continued to advance, until their thin, pinched faces, all written over with the story of their recent sufferings, were plainly seen by him. And while he looked upon them his mind flew back to his home and his own grieving little ones waiting anxiously for his return from the war. The strong man sensed a strange feeling stealing over him, and such a huskiness came into his voice that the order he intended to give was never spoken aloud.

As he hesitated the fairy-like procession reached some of the soldiers, who eagerly accepted the proffered cherries. Then, as the cooling juice relieved the dryness of their throats, loud huzzas rent the air. Discipline was for once forgotten, and the thirsty men crowded around the little angels of mercy, who, under the strength of divine power, by their simple act of charity had won a victory the armed men of Hamburg had contended for in vain. Ay, theirs

was a nobler, happier conquest than was ever achieved by arms, for it was a triumph of love over hate, a victory of the higher impulses of man over the brute forces.

When the happy children returned to their homes, wagon loads of provisions were sent in to the starving people, and also a message from the general who had at last been conquered by a band of children, stating that he was ready and anxious to sign a treaty of peace with those whom he had once made oath to destroy. Often the writers of the world's history of war and conquest pause to describe some little incident of personal valor or heroic self-sacrifice, upon which momentous events have hinged, thereby brightening the dark pages of bitter struggles and great victories, but among them all, whether it be the triumphs of kings or the glory of some humble soldier, there is nowhere a more beautiful instance of victory than the salvation of Hamburg by the little children who, with their cherry boughs, marched against an army.

Orderly Book

Kept by Jeremiah Fogg, Adjutant Colonel Enoch Poor's
Second New Hampshire Regiment, on Winter Hill,
During the Siege of Boston, October 28, 1775, to Jan-
uary 12, 1776*

Compiled by ALBERT A. FOLSOM, and Sketch of Major Fogg by HON. CHARLES H. BELL



MAJOR JEREMIAH FOGG, the oldest son of the Rev. Jeremiah Fogg of Kensington, was born in 1749; graduated at Harvard College in 1768; spent several years as a teacher in Newburyport, where he commenced the study of law with Theophilus Par-

* The gift of the Rev. Joseph Osgood, of Cohasset, Mass. [born in Kensington, N. H.], to Harvard University, October 10, 1842.

sons, the most eminent jurist of the time. At the commencement of hostilities, in 1775, he entered Colonel Poor's regiment as one of the staff officers, and continued in the service through the whole war. At the close of the Revolution, he returned to Kensington, took a prominent part in the political movements of the country, for several years was a member of the New Hampshire senate, and died in 1808, at the age of fifty-nine years. He married Lydia Hill, of Cambridge. It is said that when he saw her christened, while he was a college student, he playfully remarked that he meant to marry her; and though he was a youth of about seventeen and she but an infant, still after years of adventure he found in her his future wife. As an instance of coolness and courage, one of his soldiers said that at one time his command was surrounded by a superior force of the enemy, and then Major Fogg told them to load their guns and put on their bayonets and blaze through. He seems to have been a brave and efficient officer and his journals and letters, though written in the camps of the army, manifest his superior education and ability.

Headquarters, Newburg,

Nov. 22, 1782.

Capt. Jer'h. Fogg of the 2d New Hampshire regiment, is appointed Brigade Major to the New Hampshire Brigade, vice Capt. Robinson and is to be respected accordingly.

Copied from William Torrey's orderly book, now in possession of his grandson, Benjamin B. Torrey, treasurer of the Boston & Providence Railroad Corporation, Boston, Mass.

Council of Safety, page 334, New Hampshire Historical Collections:

Friday, March 12, 1784.

Ordered the treasurer to pay Maj'r Jeremiah Fogg One Hundred & two pounds nine Shillings and seven pence Extra pay as Aid de Camp to Gen'l Poor from 2d July, 1779 to Sept. 8th, 1780.

Head Quarters, Oct. 28, 1775.

Parole Putnam Count'gn Heath.

The Geal Court Martial whereof Colo Bridge was President is dissolved.

It is recommended to the non Comissd Officers & Soldiers whose Pay will be drawn in Consequence of last Thursdays Orders (Especially to those whose Attachment to the glorious Cause in which they are engaged and which, will induce them to continue another Year) to lay out their Money in Shirts Shoes Stockings and a good Pair of Leather Breeches and not in Coats and Waistcoats as it is intended that the New Army shall be Cloathed in Uniform to effect which the Congress will lay in Goods upon the best Terms they can be bought any where for ready Cash and will Sell them to the Soldiers without any Profit, by which means a Uniform Coat and Waistcoat will come Cheaper to them than any other Cloathing of the like Kind can be bought.

A Number of Taylors will be immediately Set to work to make Regiments for those brave Men who are willing at all Hazards to defend their Rights and Privileges.

The undermentioned Persons in Col. Whitcombs Regiment to be sent directly to the Quartermaster Gen'l (viz) David Clark Saml Barrett John Palmer James Farmer David Fleman Amos Brown Joshua Holt Philip Overlook & Joseph Chapman to burn Charcoal for the Use of the Army. Five more Woodcutters from each Brigade to be added to those already ordered to cut Fire Wood under the Direction of the Quartermaster Gen'l A General Courtmartial to Set Monday Morning at 9 o'Clock in Cambridge to try Prisoners as shall be brought before them, all Evidences and Persons concerned to attend the Court.

Josiah Mecow Soldier in this Army but in what comp'y or Regimt is not known may hear of something much to his Advantage by applying in Person to the Adj't Genl at Head Quarters Brigade Orders Oct 29th 1775, Colo Poor Field Officer of the Day Tomr

Adjut Putnam

Lt. Colo Wyman Field off of the Picqt
Within the lines Colo Doolittle

Sergt from Col. Poor's Regt, 1-2-1-1-42

Head Quarters Oct.r 29th 1775,

Parole Thomas Countr Spencer

Winter Hill

Brigade Orders

Lt Colo Holden Officer of the Day Tomorrow

Adjut Putnam

Field Officers of Picqt
and one to act as Adj't

Col. Stark his Surg.
Maj. Butterick

Within the Lines Colo Webb

Plowed hill * Colo Poors Regt. 0-1-2-1-42

* Later named Convent Hill.

Head Quarters Octr 30, 1775
Parole Andover Countersign Bedford

Camp on Winter Hill, Octr 30

Brigade Orders

Field Officer of the Day Tomorrow Mr Moor

Field Officer of the Picqt Lt Colo Gilman

Picqt within the Lines To Night Col Reeds Regt.

Plough'd Hill

C Sub. St.

From Colo Poors Regimt

1—1—2—42

Head Quarters Octo 31, 1775

Parole Cambridge Countsn Dedham

As many Officers and others have began to enlist Men for the Continental Army without Orders from Head Quarters the General desires that immediate Stop be put thereto that the Inlistment be returned and that no Person for the future presume to interfere in the matter till there is a proper Establishment of Officers, and those Officers authorized and instructed in what Manner to proceed. Commissions for the New Army are not intended merely for those who can inlist most men, but for such Gentlemen as are most likely to deserve them. The General would not have it even Supposed therefore, nor our Enemies encouraged to believe, that there is a Man in the Army except a few under particular Circumstances who will require to be twice called to do what his honor, his personal Liberty the Welfare of his Country, and the Safety of his Family so loudly demand of him. When Motives, powerful as these Conspire, to call men into Service and when that Service is rewarded with higher Pay than Private Soldiers ever yet met with in any former War, the Genl cannot nor will not till he is convinced to the Contrary harbor so despicable an Opinion of their Understanding and Zeal for the Cause as to believe they will deserve it.

As the Congress has been at much Pains to buy Goods to cloath the new Army, and the Quartermaster Genl at great Trouble to collect on the best Terms he can such Articles as are wanting for this Purpose, he is directed to reserve those Goods for those brave Soldiers who are determined to Stand forth in Defence of their Country another year, and that he may be able to quit the service, at the End of their present Engagement he will be furnished with the Inlistments, any Person therefore (Negroes excepted, which the Congress do not incline to inlist again) coming with a proper Order and will Subscribe the Inlistment shall be immediately supplied, and that every non Commissioned Officer and Soldier may know upon what Terms he engages, he is hereby informed that he is to be paid by Callendar Months, at the present Rate viz 48s to the Serjeants 44 to Corporals Drummers and Fifers and 40 to the Privates, which pay tis expected will be regularly distributed every Month, that each Man is to fur-

Brigadier Orders, Camp Winter Hill Nov. 1.

Field Officers of the Day to Morrow Lieut Col Gilman, adjutant Holden of the day

Field officer of the Picquet Lt Col Hall

Picquet within the Lines to Night Col Starks Regt.

From Col Poors Regiment

1-1-2-1-42

Head Quarters November 2d 1775

Parole Falmouth Countersign Georgie Brigade Orders

Field officer of The day to Morrow Major Putnam, Adjutant Chandler of the Day Field officer of the Picquet Col Nixon His Surgeon and one to act as Adjutant And Major La Himore

Picquet within the Lines to Night Col Poors Regimt Picquet on Plough Hill to Morrow

From Col Poors Regt 1-2-1-1-42

Nov 1, 1775—A Regimental Court Martial ordered to sett tomorrow To Try all Persons brought before them by ordr Col Poor whereof Captain Moses Savill is appointed Pres'd Members Ensign Drew, Ensign Lyford, Ensign Chase, Ensign Chandler, George Sheppard being brought Before the Court, for steeling from thrething and abusing one Patten Russell the Prisoner Pled not Guilty and begs The Court will adjourn so that he may git his Evidences Accordingly the Court is adjourned untill 2 oClock P M Mett according to adjournment and proceed'd to Try the Prisoner the Court are unanimously of opinion the Prisoner is not Guilty of the Crime laid against him therefore will Acquit Him

Moses Lavitt, Presdt

The Commanding officer approves the opinion of the Court and orders the Prisoner to be Immediately Dismissed from Guard

Enoch Poor, Col

Diamonds in Granite

II

“Leather French”

By AN OLD-TIMER



IT IS doubtful if many will accord to the subject of the present sketch the dignity of belonging to a class deserving of a written biography, yet often a single deed in an otherwise wasted life will rescue it from oblivion. So it seems to me that the life of the humble man whose name by which he was best known stands at the head of this article deserves some tribute of recognition, some written word that may keep his memory alive.

Stephen Youngman French, for that was the name which was given him by his parents, was the only son of Joseph and Mary (Youngman) French, and was born in Hollis, N. H., September 23, 1781. His father was a soldier in the Revolution, fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, and did meritorious service elsewhere. Stephen, while not considered as a particularly bright boy, was looked upon as one with fair prospects in life. Ere he reached manhood, however, he seemed to have met his fate in the person of a winsome country maiden a few years his senior. There is nothing to show that his love was reciprocated, and the youth immediately grew melancholy. It is probable that this was an inherent trait of character, likely to assert itself at the first provocation. At any rate, Stephen French began to show such marked tendencies in that direction that his parents sent him away from home, hoping that a change might prove beneficial to him. He had distant relatives in Exeter, Me., and thither he was sent with the

tears of a hopeful mother and the prayers of an anxious father.

The change of scene did not effect the alteration that was anticipated, and within a few years the young man, instead of living with those who desired to treat him kindly, retired from their midst and lived in a rude cabin built of sods and sticks of wood, in a desolate piece of country known in local geography as "The Hurricane." This was a tract of land that was looked upon as unfit for even a clearing, and the remains of a forest slaughtered by lumbermen were left to decay where they had fallen, while briars, weeds and brushwood sprang up into a tangled mass of undergrowth.

The abandonment by the simple-minded youth of the comforts of life created only a ripple of conversation in the gossip of the town, and his course was soon looked upon as a natural outcome of such a shiftless beginning, for nine out of ten considered him too lazy to earn his living in the ordinary way. Let that be as it may, the young hermit set himself about making a small clearing in the midst of his unpromising surroundings, and on the small patch of cultivated soil, poor as it was, he managed to raise corn and vegetables enough to afford him food for sustenance, with the few extra supplies given him.

In due course of time his clothes wore into shreds, so that they had to be replaced by others. In this plight he resorted to tanned sheepskins, which constituted his sole wardrobe, and from this day he became known as "Leather French."

Apparently having no ambition to keep in touch with the world, Leather French eked out his existence, which must have grown less hopeful year by year, until his brown hair became plentifully streaked with white, though he still carried himself as erect as in his younger years. His humble hut was frequently the objective place for some curious visitor, and his gaunt, uncouth figure, clad in ragged sheepskins, was a sight to attract the children, until he tired of

this unsought-for notice and, immediately upon discovering any one coming toward his cabin, he would go in and close the skin door against intrusion. Nothing that could be said would call him forth.

One summer morning, as he was standing just outside of his hut, admiring in his humble way, none the less sincere for its utter humility, some pleasant spot in his surroundings, he saw a small party coming into sight, and he was about to retreat when he came to the conclusion that they were berry pickers. In their midst he saw a little child, a girl he knew by the bright dress she wore. He chuckled to himself as he saw the light-hearted women turn aside from the beaten path in quest of the ripe berries, which at that time hung in great clusters from the bushes. The cause of his pleasure was shown by his low-spoken words a moment later :

“Poor fools! the old bear I see down there yesterday will send 'em kitin' home,” and he laughed again, a hollow, mirthless laugh.

He must have sat there an hour, knitting his long, slender fingers together in a way that was common to him when he was idle, when suddenly a scream, with childish sharpness to it, rang on his ears. He was on his feet in a moment, listening with rapt attention. The cry came from far to his right, and not in the direction the berry pickers had taken. But he recognized the voice as that of his little friend who wore the bright dress.

Now, with all his lack of thrift and interest in others, Leather French had a warm place in his heart for children. If he was in doubt in regard to the import of the cry, the second which quickly followed removed all hesitation in an instant. The little one was frightened at some object, and he thought of the big black bear which he had seen in that direction the day before.

Without stopping longer he started in the direction of the appeal for help, tearing through the thick brambles that caught at his rude garments with a revengeful clutch, as if

they were maddened by his unceremonious entrance into their exclusive domains. Regardless of this terrific opposition to his advance, his long arms threshing the air while he plunged ahead, Leather French swiftly reached the scene, where he discovered, just as he had expected, the little girl lying prone upon the ground, the big bear, looking uncommonly fierce and ugly, with a huge paw uplifted to strike the helpless little one.

Aroused by the sight, without thinking or caring for his own safety, the hermit rushed forward, to clasp in his arms the descending paw of the big brute. He proved but a plaything in the power of the bear, but his interference did cause Mistress Bruin to miss her blow, though it sent her assailant in a heap upon the ground a yard away. Thoroughly angered now, she turned upon him, leaving the child, who had fainted, for this new enemy. But Leather French knew that if the bear should think him dead she would not touch him, and so well did he feign this state that, with a sniff at him, the clumsy brute turned away with apparent disgust at finding him so easily put out of opposition. The little girl was equally as motionless, and so Mistress Bruin slowly ambled away into the thicket, probably satisfied with her morning's work.

As soon as he dared, Leather French arose to his feet and seizing the little one in his arms he ran back to his cabin almost as swiftly as he had come. By the time he had reached it he was overjoyed to find that the child had opened her eyes, and was looking wonderingly into his unkempt features. His laugh now had the ring of true pleasure in it, and the rescued child answered back with the sweetness of restored confidence. Presently the distracted mother, who had missed her little girl and made a vain search for her, appeared on the scene, followed by her companions. Discovering her lost one, she rushed forward to snatch her resentfully from the arms of the hermit, thinking he had been the cause of her anxiety.

When the truth was learned, however, the mother

praised him for his noble act in saving her loved one, and begged of him to come and make a home in her family. But nothing could swerve the hermit from his solitary ways, and he lived there alone until old age compelled him finally to accept the protection of the Exeter poorhouse, where he died March 8, 1858, having reached the allotted threescore and ten years. There are a few who still remember him, and when these shall have passed away the following lines from one of Maine's most gifted poets will keep alive his memory while many, possibly more deserving, will have been forgotten:

TO LEATHER FRENCH

By DAVID BARKER, ESQ.,

You have haunted the dreams of my sleep, Leather French,
 You have troubled me often and long;
 And now to give rest to the waves of my soul,
 Leather French, let me sing you a song.
 I suppose the cold world may sneer, Leather French,
 For it has done so too often before,
 When the innermost spirit has snatched up its harp,
 Just to sing o'er the grave of the poor.
 Never mind, let them laugh, let them sneer, Leather French,
 We will not be disturbed by them long,
 For we will step aside from the battle of life,
 While I question and sing you a song.
 You were poor when you lived here below, Leather French,
 And you suffered from hunger and cold,
 And it was well you escaped from the storm and the blast
 At the time you grew weary and old.
 Has that old leather garb that you wore, Leather French,
 That you wore in the days long ago,
 Been exchanged for the robe that you named in your prayer,
 For a robe that is whiter than snow?
 And that dreary old hut where you dwelt, Leather French,
 That old hut on the Hurricane lands,
 Was it bartered by you at the portals of death
 For a house not erected with hands?
 When the toys that I love become stale, Leather French,
 And my life's fitful fever is past,
 Shall I safely cross over the Jordan of Death?
 Shall I meet you in Heaven at last?
 Tell me true, tell me all, tell me now, Leather French,
 For the tale you can tell me is worth
 More to me than the wisdom, the pleasure, the fame,
 And the riches and honors of earth.
 Shall I meet no response to my call, Leather French?
 Tell me quick, for I cannot wait long,
 For I'm summoned again to the battle of life,—
 Leather French, I have finished my song,



WALTER CODY

Granite State Memoirs

WALTER CODY was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, December 24, 1837, of highly respected parents. He was the son of Michael and Katherine (Fitz Gerald) Cody. One brother, Archdeacon Cody, and a sister, Mrs. Ellen Irish, the only surviving members of a large family, still reside there. He received his education in the parish schools, finishing with a course in a private academy at Waterford. When he first came to this country, he lived for a short period in North Andover, Mass., where he learned the machinist's trade, at the Davis & Furber Machine Company's works. In 1855 he came to Manchester, and was in the employ of the Manchester Locomotive Works until the war broke out. He promptly sacrificed his personal interests in his zeal for the cause, and Company C of the Third Regiment was organized largely by his efforts. He was appointed second lieutenant in August, 1861, and assigned to Capt. Michael T. Donohoe's Company C, Third Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, Col. Enoch Q. Fellows, later Col. John H. Jackson, commanding.

This regiment was the second to be raised in the state for three years. It was organized and mustered into United States service in August, 1861, at Concord. The regiment left the state September 3, 1861, arrived at Washington, D. C., on the 16th and encamped east of the Capitol, where it was thoroughly drilled until early in October, when it moved to Annapolis, Md. It was assigned to the First Brigade, Sherman's Division Expeditionary Corps. About the middle of October it embarked for Fortress Monroe, Va., thence sailed on the 29th to Port Royal, S. C., thence to Hilton Head, S. C., where it remained until 1862, when it moved to Edisto Island and reconnoissance was made of the islands in the vicinity. May 23 it served

with Headquarters Brigade, First Division, and early in June it was ordered to James Island and attached to the Second Brigade, Second Division, bearing a gallant part in the engagement at Secessionville, losing one hundred and five killed, wounded and missing.

At the battle of Secessionville, James Island, June 16, he served temporarily with Company G, and was wounded by a gun shot in the right thigh, which caused him to be confined in the hospital at Hilton Head, S. C., for a few days; then in the hospital on Bedloe's Island, N. Y., where he remained two months, until removed to the Massachusetts General Hospital, December 2, 1862, staying there till March 14, 1863. He was honorably discharged from active service November 15, 1862, for disability caused by his wound.

In speaking of the engagement in his report, Col. J. H. Jackson says: "First Lieutenant Henderson, commanding Company G, was in a position near Company C and handled his company finely, with the assistance of Lieutenant Cody, detailed from Company C to assist him. Lieutenant Cody was shot through the thigh and Lieutenant Henderson was shot in the arm."

He was constantly with his command until wounded as above stated, bearing a loyal part in all its duties, and achieved a proud record for efficient service and soldierly conduct at all times. He was promoted First Lieutenant June 22, 1862, for gallant and meritorious service.

He was appointed First Lieutenant November 9, 1863, in the Veterans' Reserve Corps, transferred to the 82d Company Second Battalion, March 26, 1864, and to the command of the 149th Company, Second Battalion, May 4, 1864. He served in the Veterans' Reserve Corps, at Cleffbour'n Barracks, Washington, D. C., Fairfax Seminary Hospital, Va., Nashville, Tenn.

He received an honorable discharge at Nashville, Tenn., from Veterans' Reserve Corps, November 30, 1864, by rea-

son of resignation on account of disability caused by wound.

Returning from the war, Mr. Cody engaged in the retail boot and shoe business as a member of the firm of McDonald & Cody, in which he continued for twenty-seven years. In 1890 his partner died and he continued the business until February, 1892, when he retired from active life, and after that time he occupied himself with his property and other interests. Mr. Cody was not a politician, but first voted the Republican ticket on Lincoln's second term. In 1890 the citizens of ward six sent him to represent them in the legislature, and he served in that body during the term of 1890-91.

He was a member of Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R., and was also heartily interested in the Irish cause, and when the Land League was organized in Manchester he was its first treasurer.

On January 20, 1869, Mr. Cody married Ellen Coughlin, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. William McDonald, from which union were born the following children: Genevieve C., William F., Ellen M., Michael D., and Mary G. In March, 1881, Genevieve and Ellen died, leaving three living.

His wife and children found him a kind and loving husband and father. In manner he was unassuming and courteous and, although he was deeply interested in everything that concerned the welfare of the city, he was happiest at home with his family.

In the summer of 1900, he went to Ireland and spent a number of weeks with relatives, visiting his boyhood home. Mr. Cody was always loyal to his religion and nationality, and has shown what a good American an Irish Catholic citizen can make. The sterling integrity which characterized and formed the basis of his honorable and useful life present a lesson worthy of imitation. He died June 7, 1904, at his home on Massabesic street, Manchester.

GEN. WILLIAM PARKINSON BUCKLEY was born in Littleton, May 4, 1865, and died of pneumonia January 10, 1906, in his forty-first year. Receiving his primary education in the Littleton schools, graduating from Dartmouth College in the class of 1887, admitted to the law firm of Jordan and Drew, he soon became one of the most promising young lawyers in the north country. He was commissioned general on the staff of Governor Jordan, was an active member of the House of Representatives in 1903, and served as speaker of the mock session. He was married and possessed a pleasant home.

JUDGE EDWARD J. TENNEY, the second son of Amos and Persis S. (Pomeroy) Tenney, was born in Greenwich, Mass., December 11, 1836, and moved with his parents to Claremont the following April. Educated in the public schools of the town and the academy, he early entered the grocery business, which he followed, in partnership with Tolles and then Barrett, until 1881. He represented the town in the legislature in 1871-72, was twice elected railroad commissioner, deputy collector of internal revenue from 1887 to 1899, director and treasurer of the Claremont Building Association, appointed judge of probate for Sullivan county in 1891, and held many other positions of trust and importance in both political and industrial work. He married, in 1859, Miss Frances M. Hall of Claremont, and, besides the widow, a son, George Amos, cashier of the People's National Bank of Claremont, survives him. He died January 15, 1906, from the bursting of a blood vessel in his brain, and he was buried in the Episcopal church cemetery.

GEORGE W. LANE, a native of Chichester, died in that town February 4, 1906, in his sixty-eighth year. He was a farmer and civil engineer, active in business affairs, represented the town in the legislature, and held local offices. He is survived by the widow, one son, Ira L., and five daughters.

MRS. MARTHA F. JONES, who died in Merrimack February 5, 1906, in her sixty-ninth year, was a native of Hudson. She taught school many years in California, where she was living with her husband, Mr. James T. Jones. Several years since she was widely known by her contributions in the old school readers under the name of "Nettie Vernon." She was a most estimable woman, and besides her husband left two sons and one daughter. She belonged to the Baptist church at Nashua, and was a member of Webster Commandery, U. O. G. C.

JOHN AIKEN RIDDLE, a native of Bedford, was born in that town September 3, 1826, and died in that town February 3, 1906, in the house in which he was born nearly eighty years before. He was educated in the town schools and at Pembroke and Phillips Exeter Academies, and became a civil engineer. In 1858 he went to California with others who had caught the gold fever. Returning home he became imbued with the spirit that gold could be successfully mined here, and it is claimed that he extracted the first ounce taken from the rocks of New England. Left with ample means, he devoted his life to its care, adding considerable to its amount. He represented his town in the legislature in 1882, and held various town offices. He was a member of the committee to publish a history of Bedford, and his clear memory made him a valuable assistant. He was never married.

JOHN B. ROGERS, known widely as a tin peddler for over fifty years, was a native of Ashland, where he died February 6, 1906, in his eighty-fourth year. He had no immediate relatives, and his wife, Miss Sally Smith, whom he married over sixty years ago, died the following year. His regular visits in the interest of his wide trade won for him many friends.

CAPT. HENRY B. ATHERTON was born in Cavendish, Vt., September 21, 1835, and died in Nashua, February 6,

1906. He was educated in the local schools until he entered Dartmouth College, from which he graduated in 1858. He graduated from the Albany Law School in 1860, and the following year he entered the service in the Civil War as captain of Company C, Fourth Vermont Volunteers. He was wounded in the Peninsular campaign, discharged for disability and came to Nashua, where he passed the remainder of his life. He was one of the foremost lawyers in this vicinity and a picturesque figure in social and political circles. Among the many positions of trust and honor that he held were those of treasurer of Hillsborough county; postmaster of Nashua, 1872 to 1876; representative to the legislature, 1867-68 and 1885-86; delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1884. He was land commissioner, under President Harrison, for Samoa under the Berlin treaty. He was a 33d degree Mason and a member of John G. Foster Post, G. A. R. He married, in 1861, Miss Abbie L. Armington of Ludlow, Vt., who died in 1886, and in 1898 he married, second, Ella Blaylock, M. D., who survives him, as well as her two children, Blaylock and Ives. Four children by his first wife are living: Maud, who married A. W. Griswold of New York; Grace, who married Dr. William F. Haselton of Springfield, Vt.; Anna, wife of Charles Snow of Nashua; Henry Francis, a student at Harvard University.

GEN. JOHN EATON was born in Sutton, December 5, 1829, and died in Washington, D. C., February 9, 1906. General Eaton received his preparatory course at Thetford, Vt., and graduated from Dartmouth College in the class of '54; studied theology at Andover, Mass., and was ordained to preach; went to the front in the Civil War, 1862, as chaplain of the Twenty-First Regiment, Ohio Volunteers; in October, 1863, was appointed colonel of the Sixty-Third United States Infantry, and was given the rank of brigadier-general in March, 1865. After the war he became prominently identified with political matters; was United

States Commissioner of Education for fifteen years, 1871 to 1886; and under the military occupation of Porto Rico by the United States became superintendent of public instruction, the present system of education on the island being largely due to his inauguration. His wife and three children survive him.

HON. JOSIAH G. BELLOWS was born in Walpole, July 24, 1841, and died in his native town, February 17, 1906. The son of Josiah Bellows, 3d, and great-grandson of Col. Benjamin Bellows, one of the first settlers of Walpole, he attended the local schools, fitted for college and entered Harvard in 1859, but ill health compelled him to abandon a full collegiate course. Later he entered the law office of Judge Frederick Vose of Walpole, and in 1865 he graduated from the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar that year. Soon after he opened an office in Boston, but a few years later returned to his native town. He was made judge of probate for Cheshire County in 1876, holding the position until January 1, 1894, when he was appointed railroad commissioner, which office he held until he resigned, on account of ill health, in April, 1901. Besides holding many places of trust, he was judge-advocate-general on Governor Sawyer's staff.

FRED SENECA BEAN, the son of Jonas N. and Mary (Richardson) Bean, was born in Hudson, February 22, 1854, and died in Manchester, of consumption, March 16, 1906. Mr. Bean graduated from the Manchester High School at the age of eighteen years, learned the machinist's trade in the Amoskeag shops and became, in 1877, the foreman of construction in Blood's Locomotive Works, and it was said that he knew more of the application of steam than any other man in Manchester. He was a member of the Manchester fire department for thirty-one years, for more than two-thirds of this time as assistant engineer. He married, in 1885, Miss Viola Smith, of Lowell, Mass., who, with four daughters, survives him.

HENRY F. MARSTON, Berlin's first mayor, died in that city, after a thirty-five years' residence, March 17, 1906, in his sixty-eighth year. He was born in Orrington, Me., and married, in 1858, Miss Mary J. McGowen, of Ellsworth, Me., who died March 7, 1904. He held various town offices and was the city's first mayor for two terms. He was prominent as a Mason and Odd Fellow. One son and a sister survive him.

WILLIAM OLIVER CLOUGH, son of John Kenney and Ellen Lunt (Libbey) Clough, was born in Grey, Me., July 14, 1840, and died in Nashua, March 25, 1906. Mr. Clough was educated in the schools of Meredith, where he passed his boyhood. Graduating from Rev. Hosea Quimby's academy in 1856, he went to seek his fortune in Boston, where he remained until 1869, when he removed to Nashua. Of a literary turn of mind, he soon after became city editor of the *Nashua Telegraph*, which position he held until 1892. In 1895 he obtained a controlling interest in the *Nashua Daily Gazette*, and in November changed its name to the *Nashua Press*, which he conducted, with the exception of one year, until failing health compelled him to merge it with the *Daily Telegraph*, becoming an editorial writer upon the latter in June, 1905. He contributed to the *Boston Journal* under the pen name of "Nashoonon" for over twenty years, and wrote for newspapers and magazines over one hundred serials, short stories and sketches. He was city marshal from 1876 to 1881, and associate justice of the Nashua police court from 1878 to his decease. He was prominent in Masonic circles.

Judge Clough was married January 16, 1868, at Manchester, to Julia Moore, daughter of Jonathan H. and Hannah Van (Sleeper) Moore, who was a sister of the late Congressman Orrin C. Moore of Nashua. Two daughters, Mrs. Charlotte Moore Cornish and Miss Christine Rolfe Moore, both of whom survive him, were born to that mar-

riage. Besides the above, he is survived by two brothers, John F., commissioner of Hillsborough County, and Edward H., postmaster of Manchester.

CAPT. HOLLIS O. DUDLEY was born in Alton, N. H., December 13, 1833, and died in Barrington, March 31, 1906. When he was seven years of age, the parents of Captain Dudley removed to Gilmanton, where he received his education. In 1851 he came to Manchester, and April 17, 1861, he enlisted at Concord and was commissioned lieutenant of Company K, First Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, to be mustered out August 9, 1861. Later he was appointed recruiting officer in Manchester, raised a company for the Eleventh Regiment and was mustered in as captain of Company C, August 26, 1862. His military record was a bright one, his most conspicuous deed being the capture, single-handed, of the confederate commander, Gen. Roger A. Pryor.

CHARLES WINTHROP EAGER, son of John Q. A. and Angelina S. (Howe) Eager, was born in Webster, June 16, 1854, and died in Manchester, April 7, 1906, his parents coming to Manchester when he was four years of age. He was educated in the city schools, graduated from the High School in 1873 and from Dartmouth College in 1877. He served in both branches of the city government, and represented his ward in the legislature two sessions. He married December 16, 1886, Miss S. Jennie Williams, who survives him with three children, Harold W., Mildred H., and Helen F., besides his father.

JUDGE JOSEPH WARREN FELLOWS was born in Andover, January 15, 1835, and died in Manchester, April 26, 1906, after a brief illness following a slight cold. He was the son of John and Polly (Hilton) Fellows. Reared upon a farm, he resolved to enter a professional career, and after fitting himself at Andover Academy he entered Dartmouth College, to graduate in 1858. He then became

principal of the Brownwood Institute at Lagrange, Ga., Latin School, but finding that war was imminent, he gave up teaching and returned to the North. He began the study of law with John M. Shirley of Andover, and after a course in the law department of the Albany, N. Y., Institute, he graduated from that institution in 1861, and was admitted to the bar in the New York court of appeals. Upon being admitted to the bar in this state, in 1862, he formed a partnership with Capt. Amos B. Shattuck of Manchester. Captain Shattuck entering the army, and falling in battle at Fredericksburg, on December 13, 1862, Mr. Fellows was left to continue his profession alone, remaining in an office in Merchant's Exchange for over thirty years. A Democrat in politics, and always active in a cause that he deemed worthy, his professional career has left a deep impression on the community in which he moved. Entering the employ of the Concord Railroad as clerk in 1874, he soon became its attorney and remained closely identified with this and its succeeding corporations until his decease.

He was made judge of the Manchester police court in 1874, holding the position for eleven years, but never sought any political preferment, though serving his party zealously in many campaigns. For nearly fifty years Judge Fellows was closely identified with the Masonic fraternity, holding many positions of trust and honor. He had taken all the degrees, the orders of Knighthood and the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rites. He was one of the most active promoters in securing to the fraternity the beautiful Masonic Home in Manchester.

He married, in 1865, Miss Susan Frances Moore, who died in 1874, and in 1878 he married Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davis who survives him.

THOMAS CORCORAN was born in Macroon, County Cork, Ireland, in 1833, and died in Manchester May 20, 1906. Mr. Corcoran received his primary instruction in the

schools of his native town to graduate from the Normal School in Dublin in 1853, and immediately became a teacher in the national schools of his birthplace. In 1855, with his wife, who had been a teacher with him in Macroon, he came to this country, taking up his abode in Manchester, where he lived to the time of his death, following for many years his chosen vocation of teaching. To him belongs the credit of perfecting the system of parochial schools in this state, and in his day he was acknowledged to be an ideal instructor. Of a quiet and dignified manner, he was an adept in school management. Many men of prominence, including a large number of clergymen, received their first training from him. Among these may be mentioned the late Rt. Rev. Denis M. Bradley. He is survived by his widow, with whom he had enjoyed life for more than fifty years; two sons, Rev. Joseph of Rochester, N. Y., and Dr. William J. of Brooklyn, N. Y., and one daughter, Miss Annie M., who resides at home.

PROF. GEORGE A. WENTWORTH was born in Wakefield August 21, 1845, and died suddenly in the Dover depot, while on his way to York, Me., May 24, 1906. Professor Wentworth was one of America's foremost mathematicians and was the author of numerous text-books. Receiving his preliminary education in the schools of his native town, he took a course at Phillips Exeter Academy, and graduated from Harvard College in the class of '58. Returning then to Exeter, he was connected with the academy there for over forty years, filling the chair of professor of mathematics for thirty-two years. He became one of the leading citizens of the town, and gave liberally to the academy. He is survived by two sons, George of York, Me., and Edmund H. of Exeter, and one daughter, Miss Ellen L., with whom he made his home.

